



THE THIRD GOLDEN RULE BOOK

THE
GOLDEN
RULE
BOOKS

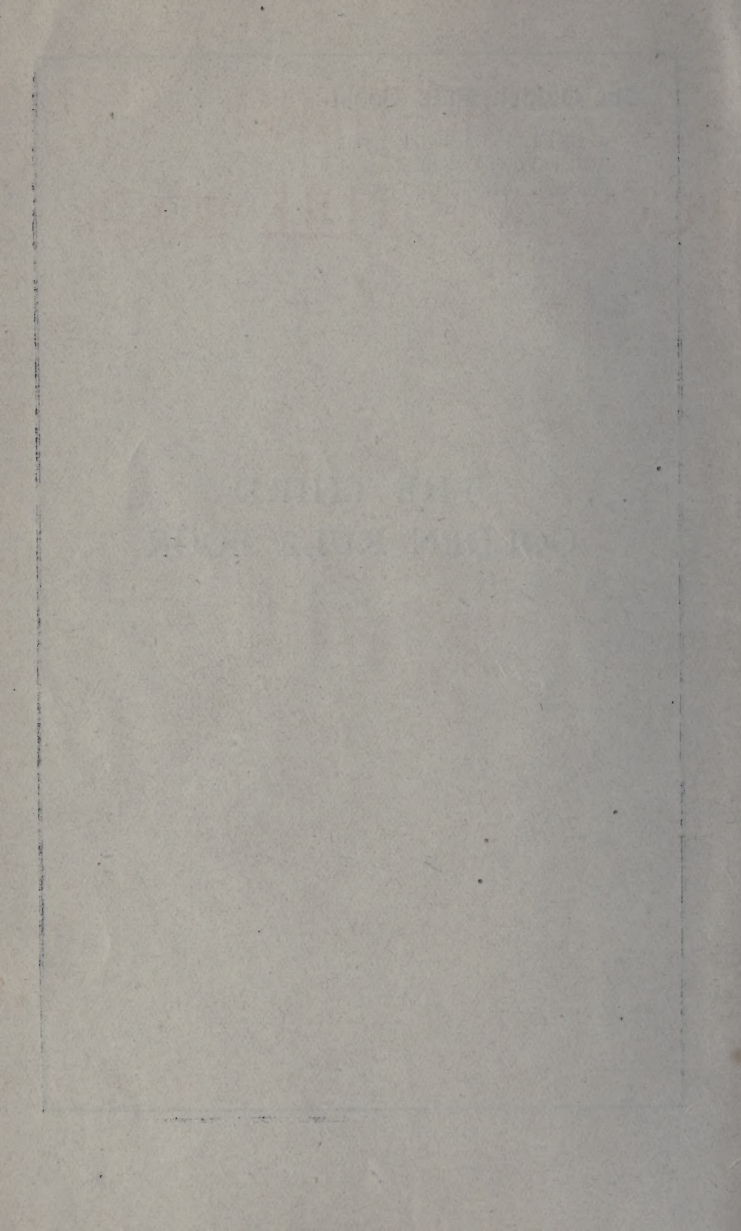
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The Golden Rule Books

A SERIES EMBODYING
A GRADED SYSTEM OF
MORAL INSTRUCTION

THE THIRD GOLDEN RULE BOOK



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P R E F A C E

WE are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "How the Moon Became Beautiful" and "A Dutiful Son," from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung (American Book Company); "The Goat-Faced Girl," "The Half-Chick" and "Sylvain and Jocosa," by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Company); "The Fault-Finding Fairy" and "Can and Could," by Jean Ingelow (Longmans, Green & Company); "A Brave Scot" and "The Black Prince," from *Stories from English History*, by Alfred F. Blaisdell (Ginn & Company); "The Laws of the Land" and "Policemen," by Charles F. Dole (D. C. Heath & Company); "Buckwheat," from *Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales*, (Ginn & Company); "The Story that Grew," by Hans Christian Andersen (F. Warne & Company); "St. Christopher," by Elizabeth Charles in *The Golden Treasury Readers* (American Book Company); "A True Sportsman," from *Dreams in Homespun*, by Sam Walter Foss (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company); "How We can Help our Country," from *The Citizen Reader* (American Book Company); "Pietro da Cortona," from *Famous Children*, by H. Twitchell (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company); "Sir Lark and King Sun," by George Macdonald (Blackie & Son, Limited); "The Choice of Hercules," from *The Baldwin Readers*, by James Baldwin (American Book Company); "The Foolish Shah," from *Stories of Persian Heroes*, by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton (Thomas Y. Crowell Company); "The End of the World," from *Whisper!* by Frances Wynne (Elkin Mathews); "Sara Crewe," by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Charles Scribner's Sons); "Why Violets Have Golden Hearts,"

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Whatsoever
ye would
that men should
do unto you — ,
do ye even so
to them. ❖ ❖ ❖

The Bible

THE THIRD GOLDEN RULE BOOK

THANKSGIVING

For all that God in mercy sends :
For health and strength, for home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and pleasant talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For all these things, give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For all these things, give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun which shines on high,
For stars that glitter in the sky,—
For these and everything we see;
O Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee,
And give Thee hearty thanks.

—ELLEN ISABELLA TUPPER.

PIPPA PASSES

Pippa lived in a great factory town. It was a beautiful old city with hills on either side and a broad, clear river winding and turning in and out through the place. Great mills were built on the banks of this river, that its power might turn the machinery in each. There were many of these mills, for here were manufactured great rolls of silk and hundreds of spools of silk every day. The mills furnished work for thousands of people. Nearly every child who was old enough worked in the factories, and they were proud of their old town, proud of the wonderful silks which were sent out to all parts of the world, and happy and contented in their work.

Little Pippa worked in one of the great mills every day. She loved the bright colours of the dyes, loved to guide the shining threads truly and firmly on the shuttle or spool. She was happy when she met a beautiful woman, clothed in wonderful silks, for she would whisper softly to herself: "How beautiful you are! I helped to make you look beautiful."

Every week day but one Pippa worked in the factory. One day in the year she had for her very own, one bright, perfect, wonderful day. Pippa called it "my own day!" She was glad when the Sabbath came, glad to go into the great, dim, wonderfully lighted church, and the Sabbath she called "God's day"; but this one day was her own. From morning till night she could do what she pleased. Her day always came in the summer, when the sun shone the longest, the flowers

were the brightest, and the birds sang their sweetest songs.

One day, when she came home from work, she said : " To-morrow will be my own day." And before she went to sleep she looked out at the great starry heaven and whispered softly : " Please make my day a bright day."

She slept soundly all night, as tired children do, and when she opened her eyes in the morning her first thought was : " Is it a sunny day ? " Jumping out of bed, she ran to the window and put her bright face out, and, oh, what a sunny world she looked on ! The sunshine and the nodding flowers filled her heart with joy, and she sang her happiest, gladdest song :

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

She dressed quickly, ate her simple breakfast, and went out of doors, for she always spent her own day, if possible, in the woods. The woods were a long way from her house, but she loved to walk, and she ran, singing all the way, her little bare feet making funny marks in the sand. Little Pippa wore shoes only in the coldest weather.

As she went, singing all the way, she passed a house where a blind woman lived. The blind woman was sitting on her porch, sad and still. She thought the

world a dreary place to live in, very dark and lonely, but, as Pippa ran by her, she heard her glad little song :

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

It made her day bright, and she said: " Why, it's true; all's well with my world. God's in His heaven."

Little Pippa ran, singing along, and she passed the house of a great artist, a man who painted such wonderful pictures that they seemed to be almost living. But this morning his paints did not work to please him, and he could not find a picture to paint, and he felt dissatisfied and unhappy. Then suddenly he heard Pippa's clear voice carolling like a bird as she ran by. He hurried to the door and saw Pippa, her face raised to the sky she loved so dearly, her hat hanging by the strings around her neck, her hair shining like gold in the sun, and her little bare, white feet pattering along, as her voice rang out, clear and sweet :

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

So the artist painted her picture, just as he saw her, and he called it " Joy." It was a wonderful picture, the most beautiful he had ever painted.

Pippa ran on and on, until she came to a man sitting by the roadside who should have been doing his Master's work, but he was discouraged, and did not feel brave enough, or good enough, or strong enough. When he heard Pippa's song, and saw her flit by, suddenly he knew that he was strong and brave and good. So he rose and went about his Master's work.

Pippa ran on, and she found her woods. Never before did the birds sing so merrily, the river shine

and ripple and gurgle so cheerily, or more perfect flowers grow for her pleasure. All the wonders of the woods came out to add to her joy, and she went home with her dress full of flowers. Perhaps she was tired, but she was happy and she whispered softly to the stars : " I did not find any one to help, so I just helped myself to be happy and good and full of joy. You understand, O God, in Your heaven."

—Mrs. E. O. PERRIAM.

THE SUMMER SHOWER

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain ;
And loiters the boy in the briery lane ;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and
tall.

Adown the white highway like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them
beat ;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered labourers, sing ;
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring ;
And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves ;
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves ;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves :
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

—THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SIR THOMAS MORE

At about the time that the two little Princes were murdered in the Tower of London there was living in England a little boy of seven named Thomas More. He was a kind, good-natured little fellow, fond of animals, and always saying funny and clever things. His father, who was one of the judges of the land, was very glad to see that his little son was such a bright boy, and thought to himself: "He shall serve the king some day."

At that time the king's chief minister was an old man who had seen a great many changes, and who had been a true friend to the king many times when the sovereign had been in danger of his life. As the boy grew up, his father sent him to live at the house of this old minister so that he might, by watching what was done and by helping the old man, find out how the business of the king ought to be conducted.

As the old man was, next to the king, the most important man in the country, a great many others of the chief men and women came often to his house. The boy was fond of hearing these visitors talk, and

stored up for use in after life much of what he heard. The old minister grew very fond of the merry, kind-hearted, and bright little boy, and often said: "Whoever may live to see it, that boy will become a great man."

Thomas was sent to the chief schools of the country, and learned eagerly, making a great many friends. On becoming a man, he made up his mind to use all his knowledge for the good of the people of England. Soon he became one of the law-makers of the country; and, on one occasion when the king wished to make the people pay more taxes than was right, young Thomas was not afraid to speak against the proposal.

He was one of the best lawyers of his day, and helped many poor people to get out of trouble. At Chelsea he had a home, which he thought the best place in all the world, for there were his little children and their mother. He often used to bring his friends home to show them his children, and their rabbits and pet monkey. King Henry himself would come sometimes and walk with him up and down the pleasant garden. When he had to be away from home, he would send nice little letters to his children.

The king was very fond of Thomas, and made him Lord Chancellor of England. But soon Henry became tired of his wife, and wanted to make many changes that his Chancellor thought were wrong. More felt that he could not do as the king wanted, and so gave up his Chancellorship. But King Henry was determined that every man should swear that what he had done was right, and he was cruel enough to put to death many who would not do this.

More was brought up before the court, and many

of his friends tried hard to get him to submit in order to save his life. But he said: "I must do what I believe to be right." His enemies were now very cruel, and said all sorts of wicked and untrue things about



him, and would hardly let him speak to show them to be false. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London for more than a year, and was there treated so badly that when he was brought out to be put to death his hair had turned quite white, and he was so weak that he had to walk with a stick.

His daughter Margaret rushed through the crowd of soldiers that were around him and hung about his neck weeping, begging him to swear as the King wished. To say "No" to the daughter that he loved was worse to the father than death, but he only said kindly: "I cannot do that."

When he came to the place where his head was to be cut off, he spoke cheerfully to his friends around, and said to the headsman: "Friend, you are going to do me the greatest kindness that any man can, for you will open the door to the great life after this one." The axe fell and good Sir Thomas More was dead. His head was fixed on a spike on London Bridge, but the brave daughter came and stole it away. She kept it until she herself died, when it was buried with her.

—SELECTED.

A SPLENDID EXAMPLE.

A great man was once asked which is the rarest kind of courage. "Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," he replied. The answer was well given. Any one who can be aroused from deep sleep to face danger calmly, to think not only of his own safety, but of that of others also, shows courage of the highest, the noblest order. This fine spirit has been shown very frequently, but a more splendid example than was offered a few years ago by a simple servant girl it would be hard to give.

Alice Ayres, who was the servant in the house of a

London merchant, was awakened 'about two o'clock in the morning by loud cries of "Fire! Fire!" The smoke in the room showed her that the fire was in the house, and she sprang up at once. In the same room slept three little children, and her first care was to awaken them. Then she ran to her employer's room and found both him and his wife sleeping soundly. She aroused them to a sense of their danger and flew back to her own room. The lower part of the premises was a store, and it was this which was burning; to escape by the stairs was impossible.

Alice flung open her window and saw in the street the crowd whose cries had aroused her. The fire-engines and fire-escapes had been sent for, but the store was burning so furiously that their help might come too late. A few ready-witted fellows stripped off their coats, and borrowed shawls, and tied them together. They held them out below and called upon Alice to jump. If she had done so her life would have been saved for a certainty.

But the little children in the room, was she to leave them? No! She was made of finer metal than that, and she turned and disappeared into the thick smoke which now filled the upper part of the house. In a few moments she came in sight again, dragging a feather bed which she thrust through the window. This was better still, and the coats were flung aside, and a score of strong hands swung up the bed, and held it under the window. But Alice had gone again. Now she came back with a little girl in her arms. She tried to drop the child, but the poor little thing was terrified at the prospect of falling from that height, and clung to her and begged her protector not to let her fall.

Thus precious time was lost, and when Alice at last soothed the child and let her fall safely upon the soft bed, the smoke was pouring in billows through the window where she stood. "Now jump," roared the crowd; jump and save yourself." But Alice had gone, only to return in a moment with another child. This was younger, and it did not give her so much trouble. A loud shout below told her that the bed was in position, and she dropped the second one into safety. Again the crowd called to her and begged her to leap and save herself.

With every fresh effort the noble girl made, the great throng loved and admired her more and more, and they wrought themselves into a perfect frenzy as they saw the roaring furnace below threatening to swallow the upper part of the house. They could not bear the thought that she should be lost after all her glorious struggles to save others. Yet once again she plunged into the thick smoke, bright with the red light of the dancing flames, and once again she reached the window with her third precious burden.

Now it was seen that the thick, choking smoke from the burning store was having its effect upon her, and as she safely dropped the child she almost fell herself. But, with an effort she drew herself up and turned her head, as if planning a fresh attempt to save those still remaining in the house. Upon this, the crowd became frantic. It sent up a great roar of entreaty that she would leap down to the bed. The men who held the latter shouted to her. "Jump, jump!" they cried, "we cannot stay here much longer, it is like a furnace." Then the decision was taken out of her hands. A great burst of flame leapt through the

doorway of her room, and to go back into the house was impossible.

A profound silence now fell upon the crowd. They saw that she was about to leap, and no one made any sound which could take her attention from her own attempt to reach safety. The brave girl, choked and blinded with smoke and tired with her efforts, now climbed out to the window-ledge, and the men below tightened their grip on the bed, and held it up to meet her. She jumped, and a low groan rose from the close-packed mass. For it was seen that she had struck herself against some iron-work which stood out from the wall. She was so giddy and worn out that she had indeed fallen rather than leapt. She dropped on the bed, and lay there unconscious.

As she was carried away to the hospital, up dashed the fire-engine, and the firemen soon began to throw great streams of water on the burning house. But it was impossible to save any one else. The flames had now such a hold that no one dared even approach the place, and the firemen had to wait until the fire was mastered before they could go in.

Within, they found the bodies of Alice's employer and his wife and a fourth child which had been sleeping with its parents. The owner, upon Alice awaking him, had rushed down into the store to save his money. This had cost him his life, for he was found upon the stairs with his cash-box lying near at hand. His wife had attempted to reach the room from which Alice had dropped the children, but, overcome by the smoke, had failed, and fallen with her child in her arms.

At the hospital everything was done for Alice that

could be done. But her spine had received a fatal blow, and, after lying a few days, happily without pain, she died. At her funeral it was seen how deeply her noble deed of self-sacrifice had touched the hearts of all. Great numbers of people came together to follow her to her last resting-place, many of them bringing flowers and wreaths to lay upon her coffin and adorn her grave.

A monument has been set up to mark the spot where she lies buried, but the best memorial of her is to cherish in our hearts the memory of her splendid example, and to do our utmost, should we be called upon to stand in the midst of danger, to follow in the footsteps of Alice Ayres.

—SELECTED.

THE SONG OF THE BEES

We watch for the light of the morn to break
And colour the eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake ! awake !
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply."

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the meadow, and bower ;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier ;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a state still higher.

As each on the good of her sisters bent,
Is busy and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life without lament,
That summer is gone with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall.

—MISS GOULD.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC

The tenth day of June had come at last. It was the day for the school picnic. For several weeks every boy and girl of the third and fourth forms had been looking forward to this jolly day. Billy, Betty, and Ben were up bright and early, and were so excited that it was difficult for them to wash their hands and faces clean and brush their clothes. They almost forgot to give battle to General Microbe and his filthy soldiers under their nails.

As they sat down to breakfast Betty's face was flushed, and Ben's eyes were big with joy and expectation. He was eager for the fun, and ate so fast that his mother had to caution him twice. Billy, too, was in a hurry, for he was captain of the baseball nine

of the fourth form. His team, "The Maple Leafs," was to play "The Beavers" of the third form, so he almost forgot to chew his food well. Their aunt, who had come all the way from Ottawa to go to the



picnic, was sitting between Betty and Ben. She nudged them once or twice. They knew what that meant, and began to eat more slowly. Billy sat just opposite her, and every now and then she would smile and quietly shake her finger at him. Billy

knew what that meant, too, and quickly followed the example of Betty and Ben.

After breakfast, they set out for the railroad station with baskets well filled with sandwiches, cookies, and fruit. On the way they called for their great friend Kitty Howard, who was waiting for them on the door step, with the blue flag of her form in her hand. Nearly a hundred children, in charge of their teachers, were waiting at the station. Their joy was boundless, and excitement ran high. Indeed, it was difficult to keep the boys in line! The great engine steamed into the station, and every one was soon aboard. The bell rang, and three carloads of children moved slowly towards the picnic grounds.

"Tickets!" shouted the conductor. There was a big, broad smile on his face as each boy and girl held up his or her hand to give him a little piece of cardboard, on which was printed, "Markham to Jackson's Point." One of the boys pinned the crimson ribbon of the "Beavers" on the right side of his coat, and at once another boy jumped up and pinned the blue ribbon of "The Maple Leafs" on the other side. Everybody was joyous, and when some one began to sing, "Merrily we roll along," the entire party joined in. They sang one song after another, until the whistle blew again, and, in a moment, the train stopped at Silver Spring. Soon all the children were in line and marching to the beautiful spring. When they reached the picnic grounds they broke ranks, and the woods soon echoed with their glad voices.

The baseball game was to be played at half-past ten, but long before it was called the side benches were full. At last play was called. Captain Billy's

nine was in the field. Billy himself was pitcher. He shot the balls so swiftly over the plate, and his curves were so puzzling, that "The Beavers" failed to score in the first inning. The nines were very evenly matched, and at the close of the eighth inning, the game stood 5-4 in favour of the Crimsons.

By this time the friends of each nine were greatly excited. They were cheering their favourite teams with all their might. The Blues were now at the bat, and it was Ted Kennedy's turn to lead in the batting with Phil Sheppard to follow. Both Ted and Phil stuck out. The hearts of the Blues' followers sank within them, and, as Billy stepped forward to bat, the cheering quickly subsided, and in a moment every voice was hushed. The excitement was now intense. Could Billy save the day for the Blues? That was the question in everybody's mind. The first ball was very swift—right over the plate. Billy struck hard, but he missed it. Then the pitcher threw what Ben called an in-curve. Billy did his best, but failed a second time. He realized that he had only one chance more. He knew that it was necessary to hit the ball the next time, or the game would be lost. However, in the midst of the excitement he did not lose his self-control, but remained calm and determined.

When the pitcher threw the next ball, Billy struck it far into right field, between first and second base. He ran like a deer and succeeded in getting as far as second base on his fortunate hit. The fourth form boys and girls were overcome with delight and sent up a tremendous shout for Billy. The boys threw their hats in the air, and the girls wildly waved their blue flags. Everybody on the benches stood up to

learn the result. The friends of the Blues shouted themselves hoarse when they saw that Billy had reached second.

But the game was not yet won. What would Ralph Powers do, for he was next to bat? Could he bring Billy home? That was the question on everybody's lips. Every eye was on Ralph. Poor fellow! he was very nervous. The Crimsons' pitcher sent a swift ball over the plate and Ralph missed it. The second ball was an out-curve, and poor Ralph missed that, too. Though nervous, he was a courageous lad, and they say fortune favours the brave. Another ball came along. Ralph was ready for it. He swung his bat just at the right time, and in the right place, and the ball went whizzing along the ground into left field.

Quick as a flash Billy ran to third, intending, if possible, to reach the home plate. The Blues shouted encouragement, until the air was filled with their wild cries. But, alas! Tom Jewett played third base for the Crimsons. As soon as Billy touched the base, Tom intentionally jumped on his foot with a spiked shoe, striking him with such force that Billy's running was changed to limping. The pain was so sharp that Billy could only hobble towards the home plate. The right fielder quickly threw the ball to the catcher, and although Billy threw himself forward to slide to the plate, the catcher touched him with the ball, and the umpire shouted, "Out!" The Crimsons had won the game!

Everybody on the benches had seen the foul trick. The friends of both nines shouted their disapproval. Those who cheered for the Crimson would not have

their team win by such contemptible means. There was a high sense of honour in both forms, and they insisted on clean sport. They shouted to the umpire to play the inning over again, and to put Tom Jewett off the nine. When the umpire decided to do this, they cheered until the surrounding hills seemed to echo and re-echo with the sound.

Billy was cheered by both teams as much by the friends of the Crimson as by the friends of the Blue. All knew him to be a manly fellow who always played hard to win, but who always played a fair game. The inning was played over again and his team won. Each nine cheered the other, and both the victors and the vanquished left the field amid the cheers of the crowd.

At half-past twelve, all the boys and girls sat down to dinner. There were long tables arranged under the trees and along the sparkling stream that flowed from the silver spring. The tables were well laden with good things. Chicken and ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, olives and pickles, cookies and cake, nuts and fruit, tempted the appetites of the crowd of hungry children. Never did a jollier or a hungrier party sit down to a meal. When the ice-cream was passed, every boy and girl smiled. Ben was hoping that each might have two platefuls, but Ben hoped in vain. Probably it was just as well, for Mr. Stomach was already complaining to Mr. Heart and Mr. Liver that Ben was overloading him. He told Mrs. Blood to tell Mr. Skin, who was outside of Ben, to urge him to be careful. "If he doesn't take care," he said, "I shall have to give him a few sharp cramps a little later." Fortunately Ben escaped the cramps

by not eating a second dishful of the delicious ice-cream.

After dinner the boys fished for trout in the stream, but they made so much noise that the trout would not bite. The girls strolled through the woods, gathering violets and columbines. At half-past two there was a sharp bugle call. It came from the boat-house. All knew what the sound meant. There was to be a carnival on the lake near by, so the children turned their steps in that direction.

The boats were gaily decorated, and the children were dressed in attractive costumes. Only those who could swim were allowed to take part in the carnival. The lake was not very deep, but still it was deep enough to be dangerous. The keeper of the ground had hired ten men to row in the ten boats. They were to keep close watch to see that no accident should occur.

At three o'clock there was another shrill bugle blast. It was the signal for the carnival to begin. All the boats pushed out from the land. It was a beautiful sight. The flags and banners were waving in the gentle breeze, and the children's beaded and spangled costumes sparkled in the sun. One boat followed another, forming a long procession. They rowed about a quarter of a mile, until they came to a little island in the middle of the lake. Rounding it, they headed towards the landing. Now, however, instead of forming a long row, each boat took its place by the side of another. They formed a splendid line, and came forward abreast, with their banners flying and their oars glistening in the sun.

The children on the shore cheered the boats as they

came nearer and nearer. Billy and Kitty Howard were in the boat at the right end of the line. Although Billy's foot was still sore, he insisted on helping the man to row. Kitty took charge of the rudder and steered the boat exceedingly well. When they were within two hundred feet of the shore, a slight breeze blew her long spangled veil forward. As Billy's oar came back it was caught in the veil. The oar dragged the veil with it, and Kitty rose quickly to set it free. But, alas! in stepping forward she lost her balance and fell into the lake, sinking to the bottom.

Ben, who was rowing in the next boat, saw her fall. In an instant he dropped his oars, and, slipping off his tennis shoes, he dived into the water. Billy followed him at once. Both boys could swim and dive like ducks. They soon came up, but, alas! they did not bring Kitty with them. Under the water they went again just as Kitty rose to the surface. The poor girl was so weighed down with her wet clothes, and was so excited, that she could not swim, and sank again.

Billy rose a second time, but, seeing that Kitty was under the water, he dived down again. Just then Ben came up to breathe, and in a moment, he followed Billy. Both boys found Kitty at the bottom of the lake. In a moment, up they came with their precious burden. With the aid of the man in the boat, they lifted Kitty out of the water and laid her tenderly in the boat.

By this time all the boats had stopped, and there was much excitement among the children. Those on shore were greatly frightened, and when they saw Kitty lifted out of the water, their voices were hushed.

Billy and the man rowed quickly to the landing, and Kitty was gently laid on the beach. One of the teachers, who knew just what to do, worked with Kitty for nearly twenty minutes. Slowly she opened her eyes. As soon as she was able to walk, she was taken to the keeper's house where she rested awhile. Billy and Ben had to go to bed in the keeper's room until their clothes were dry. Two hours later everything was all right again. Even Kitty did not seem much the worse for her adventure. She thanked Billy and Ben for rescuing her, and thought that they were the kind of heroes that she had read about in books.

At five o'clock the engine whistle again blew. Soon all were on board the train, moving towards Markham. Tom Jewett, who had spiked Billy's foot, sat on the end seat all alone. He really felt ashamed of himself, and made up his mind to beg Billy's pardon. The cars rang with the children's happy voices. Although they were rolling along on railroad tracks, the boys again began to sing :

Merrily we roll along,
Roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Everybody was merry, and merrily they rolled along until they reached Markham.

That night every boy and girl went to bed early. A little star peeked into Kitty's room and saw a beautiful smile on her face as she slept. The Dream Angel told the little star why the smile was there. She said that Kitty was dreaming about Billy, Betty, and Ben. She whispered the story of what had happened at the picnic, and what Billy, Betty, and Ben

had done. The little star's face was covered with a golden smile as he listened. And taking one more look at Kitty he went to sleep behind a fleecy cloud.

—SELECTED.

THE BOY I LOVE

My boy, do you know the boy I love?

I fancy I see him now ;

His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
The sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, maybe ;

And just about your years ;

Timid as you ; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth :

The trial that he must bear,

The peril, the ghost that frights him most,

He faces boldly, and like a ghost,

It vanishes in air.

As wildfowl take, by river and lake,

The sunshine and the rain,

With cheerful constant hardihood

He meets the bad luck and the good,

The pleasure and the pain.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
 Fiery his blood and young,
 His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
 He is swift to pardon and slow to hate,
 And master of his tongue.

Fond of his sports? No merrier lad's
 Sweet laughter ever rang!
 But he is so generous and so frank,
 His wildest wit or his maddest prank
 Can never cause a pang.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
 He loves, like any boy;
 But fosters a prudent fortitude;
 Nor will he squander a future good
 To buy a fleeting joy.

Face brown or fair? I little care
 Whatever the hue may be,
 Or whether his eyes are dark or light;
 If his tongue be true and his honour bright,
 He is still the boy for me.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell,
 Nor do I know his name;
 Or poor or rich, I don't mind which,
 Or learning grammar, or digging ditch,
 I love him still the same.

With high, brave heart perform your part,
 Be noble and kind as he;
 Then, some fair morning, when you pass,
 Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass,
 His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled? What! you think there's not
A boy like him,—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real
And clothe him to our eyes.

You have rightly guessed; in each pure breast
Is his abiding place.
Then let your own true life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE WASTE COLLECTOR

One summer evening Jamie was sitting in the vine-covered arbour on the lawn. As he leaned back with half-shut eyes he heard footsteps approaching. In a moment a queer little old man stood before him with a heavy knapsack strapped on his back. He nodded to Jamie and said, "Good evening." Then he sat down and took off his hat as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, waiting some moments for the old man to speak. But the old fellow smiled at his question, and shook his head.

"I will tell you my business," he said briskly. "I am a collector."

"What do you collect?" inquired Jamie; "postage stamps, or coins, or autographs? I have tried collecting all those things myself, and I would like very much to see your collection."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I do not collect things of that sort. I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste!" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collector before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it? What is it like?"

"That is just what I am going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down. "The world is full of waste collectors like myself, only you have never seen one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day."

"Dear me!" said Jamie; "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Could you not do it?"

"If I show you anything, I shall show you your own waste, for you have given me lots of work collecting it," replied the old man.

"I should like to know what I have wasted to-day," exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. "Now that's nonsense."

"Is it?" said the old man, with a keen look. "Well, then, I shall read from my memorandum the list of all that you have wasted to-day." He took out a small book and turned the leaves, saying: "Yes, here is your account; now listen.

"In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then, when you were only half dressed,

you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs that were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes drawing pictures in your copy book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school. When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair, as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to play, and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides—”

“Oh, stop! Do stop!” cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. “Don’t tell me any more about the time I have wasted, please.”

“Well, I’ll tell you about the other things, then—your wasted opportunities. For example, you saw a bird’s-nest robbed to-day, and never said a word when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long walk to the post-office this afternoon, when you could have gone there easily on your bicycle.

“There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe string was in a knot, and thus you wasted an opportunity for self-control. You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room—and wasted an opportunity to be polite.

“You bought chewing gum after resolving never to buy it again. Was not this a waste of both money

and good resolutions? But I have read enough to prove what I said. Take pains, my dear boy. It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. But, hark! Your mother is calling you; don't waste a moment, I beg. Good night!"

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran towards the house. The old man vanished.

—From THE OUTLOOK

TRAY AND TIGER

An ancient fable tells us about a good spaniel named Tray, who got into trouble by making friends with a bad mastiff named Tiger.

Tray was travelling along the road one day, when he overtook Tiger, who was travelling in the same direction. Although Tray had never seen the big dog before, he thought that it would be very pleasant to have company. So he proposed to Tiger that they should journey together. Tiger was a surly and quarrelsome dog, but just then he seemed to be in a better mood than usual, so he said to Tray that he would be glad to have his company.

As they moved along they soon found themselves in a village. Alas! here the surly disposition of the big mastiff soon began to show itself. Tiger was not willing to journey peaceably through the street. His quarrelsome nature led him to attack every dog he met. This made the village people very angry. They rushed into the street with clubs and stones,

and beat and pelted the big dog until he howled with pain.

And what about poor Tray? He had not attacked the village dogs. But the people did not know that. They saw him in bad company and, of course, they thought that he was just as bad as his friend. So they beat him cruelly, too, and the poor spaniel was fortunate to escape with his life.

—ÆSOP.

GOLDEN-ROD

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

THE GREEDY ANTELOPE

Once upon a time the King of Benares had a gardener named Sanjaya. Now, a swift antelope which had come to the garden took to flight as soon as it saw Sanjaya. But Sanjaya did not frighten it away ; and when it had come again and again, it began to walk about in the garden. And day by day the gardener used to pluck the various fruits and flowers in the garden and take them away to the King.

Now, one day the King said to him : “ Is there anything strange in the garden so far as you have noticed ? ”

“ I have noticed nothing, O King, save that an antelope is in the habit of coming and wandering about there. That I often see.”

“ But could you catch it ? ”

“ If I had a little honey, I could bring it right inside the palace here ! ”

The King gave him the honey ; and he took it, went to the garden, smeared it on the grass at the spot the antelope frequented, and hid himself. When the deer came and had eaten the honey-smeared grass, it was very greedy for more, and from that time went nowhere else, but came only to the garden. And as the gardener saw that it was allured by the honey-smeared grass, he in due course showed himself. For a few days the antelope took to flight on seeing him. But after seeing him again and again, it became very bold, and gradually came to eat grass from the gardener's hand. And when the gardener saw that its confidence was gained, he strewed the path right up to the palace as thick with branches as if he were covering it with mats.

Then he hung a gourdful of honey over his shoulder, carried a bundle of grass at his waist, and kept sprinkling honey-smeared grass in front of the antelope till he led him within the palace.

As soon as the deer had got inside, they shut the door. The antelope, seeing men, began to tremble and quake with the fear of death, and ran hither and thither about the hall. The King came down from his upper chamber, and, seeing the trembling creature, said: "Such is the nature of an antelope, that it will not go for a week afterwards to a place where it has seen men, nor during its life to a place where it has been frightened. Yet this one, with just such a disposition, and accustomed only to the jungle, has now, bound by the lust of taste, come to just such a place. Verily, there is nothing worse in the world than this lust of taste!"

And when in other words he had shown the danger of greed, he let the antelope go back to the forest.

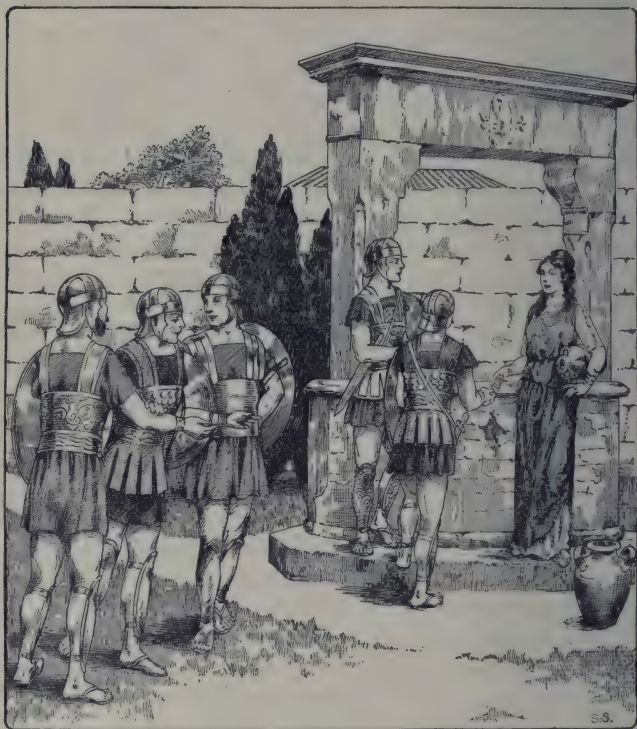
—MARIE SHEDLOCK.

THE TRAITOR GIRL

Most of us have probably read of men who were traitors to their country. But not all of the traitors have been men, for we read in history of a girl who betrayed her country. Her name was Tarpeia, and she was the daughter of a Roman guard, whose business it was to stand at the outer gate of the citadel to keep watch over the enemy.

At this time the Sabines were besieging Rome. Their camp was only a few hundred yards from the

city wall. Just a short distance outside the gate was a public well, where Tarpeia used frequently to go for water. Often she would meet the Sabine soldiers



and talk with them. The soldiers wore silver rings and bracelets on their left arms, and these ornaments attracted the girl's attention. The soldiers soon learned that she was the daughter of the guard, and they planned to tempt her to betray the city.

Tarpeia promised to unlock the gate that her father guarded, if they would give her what they wore on their left arms, meaning their silver rings and bracelets. She did not remember that the soldiers also wore heavy brass shields on their left arms.

Soon the night came when Tarpeia was to perform her wicked act. When all was still, she left her bed, procured the key, and quietly unlocked the great city gate. The Sabine soldiers were waiting outside the walls. Silently they passed through the gate and entered the citadel.

Tarpeia stood near the gate as the soldiers filed in. Of course she looked for her reward. She held out her hand to the first soldier that entered. Instead of giving her the silver rings and bracelets, he dropped his heavy brass shield upon her head. It was so heavy that it bore her to the ground. Then came the second soldier and he said: "Here, take your reward," and he threw his great shield upon her. Then came the third, and the fourth, and the fifth,—all hurled their shields down upon her. Soon poor Tarpeia was buried beneath a great mass of brass shields, and her body was crushed. This was the reward that the Sabine soldiers gave her for betraying her city.

As she lay dead near the gate that she had unlocked, the enemies of Rome passed into the city.

—SELECTED.

Not by the power of Commerce, Art, or Pen,
Shall our great Empire stand, nor has it stood,
But by the noble deeds of noble men—
Heroic lives and heroes' outpoured blood.

AN INDIAN SUMMER CAROL

All day the dreamy sunshine steeps
In gold the yellowing beeches,
In softest blue the river sleeps
Among the island reaches.

Against the distant purple hills
Rich autumn tints are glowing ;
Its blood-red wine the sumach spills,
Deep hues of carmine showing.

Upon the glassy stream the boat
Glides softly, like a vision ;
And, with its shadow, seems to float
Among the isles Elysian.

About the plummy golden-rod
The tireless bee is humming,
While crimson blossoms star the sod
And wait the rover's coming.

The birch and maple glow with dyes
Of scarlet, rose, and amber ;
And like a flame from sunset skies
The tangled creepers clamber.

The oaks a royal purple wear,
Gold-crowned where sunlight presses ;
The birch stands like a Dryad fair
Beneath her golden tresses.

So still the air—so like a dream—
We hear the acorn falling ;
And, o'er the scarcely rippled stream,
The loon's long-quavered calling.

The robin softly, o'er the lea,
A farewell song is trilling ;
The squirrel flits from tree to tree
Its winter storehouse filling.

—AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND

Let us suppose something very strange. Suppose that some day the principal of the school were to give notice that all the rules were suspended. Everyone might do as he pleased for the whole morning ; the pupils might get their lessons or not ; they might recite or not ; they might whisper and talk aloud ; they might play games ; they might make mischief if they chose ; they might, if they liked, injure the books and desks ; the stronger or careless boys might hurt the little ones. What do you think would happen then ?

It is possible that some of the boys would like such a school for a day or two. But they would soon become tired of it. No one could possibly learn anything ; no one could even read story-books in peace ; the noise would be dreadful ; the teacher would not be of the slightest use ; the school-house would not be half so good a place to play in as the playground is.

In fact, to suspend all the rules would be like stopping the school. The children would go home and say to their parents: "We do not want to go to that school any longer; we cannot learn anything there." Or, perhaps the older and brighter boys by the end of the third day would come to the principal and say: "We wish that you would make a few rules for us."

"What rules shall I make?" the principal might say. "Will you vote to make some rules yourselves?"

"Yes," the boys would answer, "very willingly. We will vote to have decent order in the school-room. We will vote to stop the talking and the play. We will vote to give every fellow a fair chance to study in quiet. We will vote to have recitations again and not to let anyone interrupt the lessons with noise. We will vote not only that the teacher ought to be here promptly on time when school begins, but that every one of us ought also to be in his seat. We will vote that, as long as we go to school, no one can be absent without some good reason."

"Very well," the principal might reply, "I like your rules. They are just as good as my rules are. Let us call them *our* rules, and let us first vote for them, and then let us all try to keep them."

We do not even like to guess what would happen if all the laws of the land were suspended for a single week. To be sure, most people would go on as before, and behave themselves perfectly well. But a very few mischievous people might make much costly trouble. What if half-crazy men should get drunk and go through the streets firing revolvers into the crowd? Or what if mischief-makers should set fire to build-

ings? No people that we have ever heard of have tried the experiment of living without any laws.

Where do our laws come from? Some of them have come down from very ancient times. Our forefathers used them for hundreds of years. They seem so good and sacred that men have often reverently said that "God taught them to men." The law not to murder, the law not to steal, the laws to keep ourselves pure, the laws not to injure our neighbours—these are the laws of intelligent and civilized men all over the world. We say that those who do not keep these grand and ancient laws are barbarians or savages.

Some of our laws have grown. There were new needs, and new laws had to be made to meet these needs. Thus, there were no laws about keeping the streets clean till men found out that filthy streets breed disease. There could have been no laws about clearing the sidewalks of dust or rubbish in the days, not so long ago, when men had no sidewalks in their cities. There were no laws about railways till the age of steam came in.

All the laws, however they came, whether they are old or new, are *our* laws. They belong to all the people; they are for the sake of all of us, for the poor even more, if possible, than for the rich. We vote for the laws; or we vote for the men who make them; or we vote for the government that carries out and enforces the laws.

If any law happens not to seem to all of us quite fair, we can petition, like the pupils in a school, to have the law altered and made right. We can go to work and persuade others to join us in getting that law changed. But as long as the majority of the

people vote to retain the law, no one has any right to suspend it selfishly and make disorder and trouble for all the rest.

Along the low coast of Holland the people build great embankments, or dikes to keep the waters from overflowing the land and sweeping away the farmer's crops and his buildings. Our laws are like the vast dikes that curb the water of the ocean. Our laws defend our homes, our lives, our property. Whoever breaks a law is like the man who cuts the dike and lets the water run through. The harm and the cost come upon all of us.

You see, good rules do not take away your liberty. When the school for a single day suspends all its rules, freedom is taken away. No one any longer can possibly read or study; every one is forced to be disturbed. The rules restore liberty. It is not true liberty to be allowed to spoil the school. True liberty is to be free to enjoy the privileges of the school. It is liberty to be able in quiet to read, to write, to study, to recite lessons.

So in the city, it is liberty to be able to go about one's business and not to be disturbed by anyone. It is liberty to be able to walk in the streets, without fear by night as well as by day. It is liberty to be able to display goods in the shop windows without danger of being robbed. It is liberty to be able to travel across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, and to find protection wherever one goes. Our laws give us this great liberty. The only demand made of us is that we obey the laws as we wish others to obey them.

Some laws are for our convenience. Thus, if we are driving in a carriage or riding a bicycle, there is a rule or law to turn to the right in meeting another

vehicle. Suppose we had no law on our roads and one could go to the right or left as he liked. Do you not see at once how teams and riders would run into each other? Sometimes careless people think that they can break the rule "just once," and turn the wrong way. Or they venture to ride on crowded streets faster than the law allows. Many bad accidents happen to innocent persons, when selfish or reckless men dare to break the laws which are for the safety and convenience of all of us.

The laws are like the tracks on which the car-wheels run. As long as the car keeps upon its track it will run swiftly and safely.

—CHARLES F. DOLE.

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DOMINION HYMN

God bless our wide Dominion,
Our fathers' chosen land,
And bind in lasting union,
Each ocean's distant strand,
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.

Our sires when times were sorest
Asked none but aid Divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine.

They tracked the floods and fountains,
 And won, with master hand,
 Far more than gold in mountains,—
 The glorious prairie land.

Inheritors of glory,
 Oh ! countrymen ! we swear
 To guard the flag that o'er ye
 Shall onward victory bear.
 Where'er through earth's far regions
 Its triple crosses fly,
 For God, for home, our legions
 Shall win, or fighting, die !
 —THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

TENDING THE FURNACE

" Jack," said his Uncle William, " I have a conundrum for you."

" All right," said Jack, " I am ready."

" It's a hard one," said Uncle William.

" All right," said Jack again. " That's the kind I like."

" Well," continued Uncle William, " why is a furnace like a man ? "

Jack thought a long time, and finally said : " I give it up."

" Well," said his uncle, " in the first place, the furnace must be fed. It eats coal. It must have just the right kind of coal, and at just the right times, and

not too much of it, nor too little. If the pieces of coal are too big, or if the fireman piles them in—and the furnace eats too fast—the top of the fire will be black instead of red. It should be red.

“ If the furnace were to eat shingles instead of coal, they would blaze up in a minute and that would be the last of them. They would not give any strong, working heat. It would be like feeding children with cake when they required bread, and candy when they needed meat.

“ The furnace must have a chance to breathe. No matter how good the coal is, it will not burn well without a draught. The windows of the furnace must be open. When the window of the cold-air box is closed, the furnace is dull and slow, like people who sleep in rooms with the windows shut. Both furnaces and people are poisoned by breathing the same air over again.

“ Another need of a furnace is to be kept clean. That is necessary even in a cellar, but still more so in a mill where machinery depends upon it. The mill workers are busy all the time cleaning and polishing the machines. No machine will work well, no fire will burn well, unless it is clean.

“ Thus the furnace is like ourselves. Our bodies are wonderful and delicate machines, with furnaces to keep them working. Right eating, right breathing, right bathing, are the ways in which we tend the furnace.”

—SELECTED.

Where the will is ready, the feet are light.

A BRAVE SCOT

There are many stories of brave deeds done on the field of Waterloo. In one of the terrible cavalry charges, when the Highlanders were ordered to fall back, the sergeant who bore the colours was shot dead and fell into a ditch. The French horsemen were rushing down upon them, and in another moment the colours of the regiment might fall into the hands of the enemy.

A stalwart Highlander, who saw the danger, leapt into the ditch to take the colours from the dead man's hands. But it was in vain ; even in death the sergeant held his colours with a grip of iron. What was to be done ? There was not a moment to lose. The Highlander did not hesitate. Taking up his comrade—flag and all—he lifted him to his back and hurried away with him just as the French horsemen reached the ditch.

The captain of the French cavalry, seeing the brave deed, shouted to his men : " Halt ! " Every man of the troop reined in his horse and sat looking at the gallant Highlander ; and as the brave fellow made off with the colours, they cheered him with a wild hurrah, shouting : " Bravo, Scot ! "

—Adapted from ALBERT F. BLAISDELL.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

Eastward from Campobello

Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;

Three days or more seaward he bore,

Then, alas ! the land wind failed.

Alas ! the land wind failed,

And ice-cold grew the night ;

And never more, on sea or shore,

Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,

The Book was in his hand ;

“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”

He said, “ by water as by land ! ”

In the first watch of the night,

Without a signal's sound,

Out of the sea, mysteriously,

The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star

Were hanging in the shrouds ;

Every mast, as it passed,

Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,

At midnight black and cold !

As of a rock was the shock ;

Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day,
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE GIFT OF ATHENE

Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom, was the favourite daughter of Zeus. While she was still young, a beautiful city was founded in Greece. From Olympus the gods watched the building of the city with great interest. When it was finished a question arose among them. What should the new city be called? Each god wished to have the honour of giving a name to it.

“ I gladly withdraw from the contest,” said Apollo. “ I think my fair sister, Athene, should name this new city, that it may have wisdom and peace.”

“ Aye, brother Apollo,” spoke up Ares, the god of war, “ but the new city will need soldiers to defend it. It seems to me that I should name it, and bestow upon it warlike strength.”

“ It is my wish,” said Father Zeus, “ that this city be named by Athene or Ares. Peace is good, yet war is

necessary. So, Ares, create the most useful thing in your power; and, Athene, do you do likewise. We other gods shall sit in council, and decide which of you brings forth the more useful thing."

The young god of war pondered deeply. What did man need most? He thought and thought. At last an idea came to him, and he created the horse. Then he went before the council of the gods. "Assembled gods," he said, "you who know all things will surely see that nothing could be of greater use to man than the creature I have made. This noble animal is little lower than man himself, and he will be the best servant man has ever had. This steed will carry his master to battle, and will take him back again to safety. He will till his master's fields, and serve him in a thousand other ways."

"You have done well, Ares," said Father Zeus, "and I doubt whether your fair sister can create a more useful thing." And all the gods and goddesses nodded their heads. But just at this moment Athene entered. In her hand she bore a slender olive tree. She placed it in the midst of the assembly. A loud laugh rang through the great hall, and many of the gods and goddesses looked with scorn upon the tiny sapling.

"Art thou jesting with us, fair Athene?" asked Hermes.

"Nay, nay, Hermes," said Zeus, who knew Athene better than all the rest. "Athene jests not with the assembled gods. I never knew her yet to do an unwise thing. Speak, daughter, let us hear thy meaning."

"This little tree," Athene said, "will bring health and happiness to man. It will grow and multiply,

till all the hills and valleys shall be covered with its groves. It shall bear fruit and oil, for food and medicine. Its leaves shall protect man from the heat of the sun, and shall also supply a medicine for many ills. Its wood shall be useful to make all kinds of things for man's daily need, or it will warm him when he is cold. Every little twig shall have a use. Besides, it shall be a sign of peace. The horse which Ares has made will carry men to war, and war means woe. But this little tree brings health and happiness, and those who cultivate it shall have peace and plenty."

The gods saw readily that Athene's gift was the more useful to man. So they declared that the new city should be named after her, and that she should ever be its guardian. Accordingly, the city was called Athens, and its inhabitants were taught to honour Pallas Athene—the goddess of wisdom—as their patron.

—CHARLES M. STEBBINS.

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THE LOVING-CUP OF IRON

Upon the edge of a great forest a wood-cutter had built for himself a cottage, and soon he brought a fair young bride to live in it. She was a neat, trim, little body, who wasted nothing and kept everything in the house in perfect order, so that in a short time their small yard showed her care also.

One day some cousins came from town to see the wood-cutter and his wife. They brought their dinner with them in a large basket, and a jolly time they had of it, wandering through the woods, lying on the soft green grass, and gathering the wild flowers. Finally, hunger drove them back to the wood-cutter's house, and as they sat on the porch eating their luncheon, they thoughtlessly threw the skins of their oranges and the banana peelings on the grass in front of them. The wood-cutter's wife said nothing, but she felt sure that such litter and dirt on the fresh green grass would grieve the wood fairies who were trying to keep the forest and all of its surroundings as beautiful as possible. Therefore when the guests had gone, she quietly picked up all the skins and scraps of paper and burned them.

This so pleased the wood fairies that when her first boy baby came, they sent him a loving-cup of gold. Around it were circles of diamonds and pearls and deep red rubies. Of course, the young mother was very happy, for she knew that such a gift meant that her son would some day possess much money. So she set herself to work to make her yard more beautiful than it had been before, by planting flower seeds in a border by the fence. "If my son is to become a rich man," said she to herself, "he must learn to love what is beautiful, that he may use his money wisely." She did not stop when she had made her own yard beautiful, but soon began scattering more flower seed down by the spring, that the wood fairies might have flowers to enjoy when they came to drink. Before long her kind heart led her to plant other flowers by the dusty roadside and down in the lonely valley, in order that

weary travellers, as they journeyed along, might see the bright blossoms and smell the sweet perfume.

This pleased the wood fairies even more than her thoughtful tidiness had done, so, when her second boy baby came, they sent him a loving-cup of pure silver. Around the outside of it were carved pictures of youths and maidens dancing in a circle on the green grass. This gift made the mother even happier than the first had done, for she read in the carving on the cup that her boy would love the open air and would grow up strong and healthy, and her heart grew tender to all things about her.

She had noticed that some of the ugliest and most neglected weeds often bore delicate flowers, which, however, soon faded for lack of care. "I will see," said she, "if I cannot make the weeds grow into flowers by watering them and pruning them and lovingly caring for them. In this way I can help to make the whole forest wholesome, and thus show the wood fairies that I am grateful to them for their gift of health to my second son."

She began by caring for the weeds which stood nearest her own home, and was rewarded by seeing them slowly change into shapely plants and their blossoms become strong and beautiful. Then her care extended to the weeds along the wayside, and in a short time there was not a hurtful weed to be found in the neighbourhood. All had been changed, by a little patient care, into strong, thrifty shrubs and plants, each blooming according to its own nature, but all gladdening the sight by their bright flowers and healthy green leaves.

This changing of weeds into flowers so surprised and



THE BEST GIFT

delighted the wood fairies who had never heard of such a thing, that when her third boy baby came, they consulted among themselves and decided to send him the best gift they had to bestow. Accordingly they sent to the new baby a loving-cup made of strong, black iron, and with it, three large earthen jars. One was filled with the sweetest golden nectar ever tasted by mortal lips, another contained a brown vinegar so sour that half a teaspoonful of it would make your face wrinkle, while the third jar held a blackish-looking gall, of such a bitter flavour that one drop of it would make one shrink from ever wanting to taste it again. With this strange present they sent word that if the mother loved her boy, whom she had named Philip, she would mix a cupful of the sweet nectar, the sour vinegar, and the bitter gall, using half as much vinegar as she did nectar, and half as much gall as vinegar, and give it to the boy to drink on his birthday, each year, until he was twenty-one years old.

The mother hesitated. It seemed so hard to make her darling child taste of the bitter gall when there was plenty of the sweet nectar to last until he was grown, but she knew that the wood fairies were wise. Were they not trying to make the whole earth beautiful? Surely they would not require so hard a thing of her unless it was for little Philip's welfare.

Therefore, each succeeding birthday she mixed the fairies' drink and poured it into the iron cup and gave it to the child. Sometimes he cried and sometimes he fretted, but she held the cup firmly to his lips until the last drop was drained, and then she would kiss him and tell him that he was her dear, brave boy, and would

some day thank her for making him drink the fairies' potion. He soon found that if he drank the contents of the loving-cup early in the morning, he tasted nothing but the sweet nectar, whereas if he put it off until noon, he could not taste anything but the sour vinegar, and when he delayed the drinking of it until night, it seemed as if the whole contents of the cup had changed to gall, and he would be days and days getting over the bitter taste. So, being a sensible boy, he learned to drink it as soon as it was mixed.

Each year he grew more loving and thoughtful of others, more like the wood fairies in his effort to make the world around him beautiful. Little by little he gained the power which the wood fairies alone can give—the wonderful power of knowing just what is going on in the hearts of the people about you, even when you do not speak to them or they to you.

If he chanced to meet a sad-faced man or woman on the street, his beautiful eyes seemed to say more tenderly than words could say: "I see you are in trouble and I feel so *sorry* for you." If he passed a group of merrymakers, his smile was so bright that they knew it meant: "What a lot of fun you are having! I am so glad!" As he grew older his hands became almost as wonderful as his eyes or his smile. If he found a little child crying over a broken toy, he would stop and mend it, and in a few moments the tears would be gone and the little one would go off laughing or singing, hugging the mended toy.

Sometimes a young girl would come to him with a beautiful picture, which she had been embroidering on a screen, but which had been spoiled by some crooked, careless stitches, and he would patiently sit down beside

her and would point out to her just where the wrong stitches had been put into the picture, and would help her take them out. Then he would show her how to put in the right kind of stitches, and she would go away happy and contented, ready to work day by day on the lovely screen with which she was some day going to make her future home beautiful.

Now and then a young musician would find that his silver flute played only harsh discords instead of sweet melodies, and he would grow discouraged and be ready to throw it away, when Philip would come along and pick up the flute quietly and examine it and discover that the jarring sounds came because it was not free from the dust and dirt of the street. Then he would tell the young player what was the matter and would stay with him until he had made the flute as clean as a flute should be, and he was usually rewarded by some fine music from the grateful musician. Occasionally he would come across a man toiling along the road with a pack on his back, so heavy that he was bent nearly double by it. Then Philip would stop him and plan with him how the load could be divided into two packs so that he might carry one under each arm, and thus be able to walk straight and erect, and hold his head up as a man should. Nobody ever dreamed of telling him a lie ! “ He knows just how we feel,” people used to say, and somehow the sight of his strong, manly face stirred within them a desire to be brave and noble, and true, and he was beloved by all who knew him.

This indeed was the most precious gift which the wood fairies could give.

—ELIZABETH HARRISON.

THE GOLDEN TEXT

You ask for fame or power ?
Then up and take for text :
This is my hour,
And not the next, nor next !

Oh, wander not in ways
Of ease or indolence !
Swift come the days,
And swift the days go hence.

Strike ! while the hand is strong :
Strike ! while you can and may :
Strength goes ere long,—
Even yours will pass away.

Sweet seem the fields, and green,
In which you fain would lie :
Sweet seems the scene
That glads the idle eye :

Soft seems the path you tread,
And balmy soft the air,—
Heaven overhead
And all the earth seem fair :

But would your heart aspire
To noble things,—to claim
Bard's, statesman's fire—
Some measure of their fame :

Or, would you seek and find

Their secret of success

With mortal kind ?

Then, up from idleness !

Up—up ! all fame, all power

Lies in this golden text :—

This is my hour—

And not the next, nor next !

—GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

THE TONGUE AND HOW TO USE IT

A young lady once went to the good man, Saint Philip Neri, to confess her sins. He knew one of her faults only too well. She was not a bad-hearted girl, but she often talked of her neighbours, and spoke idle tales about them. These tales were told again by others, and much harm was done, and no good.

Saint Philip said to her : “ My daughter, you do wrong to speak ill of others, and I order you to perform penance. You must buy a fowl in the market. Then walk out of the town, and as you go along the road pull the feathers from the bird and scatter them. Do not stop until you have plucked every feather. When you have done this, come back and tell me.”

The young lady said to herself that this was a very singular punishment to suffer. But she made no objection. She bought the fowl, walked out, and plucked the feathers as she had been bidden. Then she went to Saint Philip and reported what she had done.

“ My daughter,” said the Saint, “ you have carried out the first part of the penance. Now there is a second part.”

“ Yes, father ? ”

“ You must now go back the way you came, and pick up all the feathers.”

“ But, father, this cannot be done. By this time the wind has blown them all ways. I might pick up some, but I could not possibly gather up all.”

“ Quite true, my daughter. And is it not so with the unwise words that you let fall ? Have you not often dropped idle tales from your lips, and have they not gone this way and that, carried from mouth to mouth until they are quite beyond you ? Could you possibly follow them, and recall them if you wanted to do so ? ”

“ No, father.”

“ Then, my daughter, when you are inclined to say unkind things about your neighbour, close your lips. Do not scatter these light and evil feathers by the way-side.”

—F. J. GOULD

A YOUNG PATRIOT

When “ the young Pretender,” the grandson of James II, was seeking to escape from his pursuers after the battle of Culloden, he was hard pressed by an English captain. A price of £30,000 had been put upon the head of the Prince, and the captain was naturally very anxious to earn this reward.

One day when the captain came to a cave near Loch Awe, there were marks upon the ground which led him to believe that the Prince and his followers had been there. He looked around and saw a Scotsman approaching. He immediately ordered his men to secure him. Then he asked him if he had seen the Prince, and, if so, which road he had taken. It so happened that the Prince and his small body of followers had been there, and the Scotsman had seen them go in a certain direction, but, not wishing to betray him, he told the captain that he had gone a different way.

They were about to set out in the direction the Scotsman had pointed out, when another Scot appeared. He, too, was seized, and questioned. But the man was slow to answer. To the captain's demand as to which way the Prince went, he repeatedly answered: "I dinna ken."

"Liars both," cried the enraged captain; then to his men, he said: "Keep them bound until I see whether the Prince has gone in the direction pointed out, and if not, they shall both be shot."

Just then a little ragged, bare-footed boy about twelve years old came on the scene.

"Now we shall find out," said the officer, "children always speak the truth."

"What is thy name, boy?" he cried.

"Sawney Macpherson," he replied.

"Did'st see the Prince pass, my lad?"

"Ay, I did."

"Tell me which way he went, and tell me truly, or else thou shalt die," laying his hand on his sword.

"I ken, but I'll no tell thee," replied Sawney, looking into the enemy's face with his steady blue eyes.

"*No tell?* Then I'll beat thee till thou dost."

With that the captain struck him so smartly on the side with the blunt edge of his sword, that the lad cried out with pain.

"Tell me, fool, or I'll cut thy flesh from off thy bones," roared the enraged officer.

"Nay," answered the lad, "a Macpherson would never betray his Prince. Ye may kill me, gin ye will, but ye'll no mak' me tell."

The officer could appreciate a brave spirit, and he was so pleased with the lad's answer that his anger quite vanished, and he gave Sawney a small silver cross as a token of his appreciation of his conduct. It is said that this silver cross is still preserved in the Macpherson family.

—SELECTED.

A BIRD'S NEST

Over my shaded doorway

Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words ;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems ;
And all day long they are busy,
Gathering straws and stems,

Lint and feathers and grasses,
 And half forgetting to eat,
 Yet never failing to warble,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
 And fling them some flossy threads;
 They fearlessly gather my bounty,
 And turn up their graceful heads,
 And chatter and dance and flutter,
 And scrape with their tiny feet,
 Telling me over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded!
 What if the rain comes down
 They are all dressed to meet it,
 In waterproof suits of brown.
 They never mope nor languish,
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,
 But say, whatever the weather,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
 Dear little brown-winged birds!
 Teach me the happy magic
 Hidden in these soft words
 Which always, in shine or shadow,
 So lovingly you repeat,
 Over and over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

THE PARTNERS

Clowns made grimaces, conjurers played tricks. People who kept stalls in the market-place and the streets shouted their wares. Men, women, boys, girls laughed, sang, pushed, crushed, danced. It was a fair in a German town. On the stalls were laid useful articles and toys without number.

Duke Louis took it into his head to stroll down from his castle into the town to see the fair. A servant who carried his money bag walked with him. A peddler stood amid the hurly-burly of the fair holding a tray, on which were thimbles, needles, spoons, little leaden images to wear around the neck, and other knick-knacks. "Can you," asked the Duke, "earn a living by selling these things?"

"Well, my lord, I can, though it is but a poor one. I am ashamed to beg. I believe I could get on better, and even double my stock at the year's end, if I could travel in safety from city to city."

"Then why do you not?"

"Because, my lord, I should be stopped by your officers and made to pay a tax on my pack of goods; and I should be obliged to pay at every toll-bar along the high roads; and that would take away my profits."

"Very well. I shall help you out of that difficulty. I shall give you a safe-conduct."

"What is that, my lord?"

"A paper signed by me and sealed by my seal announcing to all tax-gatherers and toll-keepers that you are to go free of payments. What is your pack worth?"

"Twenty shillings."

"Give him ten," said the Duke to his treasurer. "We shall go halves. We shall be PARTNERS. And make out a safe-conduct for me to sign."

This was done. A year afterwards the fair was held as usual, and the peddler stood there with a much larger

stock of goods. He had travelled and traded, and had done well. The Duke, being partner, had a right to half the profits; and though he did not take half, he chose some of the peddler's articles as gifts to his servants at the castle.

The years went by. The peddler had now bought an ass, and on the ass's back were strapped two bales of goods, so well had his stock in trade increased. He

made longer journeys, and even went beyond the borders of Germany, across the rocky Alps, and into Italy. Once he visited Venice, the fair city that is called the "Queen of the Adriatic." His load contained rings, bracelets, pins, jewels, ivory cups, polished mirrors to see one's face in, knives, and coral and beads for babies. On his way back to the fair he



halted at an inn by the wayside in the province of Franconia—a district that was not in the government of the Duke.

Certain men saw the peddler's pack and its valuable contents, and envied him what he possessed. They lay in wait for him as he journeyed, and set upon him, and mauled him, and robbed him of all his wares and his ass. "You rogues," he shouted, "I have a safe-conduct from Duke Louis." So saying, he drew the paper from his bosom. They merely laughed, and soon the sound of their steps died away, and the peddler was left alone in the forest, unhappy and a beggar.

He made his way to the town and attended the fair. Alas! he had nothing to sell. The Duke came, as was his wont each year. He was surprised to see the peddler without stall or ass. His partner told his sad story. "Do not be troubled about your loss," said the Duke. "I am your partner; I will recover our property."

That evening there was a great stir in the castle. Messengers flew hither and thither on horseback. All night long the warder was opening and closing the gates, as people entered and left. Every now and then a band of knights rode in; or in there marched a troop of men-at-arms; or a crowd of peasants from a village tramped in, bearing cudgels and other weapons. By morning a small army had mustered. The Duke took command, and set out for Franconia, and drew up his force at the gates of the city of Wurtzburg. The citizens were much alarmed at the coming of this army, and the Prince-bishop of the city came forth to demand the reason.

"I am hunting for my ass," replied Duke Louis.

"I know nothing about your ass."

"Some of your subjects have stolen it. You are responsible for their conduct."

"Very well. I shall cause it to be searched for."

So questions were asked, and officers looked up and down the land until the robbers were tracked, and the ass was found and brought back to Duke Louis, with as much of the peddler's goods as could be got from the robber's hands. Duke Louis had the pleasure of restoring the useful ass to the peddler.

The people of the country rejoiced to hear of the manner in which their lord had gone to the aid of a humble peddler. That is what rulers are for, only they do not always think of it. It is the duty of the strong to aid the weak. The ruler should be the partner of the working-man.

—F. J. GOULD.

THE GOLD IN THE ORCHARD

In Italy there was once a farmer who had a fine olive orchard. He was very industrious, and the farm always prospered under his care. But he knew that his three sons despised the farm work, and were eager to make wealth fast, through adventure.

When the farmer was old, and felt that his time had come to die, he called the three sons to him and said: "My sons, there is a pot of gold hidden in the olive orchard. Dig for it, if you wish it." The sons tried to get him to tell them in what part of the orchard the gold was hidden; but he would tell them nothing more.

After the farmer was dead, the sons went to work to find the pot of gold ; since they did not know where the hiding-place was, they agreed to begin in a line, at one end of the orchard, and to dig until one of them should find the money. They dug until they had turned up the soil from one end of the orchard to the other, round the tree-roots and between them. But no pot of gold was to be found. It seemed as if some one must have stolen it, or as if the farmer had been wandering in his wits. The three sons were bitterly disappointed to have all their work for nothing.

The next olive season, the olive trees in the orchard bore more fruit than they had ever given ; the fine cultivating they had had from the digging brought so much fruit, and of so fine a quality, that when it was sold it gave the sons a whole pot of gold ! And when they saw how much money had come from the orchard, they suddenly understood what the wise father had meant when he said : " There is gold hidden in the orchard ; dig for it."

—SARA CONE BRYANT.

FORTUNA

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And the frost falls and the rain :
A weary heart went thankful to rest,
And must rise to toil again, 'gain,
And must rise to toil again.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
 And there comes good luck and bad ;
 The thriftiest man is the cheerfulest ;
 'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
 'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west ;
 Ye shall know a tree by its fruit ;
 This world, they say, is worst to the best ;—
 But a dastard has evil to boot, boot,
 But a dastard has evil to boot.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west :
 What skills it to mourn or to talk ?
 A journey I have, and far ere I rest ;
 I must bundle my wallets and walk, walk,
 I must bundle my wallets and walk.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE FAULT-FINDING FAIRY

There was once a Fairy, who was a good Fairy on the whole, but she had one very bad habit ; she was too fond of finding fault with other people, and of taking for granted that everything must be wrong if it did not appear right to her. One day, therefore, when she had been talking very unkindly of some of her friends, her mother said to her : “ My child, I think if you knew a little more of the world, you would become more charitable. I advise you to set out on your travels.”

The young Fairy was pleased at this permission ; so she kissed her mother, and bade good-bye to her nurse, and flew away till she came to a large meadow, with a clear river flowing on one side of it, and some tall oak trees on the other. She sat down on a high branch in one of these oaks, and, after her long flight, was thinking of a nap, when, happening to look down at her little feet, she saw a fine young Lark sitting in the long grass, and looking the picture of misery.

"What is the matter with you, cousin?" asked the Fairy.

"Oh, I am so unhappy," replied the poor Lark ; "I want to build a nest, and I have no wife."

"Why do you not look for a wife, then?" said the Fairy, laughing at him. "Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky."

"I do not like to fly up," said the Lark. "I am so ugly. If I fly up my feet will be seen ; and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long ; and yet I assure you, Fairy, I am not a cruel bird."

"Let me look at your claws," said the Fairy.

So the Lark lifted up one of his feet, which he had kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

"It looks certainly very fierce," said the Fairy. "Your hind claw is at least an inch long, and all your toes have very dangerous-looking points. Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

"No, never!" said the Lark, earnestly ; "I never fought a battle in my life ; but yet these claws grow longer and longer."

"Well, I am sorry for you," observed the Fairy ;

"but at the same time I cannot but see that, in spite of what you say, you must be a quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs."

"That is just what I am always afraid people will say," sighed the Lark.

"For," went on the Fairy, "nothing is given us to be of no use. You would not have wings unless you were to fly, nor a voice unless you were to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the unkind Fairy, "I should like to know what they *are* for."

"I am sure I do not know," said the Lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "Then you are not inclined to help me at all, Fairy? I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends that I am not a quarrelsome bird."

"Appearances are very much against you," answered the Fairy; "and it is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with. No, I cannot help you. Good-morning."

So the Fairy withdrew to her oak bough, and the poor Lark sat moping in the grass while the Fairy watched him. "After all," she thought, "I am sorry he is such a quarrelsome fellow; for that he is such is fully proved by those long spurs."

While she was so thinking, the Grasshopper came chirping up to the Lark, and tried to comfort him. "I have heard all that the Fairy said to you," she observed, "and I really do not see that it need make you unhappy. I have known you some time, and have never seen you fight or look out of temper; therefore, I shall spread a report that you are a very good-

tempered bird, and that you are looking out for a wife."

So he went away, and the Lark, delighted with the Grasshopper's promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and the louder he sang. He was so happy, and he poured forth such delightful notes, so clear and thrilling, that a pretty brown Lark, who had been sitting under some great foxglove leaves, peeped out and exclaimed: "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never!"

"It was sung by my friend, the Skylark," said the Grasshopper, who just then happened to be on a leaf near her. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the Grasshopper, when at length the Lark came down panting, and with tired wings. And then he told him how much his friend the brown Lark, who lived by the foxglove, had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor Skylark to see her. The Lark walked as carefully as he could, that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life. But when she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky as if he were not at all tired, and sang anew, clearer and sweeter than before. He was so glad to think that he could please her.

He sang several songs, and the Grasshopper did not fail to praise him, and say what a cheerful, kind bird he was. The consequence was, that when he asked the brown Lark to overlook his spurs and be his wife, she said she would see about it. "I do not mind your spurs particularly," she observed. This was very good news

for the Skylark, and he sang such delightful songs in consequence, that he very soon won his wife ; and they built a delightful little nest in the grass, which made him so happy, that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

The Fairy, meanwhile, flew about from field to field, and I am sorry to say that she seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured ; for, as I told you before, she was very hasty, and had a sad habit of judging her neighbours. She had been several days wandering about in search of adventures, when one afternoon she came back to the old oak tree, because she wanted a new pair of shoes, and there were none to be had so pretty as those made of the yellow snapdragon flower in the hedge hard by.

While she was fitting on her shoes, she saw the Lark's friend.

" How do you do, Grasshopper ? " asked the Fairy.

" Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the Grasshopper ; " people are always so kind to me."

" Indeed ! " replied the Fairy. " I wish I could say that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome Lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day ? "

" He is not a quarrelsome bird, indeed," replied the Grasshopper. " I wish you would not say that he is. Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty friend the Lark has got in her nest. Three pink eggs spotted with brown."

Off they set together ; but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting on them with rumpled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs.

“ Ah, my pretty eggs ! ” said the Lark, as soon as she could speak, “ I am so miserable about them—they must be trodden on, they will certainly be found.”

“ What is the matter ? ” asked the Grasshopper. “ Perhaps we can help you.”

“ Dear Grasshopper,” said the Lark, “ I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge, and the farmer said that to-morrow morning he should begin to cut this meadow.”

“ That is a great pity,” said the Grasshopper. “ What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground ! ”

“ Larks always do,” said the poor little brown bird ; “ and I did not know how to make a fine nest such as those in the hedges. Oh, my pretty eggs !—my heart aches for them ! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp.”

So the poor Lark moaned and lamented, and neither the Grasshopper nor the Fairy could do anything to help her. At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw her drooping, and the Grasshopper and the Fairy sitting silently before her, he inquired in a great fright what the matter was. So they told him, and at first he was very much shocked ; but presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs. “ He does not sympathize much with his poor mate,” whispered the Fairy ; but the Grasshopper took no notice of the speech. Still the Lark looked at his spurs, and seemed to be very deep in thought.

“ If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge,” sighed the poor mother, “ among the corn,

there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "do not be unhappy." And so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and laying one foot upon the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them.

"Oh, my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother. "Do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," replied the Lark. "I have often wondered what my spurs could be for, and now I see." So saying, he hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg. He found a nice little hollow place in among the corn, and there he set it down gently, and came back for the others.

"Hurrah!" cried the Grasshopper, "Lark-spurs for ever!"

The Fairy said nothing, but she felt heartily ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy Lark had carried the last of the eggs to the same place, and had called his mate to come and sit on them. Then, when he sprang up into the sky again, exulting and rejoicing, and singing to his mate that now he was quite happy because he knew what his long spurs were for, she stole quietly away, saying to herself: "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs were so long; but it appears that I was wrong, after all."

—Abridged from JEAN INGELow.

Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habit.

THE TWO CHURCH BUILDERS

A famous King would build a church,
A temple vast and grand ;
And that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold the people read
The royal builder's name.

Now when the King, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

What could it mean ? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came ;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

The King, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now, let the truth appear!"

"Your Majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord—my Lord and yours—
And so in simple sooth,
I broke your Majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth),

"And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless Your Majesty;
And when along the way
The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay."

"Ah! now I see," the King exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame;
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name."

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

POLICEMEN

A great city has thousands of policemen. They are like an army in London or Paris or New York. Even the little cities and the towns have a force of policemen, or at least a few constables. All these policemen, with their chiefs and other officers, must be paid by the people. What are they for? What good do they do, that we should keep them in our pay?

Some one may answer: "The police are appointed to catch or arrest thieves and others who break the laws, and to bring them to court, and, later, take them to jail. They run after boys who steal apples or pears, or who throw stones on the streets." But, if you should follow a policeman a whole day, it would often happen that he would not arrest or chase any one. He walks back and forth over his beat and no one offers to do any mischief.

"Yes," you will say, "but every one knows that the policeman is there, and bad men are afraid and keep out of his way." The rogues also know that the country is covered with policemen; so that if they committed a crime in Halifax or Toronto, and escaped to British Columbia, a telegraph message could be sent in a few moments to Vancouver to notify the police there to be on the watch and arrest them. Thus, all the policemen in the country help one another. Yes, and if some very great wrong has been done, the police in the United States and over the ocean, in London or Paris, will also help our police at home to catch a dangerous man and keep him from doing harm to

his fellows ; for all the people in the world, who stand by the laws of justice, are friends and helpers to one another.

We must not think that the policemen are all the time looking for rogues. Most people are too sensible to be rogues and thieves or to break the laws and get themselves into trouble. The policeman is on the watch wherever he goes, and especially in the night, for any sign of fire. If he sees anywhere a little blaze or smoke, he finds out what it is. Sometimes he is able to put a fire out before it does any harm ; sometimes he has to ring the alarm for the engines. There are careless clerks who forget to lock up their stores at night. The policeman must try the doors and see that all is right. The policeman, you see, is really a watchman.

If every one did right, and there were no longer thieves and robbers in the land, we should not need nearly so many policemen, but we should still need public watchmen in every great town, for there are many people who are not really wicked, but who become very careless. They forget to remove the ice from their sidewalks ; they throw rubbish into the gutter ; they keep nuisances, as, for instance, savage dogs, on their premises, without thinking of their neighbours' comfort or safety ; they drive or ride bicycles, as if the whole street belonged to them. The policeman must look after these careless people ; he must remind them of the rules of the city ; he must report them if they continue to forget ; sometimes it is necessary to arrest them, for a very careless man may do as much harm as if he were a bad man.

There is another part of the work of the police

that many of us forget. Perhaps it is the pleasantest part of their work. They must help people who are in need or distress. If a little child loses its way, if any one meets with an accident or is taken sick, if a team breaks down, if a poor tramp is found by the roadside almost frozen to death, the policeman must lend a hand. Perhaps he will call for a doctor, or he will telephone for help to the station house, or he will have the injured man taken to the hospital.

The good policeman is always ready also to answer the questions of any who need to be shown their way. If you should not know a single person in a great city, the first policeman whom you should meet ought to befriend you and advise you where to go and what to do. You will often see a policeman stationed at the crossing of a crowded street to keep the teams and cars in order, and to see that no woman or little child is run over. Or he will stand at the doors of a great hall or theatre, and prevent the people in the crowd from hurting one another.

We see now what kind of men we need for our police. In the first place, we need strong, healthy men, who can bear the rain and snow, and the summer heat and winter cold. We need brave men who are not afraid to stand alone in the night, who would die rather than desert their post ; for the policemen are like sentinels on duty.

A policeman must be thoroughly honest and truthful. He must be a man whom we can all trust. If he finds a purse full of money he must report it and try to discover the owner. The policeman must also be a kind and friendly man. We have seen that one of his duties is to look after little children, the weak,

the aged, those who need help. But more than this, the policeman must be kind towards those who break the laws and have to be arrested. The law-breakers are human beings with feelings just like ours. If they have done wrong and have got into trouble, they are very much to be pitied. We wish them to be cured of doing wrong ; we cannot bear to see any one harsh or cruel to them. We wish the policeman to help them if he can. We do not wish him to arrest any one unless it is quite necessary and clearly his duty. We want him to keep people out of jail rather than send them there.

Thus the policeman must be a friend to us all ; he must be the friend and helper of those who obey the laws ; and he must be a friend to those who do wrong, just as a doctor is a friend to the sick man, whom he has to keep in his bed.

—Adapted from CHARLES F. DOLE.

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THE HALF-CHICK

Once upon a time there was a handsome black Spanish hen who had a large brood of chickens. They were all fine, plump little birds except the youngest, who was quite unlike his brothers and sisters. Indeed, he was such a strange, queer looking creature that when he first clipped his shell, his mother could scarcely believe her eyes, he was so different from the twelve

other fluffy, downy, soft little chicks who nestled under her wings. This one looked just as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and he had half a head and half a beak. His mother shook her head sadly as she looked at him and said: "My youngest born is only a half-chick. He can never grow up into a tall handsome rooster like his brothers. They will go out into the world and rule over poultry yards of their own; but this poor little fellow will have to stay at home with his mother." And she called him Medio Pollito, which is Spanish for half-chick.

Now, although Medio Pollito was such an odd, helpless looking little thing, his mother soon found that he was not at all willing to remain under her wing and protection. Indeed, in character he was as unlike his brothers and sisters as he was in appearance. They were good, obedient chickens, and when the old hen chicked after them, they chirped and ran back to her side. But Medio Pollito had a roving spirit in spite of one leg, and when his mother called to him to return to the coop, he pretended that he could not hear, because he had only one ear.

When she took the whole family out for a walk in the fields, Medio Pollito would hop away by himself and hide among the corn. Many an anxious minute his brothers and sisters had looking for him, while his mother ran to and fro cackling in fear and dismay.



As he grew older he became more self-willed and disobedient, and his manner to his mother was often very rude, and his temper to the other chickens very disagreeable.

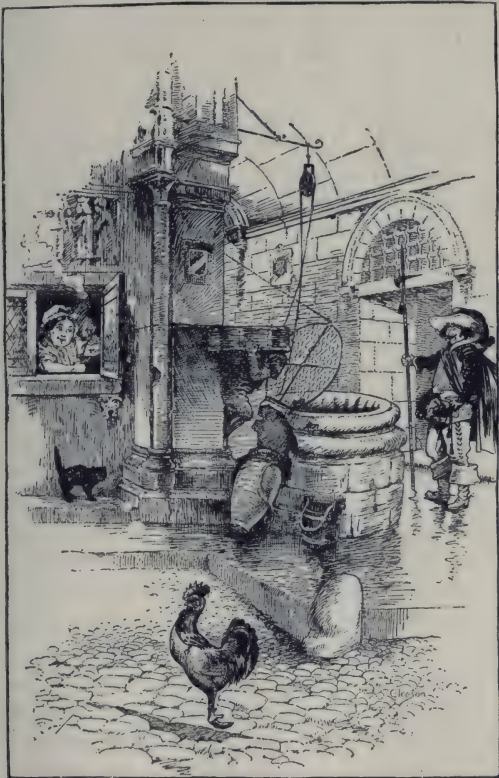
One day he had been out for a longer expedition than usual in the fields. On his return he strutted up to his mother with the peculiar little hop and kick that was his way of walking, and cocking his one eye at her in a very bold way, he said : " Mother, I am tired of this life in a dull farmyard, with nothing but a dreary maize field to look at. I'm off to Madrid to see the king."

" To Madrid, Medio Pollito ! " exclaimed his mother. " Why, you silly chick, it would be a long journey for a grown-up rooster, and a poor little thing like you would be tired out before you had gone half the distance. No, no, stay at home with your mother, and some day, when you are bigger, we shall go on a little journey together."

But Medio Pollito had made up his mind, and he would not listen to his mother's advice or to the prayers and entreaties of his brothers and sisters. " What is the use of our all crowding each other up in this pokey little place ? " he said. " When I have a fine courtyard of my own at the king's palace, I shall, perhaps, ask some of you to come and pay me a short visit." And scarcely waiting to say good-bye to his family, away he stumped down the high road that led to Madrid. " Be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet," called his mother, running after him ; but he was in such a hurry to be off that he did not wait to answer her or even to look back.

A little later in the day, as he was taking a short cut through a field, he passed a stream. Now, the

stream was all choked up and overgrown with weeds and water plants, so that its waters could not flow.



MEDIO POLLITO REACHES MADRID

freely. "Oh! Medio Pollito," it cried as the half-chick hopped along its banks, "do come and help me by clearing away these weeds."

"Help you, indeed!" exclaimed Medio Pollito, tossing his head and shaking the few feathers in his tail. "Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time on such trifles? Help yourself and don't trouble busy travellers. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

A little later he came to a fire that had been left by some gypsies in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out. "Oh! Medio Pollito," cried the fire in a weak, wavering voice as the half-chick approached, "in a few minutes I shall go quite out unless you put some sticks and dry leaves upon me. Do help me or I shall die!"

"Help you, indeed!" answered Medio Pollito. "I have other things to do. Gather sticks for yourself and do not trouble me. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

The next morning, as he was getting near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut tree, in whose branches the wind was caught and entangled. "Oh! Medio Pollito," called the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free of these branches. I cannot get away and it is so uncomfortable."

"It is your own fault for going there," answered Medio Pollito. "I cannot waste all my morning stopping here to help you. Just shake yourself off, and do not hinder me, for I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito in great glee, for the towers and roofs of Madrid were now in sight.

When he entered the city, he saw before him a

great, splendid house, with soldiers standing before the gates. This he knew must be the king's palace, and he determined to hop up to the front gate and wait there until the king came out. But as he was hopping past one of the back windows the king's cook saw him. "Here is the very thing I want," she exclaimed, "for the king has just sent a message to say that he must have chicken broth for his dinner." Opening the window she stretched out her arm, caught Medio Pollito, and popped him into the broth pot that was standing near the fire. Oh! how wet and clammy the water felt as it went over Medio Pollito's head, making his feathers cling to him. "Water! water!" he cried in his despair, "do have pity upon me and do not wet me like this."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away on the fields. Now you must be punished."

Then the fire began to burn and scald Medio Pollito, and he danced and hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat and crying out in pain: "Fire! fire! do not scorch me like this; you can't think how it hurts."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," answered the fire, "you would not help me when I was dying away in the wood. You are being punished."

At last, just when the pain was so great that Medio Pollito thought he must die, the cook lifted up the lid of the pot to see if the broth was ready for the king's dinner. "Look here!" she cried in horror,



"this chicken is quite useless. It is burned to a cinder. I cannot send it up to the royal table." And, opening the window, she threw Medio Pollito out into the street. But the wind caught him up and whirled him through the air so quickly that he could scarcely breathe, and his heart beat against his side till he thought it would break. "Oh, wind!" at last he gasped out, "if you hurry me along like this you will kill me. Do let me rest a moment, or—" But he was so breathless that he could not finish his sentence.

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the wind, "when I was caught in the branches of the chestnut tree you would not help me. Now you are punished." And it swirled Medio Pollito over the roofs of the houses till they reached the highest church in the city, and there it left him fastened to the top of the steeple.

And there stands Medio Pollito to this day. And if you go to Madrid and walk through the streets till you come to the highest church, you will see Medio Pollito perched on his one leg on the steeple, with his one wing drooping at his side and gazing sadly out of his one eye over the city.

—ANDREW LANG.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;

Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;
Pray !—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun !
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Little rills make wider streamlets ;
Streamlets swell the river's flow ;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go.
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play ;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

ST. CHRISTOPHER

Offerus was a soldier and a heathen. He was also a great giant. He liked, not to obey but to command ; he did not care what harm he did to others, but lived a very wild life, attacking and plundering all who came in his way. He wished only for one thing—to sell his services to the very mightiest. He had heard that the emperor was the most powerful man in the world ; so he said : “ Lord Emperor, will you have me ? To none less will I sell my heart’s blood.”

The emperor looked at his great strength, his giant chest, and his mighty fists. Then he said : “ If thou wilt serve me for ever, Offerus, I shall allow it.” Immediately the giant answered : “ To serve you for ever is not so easily promised ; but as long as I am your soldier, none in east or west shall trouble you.” Thereupon he went with the emperor through all the land, and the emperor was delighted with him. All the soldiers were miserable, helpless creatures compared with Offerus.

Now the emperor had a harper, who sang from morning till bed-time. Whenever the emperor was weary with the march, this minstrel had to touch his harp strings. Once, at eventide, they pitched the tents near a forest. The emperor ate and drank ; the minstrel sang a merry song. But when, in his song, he spoke of the evil spirit, the emperor signed the cross on his forehead. “ What is this ? ” cried Offerus aloud to his comrades.

Then the emperor said : “ Offerus, listen ! I did

it on account of an evil spirit who is said to live in this forest." That seemed strange to Offerus, and he said scornfully to the emperor: "I have a fancy for wild boars and deer. Let us hunt in this forest." The emperor said softly: "Offerus, no! Let alone the chase in this forest, for thou mightest harm thy soul."

Then Offerus made a wry face and said: "The grapes are sour; if your highness is afraid of the evil spirit, I shall enter the service of this lord who is mightier than you." Thereupon he coolly demanded his pay, and strode off cheerily into the thickest depths of the woods.

In a wild clearing of the forest he found the altar of the evil spirit, and called three times in a loud voice. When it was midnight, the earth seemed to crack and a pitch-black rider appeared on a coal-black horse. The rider rode at Offerus furiously, and sought to bind him with solemn promises. But Offerus said: "We shall see." Then they went together through the kingdoms of the world, and Offerus found him a better master than the emperor. He seldom needed to polish his armour, but had plenty of feasting and fun.

However, one day, as they went along the highroad, three tall crosses stood before them. Then the evil spirit shivered and said: "Let us creep round by the byroad." Said Offerus: "Methinks you are afraid of those crosses!" Drawing his bow, he shot an arrow into the middle cross. "Don't do that!" said the evil spirit, softly; "do you not know that the Son of Mary now exercises great power?"

"If that be the case," said Offerus, "I came to you bound by no promise. Now I shall seek further for

the Mightiest, whom alone I shall serve." The evil spirit departed with a mocking laugh, and Offerus went on his way, asking every traveller he met for the Son of Mary. But alas! few bear him in their hearts, and none could tell the giant where the Son of Mary dwelt.

One evening the weary giant met an old hermit, who gave him a night's lodging in his cell. The hermit listened to Offerus, showed him plainly the path of faith, and told him he must fast and pray. But he replied: "I should lose my strength altogether if I did that, and then I should be useless."

"Then," said the hermit, "you may try another way. Give yourself up heartily to some good work."

"Ah! let me hear!" cried Offerus. "I have strength for that."

"See, yonder flows a mighty river, which hinders pilgrims. It has neither ford nor bridge. Carry the faithful over on thy back."

"If I can please the Son of Mary in that way, willingly will I carry the travellers to and fro."

Thereupon he built a hut of reeds upon the borders of the river, and dwelt thenceforth among the water rats and beavers. Day by day he carried pilgrims over the river cheerfully, like a great camel or elephant. But if any one offered him ferry money, he said: "I labour for the Son of Mary."

And when, after many years, Offerus's hair had grown white, one stormy night a plaintive little voice called to him: "Dear, good, tall Offerus, carry me across."

Offerus was tired and sleepy, but he thought faithfully of the Son of Mary. With weary arms he seized the pine trunk, which was his staff when the floods rolled

high, and waded through the river nearly to the opposite shore. He saw no pilgrim there, so he thought: "I was dreaming," and went back and lay down to sleep again.

But scarcely had he fallen asleep when again came the little voice, this time very plaintive and touching: "Offerus, good, dear, great, tall Offerus, carry me across!" Patiently the old giant crossed the river again, but neither man nor mouse was to be seen. Back again he went, lay down, and was soon fast asleep. And lo! once more came the little voice, clear, and plaintive, and imploring: "Good, dear, giant Offerus, carry me across!"

A third time he seized his pine trunk, and went through the cold river. This time he found a tender, fair little boy, with golden hair, who looked at the giant with eyes full of love and trust. He lifted him up with two fingers, but, when he had entered the river, the little child weighed on him like a ton. Heavier and heavier grew the weight, until the water almost reached his chin. However, he struggled through, and, tottering to the other side, set the child gently down on the bank. Then he said: "My little lord, I pray thee, come not this way again. Scarcely have I escaped this time with my life."

But the fair child said to him: "Fear not, but rejoice! Thou has carried the Son of Mary. Henceforth thou shalt be called, not Offerus, but Christofferus, the Christ-bearer."

—ELIZABETH CHARLES.

The secret of being lovable is to be unselfish.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glowworm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
When the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

—OLD ENGLISH.

THE STORY THAT GREW

“ What a dreadful story ! ” exclaimed a hen. “ It frightened me so that I did not dare to sleep alone in the hen-house all night. I was glad there were so many of us.” And she began to relate to the other hens who were on the perch above the story she had heard, till their feathers stood on end, and even the rooster let his comb droop, it was so dreadful.

But we shall begin at the beginning, and discover what really had happened in the hen-house on the other side of the town.

One evening, just before sunset the hens as usual went early to roost, and among them was a pretty hen with white feathers and short legs, who laid regularly such fine eggs that she was very valuable, and much esteemed by all her relations. As this hen was flying up in the hen-house to the roosting perch, one of her feathers fell out. "There goes another," she said good humouredly; "how beautiful I shall look if one falls off every time I scratch myself." This white hen was not only very much esteemed, but was also the merriest of all the hens in the hen-house. She forgot all about the fallen feather, and was soon asleep.

It became quite dark. The hens were seated side by side near each other on the perch, but one of them could not sleep, for she had partly heard what the white hen said. She thought, and then said to her next neighbour: "Have you heard? I name no one, but a hen has plucked out all her feathers, and is not fit to be seen. If I were the rooster, I should despise her."

The gossiping hen soon after left the hen-house, and went to visit an owl who lived just opposite with her husband and children. The owl families have very sharp ears, and they had heard every word that their neighbour, the hen, had said, and the little ones rolled their eyes about while the mother owl fanned herself with her wings. "To repeat just what you have been told is nothing," continued the hen, "but I really and truly heard what was said with my own ears, and people must hear a great deal, even if they do disapprove.

It is about a hen who has forgotten what was due to herself in her high position ; she has pulled out all her feathers, and then allowed the world to see her in that bare condition."

" I shall just fly over and tell my neighbour," said the mother owl ; " she is a very highly esteemed owl, and worthy of our acquaintance."

" Hu ! hu ! uhu ! " cried the children, as the mother flew away and passed by her neighbours, the pigeons, who were in the pigeon-house.

" Have you heard—have you heard about the hen that has plucked off all her feathers, and is going about quite bare ? She will freeze to death, if she is not dead already."

" Ooo ! Ooo ! " cooed the pigeons.

" I heard of it in the neighbouring farmyard," said another ; " I have as good as seen it with my own eyes. The story is really so improper that no one cares to relate it, but it is certainly true."

" We believe it, we believe every word," said the pigeons, and they flew down cooing to the farmyard, and exclaimed : " Have you heard about the hen ? "

" The hen ! Why, people now say there are two hens who have plucked off all their feathers ; yet one of them is not like the first, who did not wish to be seen, for she has positively tried to attract the attention of everybody."

" It was a daring game ; however, they caught cold, and are both dead from a fever."

" Wake up ! wake up ! " crowed the rooster, as he flew out of the hen-house to the fence. Sleep was still in his eyes, yet he stood and crowed lustily.

" Listen," said the hen. " There is a rooster in the

next farm who has unluckily lost three of his wives ; they had plucked off all their feathers and died of cold."

"Go away !" the rooster exclaimed. "I refuse to hear it—it is an ugly story. Send it away !"

"Send it away !" hissed the bat, while the hens cackled and the rooster crowed.

"Send it away ! send it away !" and so the story flew from one farmyard to another, until it came back at last to the place where the original circumstance occurred.

"There are five hens," thus *now* ran the story, "who have plucked off all their feathers, at least so they say ; and it made the rooster so unhappy that he became quite thin. And he has pecked himself so dreadfully ever since from indignation and shame that at last he has fallen down and died, covered with blood. For these hens not only had disgraced his family, but also had occasioned a great loss to his owner."

And the hen who had really lost the one feather naturally could not recognize her own story, but she was a sensible, worthy hen, and she said : "I despise these cackling hens ; however, there shall be no more tittle-tattle of this sort. When people have a secret among themselves to gossip about in future, I shall find it out, and send it to the newspapers, so that it may travel through the whole land and be heard of by everybody. This will just serve these cackling hens and their families right."

And the newspapers took it up and so altered the wonderful story that at the last "*it was actually true*"—ONE LITTLE FEATHER HAD BECOME FIVE HENS !

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE BLACK PRINCE

One of the bravest and best-loved kings that England ever had was King Edward the Third. . He was a wise man, just and kind to his own people, but he was very fond of war ; and, like most warriors, he was, now and then, very cruel. He had a son who was so gentle and brave and handsome that all men loved him ; and, as he wore black armour, they called him the Black Prince.

When Edward's uncle, the king of France, died and left no son, Edward made a claim to the French throne ; and when his cousin was chosen king instead of himself, he went over to France and made war against the new king. The Black Prince, who was then sixteen years old, went with his father ; and they won many battles against the French, one of which is known in history as the battle of Crécy.

The English had come to a village called Crécy, which is in the north of France, when they heard that the French king, with an army three times as large as theirs, was coming up to fight them. So Edward told his soldiers to halt, and with great skill he drew them up in line of battle on a hill-side near the village. As he rode from rank to rank, cheering his soldiers and giving his orders, he looked so noble and brave that every man felt sure that under such a leader they would win the battle. When he had seen that his soldiers were in good condition and ready for the fight, he told them to sit down, eat, and rest themselves, and gave orders for every man to have a cup of good wine.

As the French came in sight, the English leaped to their feet with a great shout, and would have rushed to meet the enemy, but the king kept them in check. "Steady, men, steady!" he said; "there must be no noise, no breaking of your ranks." Then the soldiers



stood still and waited in silence for the coming of the French.

But while the enemy were still far off, big black clouds came sweeping across the sky, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came pelting down. Then the sky grew clear again, and the sun shone out bright and warm, for it was a summer afternoon. As

soon as the storm was over, the French archers, who were in front of their army, came on with a shout and let fly their arrows at the English. But the rain had wet their bow-strings, and their arrows all fell short.

Then the English archers, who had kept their bows dry in cases, drew their bow-strings to their ears and took good aim. The arrows fell thick and fast, as you have seen the snow-flakes fall on a winter day, and pierced the faces and hands and bodies of the Frenchmen through and through. No men could have stood up against a fire so true and fierce, and the French bowmen soon turned on their heels and ran.

But the French horsemen came bravely on. They spurred their horses into the midst of the English, and kept up a fierce fight until dusk. The Black Prince, who led the English knights, drove the French back again and again ; but as fast as some were beaten back, others came on, and it was hard work for the prince to hold his ground. A knight who saw the danger he was in rode off to the king, who was watching the battle, and asked him to send help to the prince.

“ Is my son killed or hurt ? ” said the king.

“ No, sire,” said the knight.

“ Then tell him,” said the king, “ he shall have no help from me. Let the boy win the battle himself, and the glory of the day shall be his.”

The king's words gave the prince and his soldiers more courage. They dashed at the French with all their might. The French king was wounded, and fled for his life ; his best captains were cut down and killed ; and as darkness came on, the whole French army turned and fled, leaving thousands of their comrades dead upon the field.

It was dark, and camp fires had been lighted and the torches were blazing when Edward came forth to meet his son. He took the boy in his arms, and, clasping him to his breast, said to him : " My son, my dear son, may God give you grace to go on as you have begun. You have done nobly this day, and shown that you are worthy to be a king." The boy looked down and blushed, saying that all the praise was due to his father ; and when King Edward saw how brave his son had been in battle, and how modest he was after it, this gave him more joy than the great victory of Crécy.

This famous battle was only one of the many victories that were won by the Black Prince. His goodness and gentleness made everybody love him, and his valour in battle gave the English hopes that he would prove as good a king as Edward himself. But he did not live to be king of England. He died in 1376, one year before the death of his father.

—Adapted from ALBERT F. BLAISDELL.

MURILLO AND HIS SLAVE

" Whose work is this ? " Murillo said,
The while he bent his eager gaze
Upon a sketch (a Virgin's head)
That filled the painter with amaze.

Of all his pupils,—not a few,—
Marvelling, 't would seem, no less than he,
Each answered that he nothing knew
As touching whose the sketch might be.

This much appeared, and nothing more :

The piece was painted in the night :

"And yet, by Jove !" Murillo swore,

"He has no cause to fear the light.

"'Tis something crude, and lacks, I own,

That finer finish time will teach ;

But genius here is plainly shown,

And art beyond the common reach.

"Sebastian !" (turning to his slave),

"Who keeps this room when I'm in bed ? "

"'Tis I, Senor." "Now, mark you, knave !

Keep better watch," the master said

"For, if this painter comes again

And you, while dozing, let him slip,

Excuses will be all in vain,—

Remember, you shall feel the whip ! "

Now while Sebastian slept, he dreamed

That to his dazzled vision came

The Blessed Lady—so she seemed—

And crowned him with the wreath of Fame.

Whereat the startled slave awoke,

And at his picture wrought away

So rapt that ere the spell was broke,

The dark was fading into day.

"My beautiful !" the artist cried ;

"Thank God, I have not lived in vain ! "

Hark ! 'Tis Murillo at his side ;

The man has grown a slave again.

“ Who is your master ?—answer me ! ”

“ ’Tis you,” replied the faltering lad.

“ Nay, ’tis not that, I mean,” said he,

“ Tell me, what teacher have you had ? ”

“ Yourself, Senor. When you have taught

These gentlemen, I too have heard

The daily lesson, and have sought

To treasure every golden word.”

“ What say you, boys ? ” Murillo cried,

Smiling in sign of fond regard,

“ Is this a case—pray you, decide—

For punishment, or for reward ? ”

“ Reward, Senor ! ” they all exclaimed,

And each proposed some costly toy ;

But still whatever gift was named,

Sebastian showed no gleam of joy.

Whereat one said : “ He’s kind to-day ;

Ask him your Freedom.” With a groan

The boy fell on his knees : “ Nay, nay !

My father’s freedom,—not my own.”

“ Take both ! ” the painter cried. “ Henceforth

A slave no more,—be thou my son ;

Thy Art had failed, with all its worth,

Of what thy Heart this day has won ! ”

—JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

For things that may be got at will

Most sorts of men do set but little store.

COALS OF FIRE

Joe Benton lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a boat, beautifully rigged with mast and sails, all ready to be launched. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of that day Joe rose bright and early. He was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, as he finished dressing. "Now, I have just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I shall hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon."

Away he went scampering towards the cave where the boat had been left ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been moved away. The moment he looked within he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat, with its mast broken, its sails all torn to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom! He stood for a moment motionless with grief and surprise; then with his face all red with anger he exclaimed: "I know who did it! It was Fritz Brown; but I'll pay him for this caper—see if I do not!" Then he pushed back the boat into the cave, and, hurrying along the road a little way, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself among the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped

out. He expected to see Fritz coming along ; but instead of Fritz it was his cousin Herbert. He was the last person Joe cared to meet just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not observe him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened ; and he wound up by saying : " But never mind ; I mean to make him smart for it ! "

" Well, what do you mean to do, Joe ? " asked Herbert.

" Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash them all. "

Joe knew that this was not a right feeling, and expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin. But, to his surprise, Herbert only said, in a quiet tone : " Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment ; but the string is an old trick ; I can tell you something better than that. "

" What ? " cried Joe, eagerly.

" How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head ? "

" What ! burn him ? " asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head, and gave a queer smile. Joe clapped his hands. " Bravo ! " said he, " that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick that he would not get burned much before he had time to shake them off ; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick ! "

" ' If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst give him drink : for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but

overcome evil with good.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it; and I think that is the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking. "Now I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that is a real take in. Why, it is no punishment at all."

"Try it once," said Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain that he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that kicking or beating him would be like fun in comparison."

Joe was not really a bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper; and he said sullenly: "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coal would burn; it does not burn at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals burn up malice, envy, ill-feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leave some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I shall not suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the road, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a

moment the thought crossed Joe's mind: "What a grand smash it would have been, if Fritz had fallen over the string !" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe ; but the good fellow began at once with : " Fritz, have you much time to read now ? "

" Sometimes," said Fritz, " when I have driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little daylight left ; but the trouble is, I have read every book I can get hold of."

" How would you like to read my new book of travels ? "

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. " Oh ! may I, may I ? I would be so careful of it."

" Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I have some others you would like to read. And Fritz," he added a little slyly, " I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the mast, and torn the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it ? "

Fritz's head dropped on his breast ; but after a moment he looked up with great effort, and said : " Oh, Joe, I did it ; but I cannot tell you how sorry I am. You did not know I was so mean when you promised me the book, did you ? "

" Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe slowly.

" And yet you never—" Fritz could not get any further. He felt as if he would choke ; his face was as red as a coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than that I had offered to lend him that book." Joe took two or three leaps along the road, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the boys met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries; and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag, which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money! The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip; and everything turned out as cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts, that he never had been happier in his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions.

—SELECTED.

TWO HEROES

Near the Cape of Good Hope there once lived a Dutch Boer who owned a horse that was noted far and near for its beauty and intelligence. This man was kind at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his horse, and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

One day a great storm came down on the sea. The

waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds that struck them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings. Night was near at hand.

In the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. The winds and waves drove it straight upon a great reef of rocks, too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were broken in pieces like the shells of eggs. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul be saved?

Those on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft, and their hearts were sick within them. Then the Dutch Boer was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse, with a long rope tied around his waist. Down he came to the shore, nor did he stop there one instant of time.

He spoke a word to the horse which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side. She wheeled, and returned through the white surge to the shore, with a row of men clinging to the rope. There she stayed but for a breath. At the soft word and touch of her master, she turned and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old.

Once more she stood on the shore, while tears of joy fell from all eyes. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts

that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried. She swam straight out into the wild sea.

All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the salt water out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the shore. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength. The work was for a life she loved more than her own. Half-way between ship and shore her strength failed. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black sea-weed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a cry went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death nearly a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch Boer and his horse. They were as friends, one in life, one in death.

—ELIHU BURRITT.

Be comforted; and blessed be
The meek, the merciful, the pure
Of heart; for they shall see, shall hear
God's mercy. So shall peace endure.

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN

When I was young I used to hear
That "manners makyth man";
Now travel far and travel near,
Find manners if you can.
We're all in such a hurry now,
For business or for place,
Not one has time to make a bow
Or greet a friendly face.

When I was young, we used to greet
The rich as well as poor,
Rejoicing old and young to meet
Around the old church door;
But now—we toss our heads and sneer,
Push in—as best we can;
For no one cares a jot to hear
That "manners makyth man."

O! for the ancient "gentillesse"
Of days long, long ago;
O! for the old-world courtliness,
So sweet to high and low;
O! for the grand old reverence,
That honours all it can;
Displaying in the truest sense,
That "manners makyth man."

—M. M. C.

Speak every man truth with his neighbour.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

You have doubtless seen spiders' webs in the corners of rooms, or on fences and bushes. If you have examined them carefully, you will have noticed how beautifully they are woven, and have wondered how such a little insect could do such a marvellous piece of work. Let me tell you how it is explained in a Greek myth.

Once there was a maiden whose name was Arachne. She lived in Lydia, and was known everywhere in that country because of her skill and industry as a weaver. Even the wood nymphs and the naiads and the dryads would watch her as she sat weaving at her loom. They were so surprised at her skill that they said : " Pallas Athene, the household goddess, must have taught her."

This displeased Arachne very much. She was a very vain person, and did not like to have it said that she was indebted to any one for her skill,—not even to a goddess. She told the nymphs and the naiads and the dryads that she had not learned of Athene, and said : " If the goddess can weave better than I, let her come here and try."

Of course, this shocked the nymphs and the naiads and the dryads very much. They revered the gods and goddesses greatly. They were not accustomed to hear mortals speak in such a disrespectful manner about them. An old woman, who was looking on, said to Arachne : " Be more careful, maiden, how you speak of the goddess. She may pardon you if you ask her, but do not think yourself her equal or superior."

Arachne was greatly vexed at the old woman for venturing to counsel her. She told her to keep her advice to herself ; and said that she was not afraid of

the goddess. Just then the old woman was changed into a beautiful maiden, with golden hair, and large, lustrous eyes. There was a golden helmet on her head. She looked as though she might be a goddess. And, indeed ! she was. The beautiful maiden was Athene.

The nymphs and the naiads and the dryads were filled with fear, and bowed reverently before the goddess. But Arachne was not afraid. She was as insolent as ever, and still held to her challenge to Athene to weave better than she. Athene accepted the challenge, and they began to weave. The nymphs and the naiads and the dryads looked on in almost breathless silence. They watched the loom of the goddess and saw her weaving wonderful pictures, some illustrating incidents in her own life. Others were pictures of warning, showing how vain and foolish people were punished for disputing with the gods.

But the vain Arachne was weaving wonderful pictures, also. However, these pictures did dishonour to the gods. Even the mighty Zeus and Apollo were represented as birds and beasts. Still she wove so marvellously that even Athene was surprised. She stood in wonder at the insolent maiden's skill. Then in her anger she tore Arachne's web, and touched her forehead with a spindle. She pronounced a doom on the maiden and her future offspring ; they should weave for ever. Then she sprinkled a magical potion upon Arachne, and at once the maiden was changed into a spider ; and a spider she remained always. She spins in the corners of dusty rooms and among the rafters of attics. She weaves and weaves and will always weave.

THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG

What is the blue on our flag, boys ?

The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free ;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys ?

The honour of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand ;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys ?

The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main ;
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,

Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—

Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain.

What matters one gone, if the flag float on
And Britain be Lord of the main !

—FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

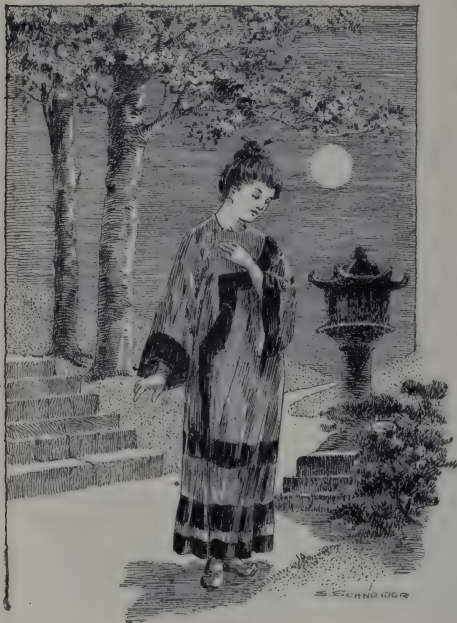
HOW THE MOON BECAME BEAUTIFUL

The Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face, which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not as beautiful as he is now. Six thousand years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face. He said : “ I do not like to be the Moon. I wish I were a star or a flower. If I were a star, even the smallest one, some great general would care for me ; but alas ! I am only the Moon and no one likes me. If I could only be a flower and grow in a garden where the beautiful earth women come, they would place me in their hair and praise my fragrance and beauty. Or, if I could even grow in the wilderness where no one could see, the birds would surely come and sing sweet songs for me. But I am only the Moon and no one honours me.”

The stars answered and said : “ We can not help you. We were born here and we cannot leave our

places. We never had any one to help us. We do our duty, we work all the day and twinkle in the dark night to make the skies more beautiful. But that is all we can do," they added, as they smiled coldly at the sorrowful Moon.



Then the flowers smiled sweetly and said: "We do not know how we can help you. We live always in one place — in a garden near the most beautiful maiden in all the world. As she is kind to every one in trouble we shall tell her about you. We love her very much

and she loves us. Her name is Tseh-N'io."

Still the Moon was sad. So one evening he went to see the beautiful maiden Tseh-N'io. And when he saw her he loved her at once. He said: "Your face is very beautiful. I wish that you would come to me, and that my face would be as your face. Your motions are gentle and full of grace. Come with me

and we shall be as one—and perfect. I know that even the worst people in all the world would have only to look at you and they would love you. Tell me, how did you come to be so beautiful ? ”

“ I have always lived with those who were gentle and happy, and I believe that is the cause of beauty and goodness,” answered Tseh-N’io.

And so the Moon went every night to see the maiden. He knocked on her window, and she came. And when he saw how gentle and beautiful she was, his love grew stronger, and he wished more and more to be with her always.

One day Tseh-N’io said to her mother : “ I should like to go to the Moon and live always with him. Will you allow me to go ? ”

Her mother thought so little of the question that she made no reply, and Tseh-N’io told her friends that she was going to be the Moon’s bride. In a few days she was gone. Her mother searched everywhere but could not find her. And one of Tseh-N’io’s friends said : “ She has gone with the Moon, for he asked her many times.”

A year and a year passed by and Tseh-N’io, the gentle and beautiful earth maiden, did not return. Then the people said : “ She has gone for ever. She is with the Moon.”

The face of the Moon is very beautiful now. It is happy and bright and gives a soft, gentle light to all the world. And there are those who say that the Moon is now like Tseh-N’io, who, was once the most beautiful of all earth maidens.

—MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG.

From “ Chinese Fables and Folk Stories,”

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THE BANYAN DEER

Once upon a time there was, in an Eastern country, a king who cared more for hunting than for any other amusement. Every day he called together as many men as he could, and went out to shoot deer in the forest. At length his people said: "This king of ours is wasting our time and hindering our work. If he must hunt the deer, let us arrange it so that he will not need our help. We will drive all the deer that we can find into a park, and there we will plant food for them to eat. Then the king can have his pleasure, while we go on with our work."

So they planted grass and walled in the park, and drove into it two great herds of deer, five hundred in each herd. The king of each herd was a fine golden stag, with eyes like jewels and horns like shining silver. One stag was called the Branch deer; the other, the Banyan deer.

Then the people went to their king and said: "Sire, we have done all that we can to make your hunting easy by driving the deer into the great park. Permit us now to go on with our own work." So the king agreed, and went to the park to look at the deer.

When he saw the Banyan deer and the Branch deer he admired them so much that he promised them that they should never be killed by him. Every day he or his cook would go to the park and shoot a deer, but no one ever troubled the Banyan deer or the Branch deer. The rest of the herds, however, lived in a state of dread. At the first sight of bow and arrows they

would rush off, trembling with fright, bruising themselves against trees and rocks.

Then the Banyan deer went to the Branch deer and said to him : " Friend, our herds are being needlessly tormented. Since the deer must die, let them go to their death by turns, one from my flock on one day and next day one from yours. Then the others can live in peace."

The Branch deer agreed to this ; and so it went on for some time until one day the lot fell on a mother deer belonging to the herd of Branch. Going to her leader, she said : " What shall I do, king of the deer ? My little one cannot live without me. Let me go free until he is able to take care of himself ; then I shall take my turn."

" No," said the Branch deer, " it is unfair to the next deer to kill him even a day before his time. I can do nothing for you."

Then the doe went to the Banyan deer and told him her story. And he answered : " Go home in peace. I shall see that some other takes your place."

No sooner had she left him than the Banyan deer went to the place appointed by the king and laid himself down to be killed. The king was astonished when he saw him lying there. " My friend," he said, " I promised to spare your life. Why are you lying here to be killed ? "

" Sire," said the Banyan deer, " there came to me a poor mother deer, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another until the time when her little one should be grown. As I could not ask another to take her place, I have come to lay down my own life in her stead."

"O Banyan deer!" said the king, "arise, and go in peace. I shall spare her life as well as yours."

"Though two of us are spared," said the Banyan deer, "what will the others do? Life is dear to us all."

"Their lives I spare with yours," said the king. "No innocent creatures in the future shall be killed for my selfish pleasure."

Then the Banyan deer blessed the king for his mercy, and went back with his herd to the forest.

—MRS. CHARLES A. LANE.

INDUSTRY OF ANIMALS

The lute-voice birds rise with the light,
Their nestling young to feed,
Pursue the insects in their flight,
Or pluck the feathery seed.

The golden-belted humming bee
Goes toiling hour by hour,
Over the moor and distant lea,
Wherever grows a flower.

With weary journeys up and down,
He home his honey brings,
From gardens in the distant town,
And, while he labours, sings.

The long-tailed field-mouse to the wood
Makes journeys many a score,
And in a granary piles his food,
And hoards his wintry store.

Within the hollow of a tree
The nimble squirrel hides
His meat and nuts right cunningly,
And for the cold provides.

His home the mole makes underground,
With runs and chambers crossed,
And galleries circling round and round,
In which you would be lost.

Although the swallow in her nest
Displays such art and skill,
She has no tools save her white breast,
And small, sharp-pointed bill.

—THOMAS MILLER.

LITTLE THINGS

Lord Palmerston, a great English statesman, who lived during the first half of the nineteenth century, used to say that it was the little things which showed what a man was made of. He was a great judge of character, and during the years when he filled many of the great offices in the government, he had the selecting of hundreds of young men to take important positions in the different Government Offices, and it

was rare that the man he selected for some particular work did not turn out well.

Some of his friends one day asked him how it came about that he was usually so successful in the appointments he made, and his answer was that he "took note of little things."

"I do not care about fine clothes," said he, "but when a young man comes to see me, I notice whether his clothes, however poor and old they may be, are free from dirt, and have been well brushed and are put on tidily. I look to see if his shoes are carefully cleaned, his hair neatly combed and brushed, his face and hands clean, and his finger nails free from dirt and properly trimmed. I observe carefully how he uses his pocket-handkerchief, and I endeavour to find out if he has any unpleasant habits or awkward manners that would make him objectionable to those with whom he would have to associate or come in contact.

"I listen with attention to all he has to say about himself, and it does not take me long to find out whether he is proud, boastful, and self-assertive, or if he has that frank, open, and, for a young man, respectful manner that marks a true gentleman. It is the little things that tell what a man is."

—J. E. HARRISON.

How sweet the charm of courtesy !

And gracious words how sweet !

No virtue of the soul can be

Without this grace complete.

Its fragrant breath befits the rose ;

Such pleasures from politeness flows.

THE GOAT-FACED GIRL

There was once upon a time a peasant called Masaniello who had twelve daughters. They were exactly like the steps of a staircase, for there was just a year between each sister. It was all the poor man could do to bring up such a large family, and in order to provide food for them he used to dig in the fields all day long. In spite of his hard work he only just succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door, and the poor little girls often went hungry to bed.

One day, when Masaniello was working at the foot of a high mountain, he came upon the mouth of a cave which was so dark and gloomy that even the sun seemed afraid to enter it. Suddenly a huge green lizard appeared from the inside and stood before Masaniello, who nearly went out of his mind with terror, for the beast was as big as a crocodile and quite as fierce looking. But the lizard sat down beside him in the most friendly manner, and said: "Don't be afraid, my good man, I am not going to hurt you; on the contrary, I am most anxious to help you."

When the peasant heard these words, he knelt before the lizard and said: "I am in your power; but I beg of you to be merciful, for I have twelve little daughters at home who are dependent on me."

"That's the very reason why I have come to you," replied the lizard. "Bring me your youngest daughter to-morrow morning. I promise to bring her up as if she were my own child, and to look upon her as the apple of my eye."

When Masaniello heard her words, he was very un-

happy, because he felt sure, from the lizard's wanting one of his daughters, the youngest and tenderest, too, that the poor little girl would serve only as dessert for the terrible creature's supper. At the same time he said to himself: "If I refuse her request, she will certainly eat me up on the spot. If I give her what she asks, she does indeed take part of myself, but if I refuse, she will take the whole of me. What am I to do, and how in the world am I to get out of the difficulty?"

As he kept muttering to himself the lizard said: "Make up your mind to do as I tell you at once. I desire to have your youngest daughter, and if you do not comply with my wish, I can only say it will be the worse for you."

Seeing that there was nothing else to be done, Masaniello set off for his home, and arrived there looking so white and wretched that his wife asked him at once: "What has happened to you, my dear husband? Have you quarrelled with any one, or has the poor donkey fallen down?"

"Neither the one nor the other," answered her husband, "but something far worse than either. A terrible lizard has nearly frightened me out of my senses, for she threatened that if I did not give her our youngest daughter, she would make me repent it. My head is going round like a mill wheel, and I don't know what to do. You know how dearly I love Renzolla, and yet, if I fail to bring her to the lizard to-morrow morning, I must say farewell to life. Do advise me what to do."

When his wife had heard all he had to say, she said to him: "How do you know, my dear husband, that

the lizard is really our enemy? May she not be a friend in disguise? And your meeting with her may be the beginning of better things and the end of all our misery. Therefore go and take the child to her, for my heart tells me that you will never repent doing so."

Masaniello was much comforted by his wife's words, and next morning as soon as it was light he took his little daughter by the hand and led her to the cave. The lizard, who was awaiting his arrival, came forward to meet him, and taking the girl by the hand, she gave him a sack full of gold, and said: "Go and marry your other daughters, and give them dowries with this gold, and be of good cheer, for Renzolla shall have both father and mother in me; it is a great piece of luck for her that she has fallen into my hands." Masaniello, quite overcome with gratitude, thanked the lizard and returned home to his wife.

As soon as it was known how rich the peasant had become, suitors for the hands of his daughters were not wanting, and very soon he married them all off; and even then there was enough gold left to keep himself and his wife in comfort and plenty all their days.

As soon as the lizard was left alone with Renzolla, she changed the cave into a beautiful palace, and led the girl inside. Here she brought her up like a little princess, and the child wanted for nothing. She gave her sumptuous food to eat, beautiful clothes to wear, and a thousand servants to wait on her.

Now it happened, one day, that the king of the country was hunting in a wood close to the palace, and was overtaken by the dark. Seeing a light shining in the palace he sent one of his servants to ask if he

could get a night's lodging there. When the page knocked at the door, the lizard changed herself into a beautiful woman, and opened it herself. When she heard the king's request, she sent him a message to say that she would be delighted to see him, and give him all he wanted.

The king, on hearing this kind invitation, instantly betook himself to the palace, where he was received in the most hospitable manner. A hundred pages with torches came to meet him, a hundred more waited on him at table, and another hundred waved big fans in the air to keep the flies from him. Renzolla herself poured out the wine for him, and so gracefully did she do it, that his Majesty could not take his eyes off her.

When the meal was finished and the table cleared, the king retired to sleep, and Renzolla drew the shoes from his feet, at the same time drawing his heart from his breast. So desperately had he fallen in love with her, that he called the fairy to him, and asked her for Renzolla's hand in marriage. As the kind fairy had only the girl's welfare at heart, she willingly gave her consent, and not her consent only, but a wedding portion of seven thousand golden guineas.

The king, full of delight over his good fortune, prepared to take his departure, accompanied by Renzolla, who never so much as thanked the fairy for all she had done for her. When the fairy saw such a base lack of gratitude, she determined to punish the girl, and, cursing her, she turned her face into a goat's head. In a moment Renzolla's pretty mouth stretched out into a snout, with a beard a yard long at the end of it, her cheeks sank in, and her shining plaits of hair changed into two sharp horns. When



RENZOLLA AND THE KING

the king turned round and saw her, he thought he must have taken leave of his senses. He burst into tears, and cried out: "Where is the hair that bound me so tightly, where are the eyes that pierced through my heart, and where are the lips I kissed? Am I to be tied to a goat all my life? No, no! nothing will induce me to become the laughing-stock of my subjects for the sake of a goat-faced girl!"

When they reached his own country, he shut Renzolla up in a little turret chamber of his palace, with a waiting-maid, and gave each of them ten bundles of flax to spin, telling them that their task must be finished by the end of the week. The maid, obedient to the king's commands, set to work at once and combed out the flax, wound it round the spindle, and sat spinning at her wheel so diligently that her work was quite done by Saturday evening. But Renzolla, who had been spoiled and petted in the fairy's house, and was quite unaware of the change that had taken place in her appearance, threw the flax out of the window and said: "What is the king thinking of that he should give me this work to do? If he wants shirts, he can buy them. He should remember that I brought him seven thousand golden guineas as my wedding portion, and that I am his wife and not his slave. He must be mad to treat me like this."

At the same time, when Saturday evening came, and she saw that the waiting-maid had finished her task, she took fright lest she should be punished for her idleness. So she hurried off to the palace of the fairy, and confided all her woes to her. The fairy embraced her tenderly, and gave her a sack full of spun flax, in order that she might show it to the king,

and let him see what a good worker she was. Rénzolla took the sack without one word of thanks, and returned to the palace, leaving the kind fairy very indignant over her lack of gratitude.

When the king saw the flax all spun, he gave Rénzolla and the waiting-maid each a little dog, and told them to look after the animals and train them carefully.

The waiting-maid brought hers up with the greatest possible care, and treated it almost as if it were her son. But Rénzolla said : " I don't know what to think. Have I come among a lot of lunatics ? Does the king imagine that I am going to comb and feed a dog with my own hands ? " With these words she opened the window and threw the poor little dog out, and he fell on the ground as dead as a stone.

When a few months had passed, the king sent a message to say he would like to see how the dogs were getting on. Rénzolla, who felt very uncomfortable in her mind at this request, hurried off once more to the fairy. This time she found an old man at the door of the fairy's palace, who said to her : " Who are you, and what do you want ? "

When Rénzolla heard this question, she answered angrily : " Don't you know me, old Goat-beard ? And how dare you to address me in such a way ? "

" The pot can't call the kettle black," answered the old man, " for it is not I, but you who have a goat's head. Just wait a moment, you ungrateful wretch, and I shall show you to what a pass your lack of gratitude has brought you."

With these words he hurried away, and returned with a mirror, which he held up before Rénzolla.

At the sight of her ugly, hairy face, the girl nearly fainted with horror, and broke into loud sobs.

Then the old man said : “ You must remember, Renzolla, that you are a peasant’s daughter, and that the fairy turned you into a queen ; but you were ungrateful, and never as much as thanked her for all she had done for you. Therefore she has determined to punish you. But if you wish to lose your long white beard, throw yourself at the fairy’s feet and implore her to forgive you. She has a tender heart, and will, perhaps, take pity on you.”

Renzolla, who was really sorry for her conduct, took the old man’s advice, and the fairy not only gave her back her former face, but she dressed her in a gold embroidered dress, presented her with a beautiful carriage, and brought her back, accompanied by a host of servants, to her husband. When the king saw her looking as beautiful as ever, he fell in love with her once more.

So Renzolla lived happily ever afterwards, for she loved her husband, honoured the fairy, and was grateful to the old man for having told her the truth.

—ANDREW LANG.

The bird that soars on highest wing
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade when all things rest ;
 In Lark and Nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

A TRUE SPORTSMAN

I go a-gunning, but take no gun ;
I fish without a pole ;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul ;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish that swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song ;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled ;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the
fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away ! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun ;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.

So, away ! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod ;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

THE MAGIC MASK

There was once a great and powerful prince. He had hundreds of soldiers in his army, and with their help he had conquered vast tracts of country, over which he ruled. He was wise as well as brave, but, though all men feared his iron will and respected his strong purpose, no one loved him. As he grew older, he became lonely and unhappy, and this made him sterner, and colder, and more severe than ever. The lines about his mouth were hard and grim, there was a deep frown on his forehead, and his lips rarely smiled.

Now it happened that in one of the cities over which he had come to rule was a beautiful princess whom he wished to have for his wife. He had watched her for many months as she went about among the people, and he knew that she was as good and kind as she was beautiful. But, because he always wore his armour and his heavy helmet when he rode through his dominions, she had never seen his face.

The day came when he made up his mind that he would ask the lovely princess to come and live in his palace. He put on his royal robes and his golden coronet ; but, when he looked at his reflection in the

glass, he could see nothing but what would cause fear and dislike. His face looked hard and cruel and stern. He tried to smile, but it seemed like an unnatural effort, and he quickly gave it up. Then a happy notion came to him. Sending for the court magician, he said to him : " Make me a mask of the thinnest wax so that it will follow every line of my features, but paint it with your magic paints so that it will look kind and pleasant instead of fierce and stern. Fasten it upon my face so that I shall never have to take it off. Make it as handsome and attractive as your skill can suggest, and I shall pay for it any price you choose to ask."

" This I can do," said the court magician, " on one condition only. You must keep your own face in the same lines that I shall paint, or the mask will be ruined. One angry frown, one cruel smile will crack the mask and ruin it for ever ; nor can I replace it. Will you agree to this ? "

The prince had a strong will, and never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he now wanted the princess for his wife. " Yes," he said, " I agree. Tell me how I may keep the mask from cracking."

" You must train yourself to think kindly thoughts," said the magician, " and, to do this, you must do kindly deeds. You must try to make your kingdom happy rather than great. Whenever you are angry, keep absolutely still until the feeling has gone away. Try to think of ways to make your subjects happier and better. Build schools instead of forts, and hospitals instead of battle-ships. Be gracious and courteous to all men."

So the wonderful mask was made, and when the prince put it on, no one would have guessed that it

was not his true face. The lovely princess, indeed, could find no fault with it, and she came willingly to be his bride in his splendid palace. The months went on, and, though at first the magic mask was often in danger of being destroyed, the prince was as good as his word, and no one ever discovered that it was false. His subjects, it is true, wondered at his new gentleness and thoughtfulness, but they said: "It is the princess who has made him like herself."

The prince, however, was not quite happy. When the princess smiled her approval of his forbearance and goodness, he used to wish that he had never deceived her with the magic mask. At last he could bear it no longer, and, summoning the magician, he bade him remove the false face.

"If I do, your Royal Highness," protested the magician, "I can never make another. You must wear your own face as long as you live."

"Better so," cried the prince, "than to deceive one whose love and trust I value so greatly. Better even that she should always despise me than that I should go on doing what is unworthy for her sake."

Then the magician took off the mask, and the prince in fear and anguish of heart sought his reflection in the glass. As he looked, his eyes brightened and his lips curved into a radiant smile, for the ugly lines were gone, the frown had disappeared, and his face was moulded in the exact likeness of the mask he had worn so long. And, when he came into the presence of his wife, she saw only the familiar features of the prince she loved.

—Adapted by MRS. CHARLES A. LANE.

THE BESIEGED CITY

Once there was a besieged city. You know what that means. The forces of the enemy were encamped on all sides of it, some of the soldiers in tents, some in the woods, some in mines that they were digging in the ground. They were all trying to get inside the city, and the people of the city were trying to keep them out. It was like the famous siege of Troy. Every rock, every bush, had an invader behind it. The enemy fired from the shelter of the long grass, and from behind the trees.

At last, a wise man in the city said: "We shall never be able to fight the enemy victoriously until we cut down all this grass, and burn all these bushes, and clear away the trees around our walls." And that is what they did. Every soldier went out with a gun in one hand, and a scythe or an axe in the other, and they made a space all about the walls so that there was no place for an enemy to hide. Thus they compelled their foes to fight in the open, and presently they met them in fair battle and defeated them.

One day after Jack Raymond had read this story he picked up one of his school books and read that our worst enemies are microbes,—little bugs, so small that they cannot be seen except with a microscope. He read, also, that they are all the time attacking our bodies, trying to get in, and that when they do get in, they make us sick. As Jack kept on reading he learned that a great number of our diseases are caused by microbes, and that the microbes make their attack like the enemies that fight from behind the bushes. They hide in

every particle of dirt. So Jack said to himself: "Well, if that is true, the only safe thing for me to do is to make a clean space around me by keeping off the dirt. Microbes are afraid of soap and water, and this book says that they hate a clean towel as much as soldiers hate smokeless powder, and that they run when they are chased with a clothes-brush. I don't want to be sick; so, General Microbe, I do not intend to let your filthy soldiers have a chance to attack me from behind the dirt on my hands or clothes."

—SELECTED.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN



There was once a blind man who met a lame man on a bad stretch of road. He asked the lame man to be kind enough to help him over the rough place.

"I cannot do it," said the lame man. "I am not strong enough. I can hardly drag myself over. But you are strong. If you will carry

me, I shall guide you, and we shall both be able to move along."

"Very well," said the blind man. And he took the lame man on his back. One man used his strength, and the other used his eyes, and they soon passed over the troublesome place.

—ÆSOP.

THE SERGEANT AND THE CHILD

It was a sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and songs were sung,
And countless kerchiefs white were stirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And in the fierce heroic glow,
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
 Where he behind in step was keeping ;
 And glancing down beside the road,
 He saw a little maiden weeping.

“ Well, how is this ? ” he gruffly said,
 A moment pausing to regard her ;—
 “ Why weep’st thou, my little friend ? ”
 And then she only cried the harder.

“ And how is this, my little dear ? ”
 The sturdy trooper straight repeated.
 “ When all the village cheers us on,
 You, here in tears, apart are seated.

“ We march two hundred thousand strong,
 And that’s a sight, my baby beauty,
 To quicken silence into song,
 And glorify the soldier’s duty.”

“ It’s very, very grand, I know,”
 The little maid gave soft replying ;
 “ And father, mother, brother, too,
 All shout ‘ Hurrah ’ while I am crying.

“ But think—O Mr. Soldier, think,—
 How many little sisters’ brothers
 Are going far away to fight
 And may be killed, as well as others ! ”

“ Why, bless thee, child,” the sergeant said,
 His brawny hand her curls caressing,
 “ ’Tis left for little ones like thee
 To find that war’s not all a blessing.”

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage,—
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

—ROBERT HENRY NEWELL.

HOW THE STAG WAS SAVED

The stag was the most splendid of all the deer of the forest. His coat was shining red and yellow, like a king's in cloth of gold. His horns were like a wreath of silver. Proudly he went, with head high, like a general returning from a victorious war. The deer followed him, at a respectful distance, and admired him. The little doe who loved him followed close behind. But the hunters had set a snare in those woods, and the stag fell into it. There he was fast, with his silver horns brought to the ground. The dappled deer fled in all directions; only the doe was left.

"Let me help you!" cried the doe. "I shall pull the snare apart, and let you out." And she pushed this way, and pulled that way, but in vain. And in the distance were heard the voices of the hunters.

"I cannot save you by my strength," said the doe, "but I shall see what love can do." And away she

went, straight towards the hunters. They had weapons in their hands, and the leader was already thinking how fine the stag's head would look, with its wreath of silver horns, over the fireplace in his hall. Then the doe appeared, and kneeling down before the leader said: "Take me instead of him. Take me, and let him go."

The leader said: "She gives her life for his. What shall we do?" And the hunters answered: "By this gift of love she has paid for both lives ten times over." And they loosed the stag, and let the doe go also.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

HOW WE CAN HELP OUR COUNTRY

Every time one of us is courteous and civil to a foreigner, or to a stranger who has come among us, he is doing his part as a true citizen and as a true patriot, because he is helping to make Canada liked and respected by other people.

Every time a man walks to the polling-booth and gives his vote honestly for a member of Parliament, a member of the Provincial Legislature, an alderman of his ward, or a school trustee of his district, he is doing his part as a good citizen in helping to make the government of his country fair and honest.

Every time a father and mother send their children to school, they are doing their duty as good citizens, for the law says that all children must be educated, and it is the part of good citizens to obey the law.

Every boy or girl who goes to school willingly and cheerfully is doing his or her duty as a good citizen, for, of course, it would be useless for the law to compel children to go to school, if they themselves waste their time and neglect their work while in the school-room.

There are thus many ways, both great and small, in which we may all of us show that we are good citizens, and are willing to serve our country.

And lastly, there is one other and most important way in which we may help our country, help our neighbours and help ourselves, and that is to be careful in our own lives to live honourably and well, for no number of good laws, and no great victories, and no great riches will make a country great, if the people who live in it do not try themselves to be true and just in all their dealings, remembering that to rule oneself is the first step to being able to rule others.

—Adapted from *The Citizen Reader*.

THE GAY GORDONS

Who's for the Gathering, who's for the Fair?

(Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)

The bravest of the brave are at deadlock there,

(Highlanders! march! by the right!)

There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air.

There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare:

But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare

When they hear the pipers playing!



THE CHARGE AT DARGAI

The happiest English heart to-day
 (Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)
Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may;
 (Steady there! steady on the right!)
He sees his work and he sees the way,
He knows his time and the word to say
And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons play
 When he sets the pipers playing!

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,
 (Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)
They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied;
 (Bayonets! and charge! by the right!)
Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,
And thirty lads were lying on the bare hillside;
But they passed in the hour of the Gordon's pride,
 To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

BUCKWHEAT

If you should chance to cross, after a tempest, a field where buckwheat is growing, you may observe that it looks black and singed, as if a flame of fire had passed over it. And should you ask the reason, a countryman will tell you: "That comes of the lightning!"

But how is it that the lightning has done it?

I will tell you what the sparrow told me, and the sparrow heard it from an aged willow which stood—

and still stands for that matter—close to the field of buckwheat.

This willow tree was tall and highly venerable, though it was old and crippled. Its trunk was split right through the middle, and grass and blackberry tendrils were creeping out through the cleft. The tree bent forward, and its branches hung down almost to the ground like long, green hair. In the fields around the willow grew different kinds of grain—rye, wheat, and oats; beautiful oats that, when ripe, looked like a flight of little yellow canary birds sitting on a branch. Plenty had blessed the harvest, and the fuller the ears of grain, the lower they bowed their heads in pious humility.

But there was also a field of buckwheat lying just in front of the old willow. The buckwheat did not bow its head like the rest of the grain, but stood erect in stiff-necked pride. "I am quite as rich as the wheat," it said; "and, moreover, I am so much more sightly. My flowers are as pretty as apple blossoms. It is a treat to look at me and my companions. Do you know anything, you old willow, more beautiful than ourselves?" And the willow nodded its head, as much as to say, "Indeed I do!" But the buckwheat was so puffed with pride that it only said: "The stupid tree! It is so old that the grass is growing out of its body."

Now there came on a dreadful storm. All the flowers of the field folded their leaves or bent their heads as it passed over them; the buckwheat flower alone stood erect in all its pride.

"Bow your heads, as we do," called the flowers.

"There is no need for me to do that," answered the buckwheat.

"Bow your head as we do," said the grain. "The Angel of Storms comes flying hitherwards; he has wings that reach from the clouds above to the earth; and he will smite you before you have time to beg for mercy."

"But I do not choose to bow down," said the buckwheat.

"Close your flowers and fold your leaves," said the old willow. "Do not look at the lightning when the clouds break; even human beings dare not do that, for in the midst of the lightning one may look straight into God's heaven. The sight strikes human beings blind, so dazzling is it. What would not happen to us, mere vegetables, who are so much humbler, if we should dare to do it?"

"So much humbler! Indeed! Now, then, if there is a chance, I shall look right into God's heaven;" and in its pride and haughtiness it dared to do so. The flashes of lightning were so awful that it seemed as if the whole world were in flames.

When the tempest was over, both the flowers and the grain, greatly refreshed by the rain, stood again in the pure, quiet air; but the buckwheat had been burned like a cinder by the lightning; it stood in the field like a dead, useless weed. And the old willow tree waved its branches to and fro in the wind, and large drops of water fell from its green leaves, as though it were shedding tears. And the sparrows asked: "Why are you weeping, when all around seems blest? Do you not smell the sweet perfume of flowers and bushes? See the sun shine, and the clouds pass

away from the clear sky. Why do you weep, old tree ? ”

And the willow told them of the buckwheat's stubborn pride, and of the punishment that followed.

I, who tell this tale, heard it from the sparrows. They told it to me one evening when I had asked them for a story

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

PIETRO DA CORTONA

A little Italian shepherd boy, about twelve years old, one day left the flock he was tending and set out for Florence. He knew no one in that city excepting another boy of his own age, nearly as poor as himself, who had gone from the same village of Cortona to Florence to become a scullion in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti. It was a nobler purpose than this that led Pietro to the great city. He knew that there was an Academy of Fine Arts there, and also a school where painting was taught, and it was his ambition to become a painter.

On reaching the city the boy wandered about for a long time, and finally found the cardinal's palace. A great dinner was going on, so he had to wait for an opportunity to see his friend.

“ Is that you, Pietro ? ” was the latter's greeting at sight of his old comrade. “ What are you going to do in Florence ? ”

“ I want to learn to paint.”

" You had better learn to cook, as I am doing. You will be sure, then, of not starving."

" Do you have all you want to eat here ? " asked Pietro.

" Yes, and more too."

" I see how we can arrange matters then," replied Pietro. " As you have too much and I haven't enough, I shall bring you my appetite and you may bring me some of your food."

" Agreed," said Tomasso.

As Pietro was hungry, proceedings were begun at once. The boy was smuggled into the garret where his friend lodged, and some remains from the cardinal's banquet soon followed. The two friends had a merry feast.

" Now you have food and lodging, but I do not see how you are going to study drawing," ventured Tomasso.

" With pencils and paper, as every one else does."

" But have you any money to buy these ? "

" I have nothing at all ; but I said to myself on my way here : ' Tomasso works in the cardinal's kitchen, and he must have money, and that is just the same as if I had it.' "

Tomasso looked perplexed ; he then informed his friend that while there were plenty of bones to pick, money was scarce, as he had to wait three years before receiving any wages. Pietro resigned himself to his fate. The walls of the garret were white. Tomasso supplied him with charcoal, and the little artist set bravely to work, making sketches on the bare sides of the room.

By some means Tomasso managed to get a little

money. He carried it to his comrade, who at once bought himself some pencils and paper. Now he could work in earnest. He used to steal out of the house at daybreak to go to copy pictures in the churches, sketch statues in the public squares, and landscapes in the neighbourhood of Florence. When he returned at night, his stomach empty, but his mind nourished by what he had seen, he would find his supper waiting for him in the garret.

Soon the crude drawings on the walls disappeared under more direct ones made on paper. This life continued for a long time, but Pietro was at last discovered. The cardinal, wishing to have his palace remodelled, visited the garret in company with his architect. Both men were struck by the excellence of the sketches that they saw everywhere around them. They sent for Tomasso, thinking he must be the one who had made them.

"You shall no longer be a scullion," cried the cardinal, when the boy appeared. Thinking himself dismissed, Tomasso fell at his master's feet and exclaimed: "What will become of my poor Pietro if you send me away?"

The cardinal did not know what these words meant. By dint of questioning, he learned that the drawings had been made by a poor shepherd lad who had been supported in secret in the garret for two years. "When he comes back to-night, bring him to me," said the cardinal, smiling at Tomasso's mistake, and freely forgiving him.

But the artist did not appear that night, and two weeks passed without any news of him. Finally, the cardinal learned that the benevolent monks of a

monastery near by had with them a boy who had begged to be allowed to copy a picture by Raphael, which hung in the chapel of the cloister. The boy was Pietro. He was taken back to the cardinal's palace, and a new life began for him. He was placed at the best art schools of Rome, and he profited by his opportunities.

Fifty years later, two old men lived like brothers in one of the most splendid houses in Florence. It was said of one of them, "He is one of the greatest painters of his age;" and of the other, "He is the model for friends in all ages and climes."

—H. TWITCHELL.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN

"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone,
Sang the lark as the sun ascended his throne.

"Shine on me, my lord; I only am come,
Of all your servants, to welcome you home.
I have flown right up, a whole hour, I swear,
To catch the first shine of your golden hair."

"Must I thank you, then," said the king, "Sir
Lark,

For flying so high and hating the dark?

You ask a full cup for half a thirst:

Half was love of me, and half love to be first.

There's many a bird makes no such haste,

But waits till I come; that's as much to my
taste."

And King Sun hid his head in a turban of cloud,
 And Sir Lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed ;
 But he flew up higher, and thought, " Anon
 The wrath of the king will be over and gone ;
 And his crown, shining out of its cloudy fold,
 Will change my brown feathers to a glory of gold."

So he flew—with the strength of a lark he flew ;
 But, as he rose, the cloud rose too ;
 And not one gleam of the golden hair
 Came through the depths of the misty air ;
 Till, weary with flying, with sighing sore,
 The strong sun seeker could do no more.

His wings had had no chrism of gold ;
 And his feathers felt withered and worn and old ;
 He faltered, and sank, and dropped like a stone.
 And there on his nest, where he left her, alone
 Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
 Keeping them warm with wings and legs.

Did I say alone ? Ah, no such thing !
 Full in her face was shining the king.
 " Welcome, Sir Lark ! You look tired," said he ;
 " *Up* is not always the best way to me.
 While you have been singing so high and away,
 I've been shining to your little wife all day."

He had set his crown all about the nest,
 And out of the midst shone her little brown breast ;
 And so glorious was she in russet gold,
 That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew cold.
 He popped his head under her wing, and lay
 As still as a stone, till King Sun was away.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

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WASTE NOT, WANT NOT!

"Boys," said Mr. Gresham one morning, "if you have nothing else to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?"

The two parcels were just alike, and both were well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to a table, looked carefully at the knot, and began to untie it. Hal stood still, with the parcel in his hands and tried to pull the string off by force. "I wish these people would not tie their parcels so tightly!" he cried, as he tugged at the cord. But the harder he pulled, the tighter he drew the knot.

"Why, Ben, how did you get yours undone so quickly? I wish that I could get this string off! I must cut it."

"Oh, no!" said Ben, who had now untied the last knot of his parcel; "don't cut it, Hal! It is a pity to do that."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "who cares for a bit of string?"

"It is whipcord!" replied Ben.

"Well, whipcord, then! You can get a piece of whipcord twice the length of this for a cent! So here



goes ! ” With that, he drew his knife, and cut the cord in several places.

“ Well, boys, have you untied the parcels for me ? ” asked their uncle.

“ Yes ! ” cried Hal, dragging off the pieces of string. “ Here is mine ! ”

“ Here is mine, too,” answered Ben ; “ and here is the string.”

“ You may keep the string,” said his uncle.

“ Thank you,” replied Ben. “ What a fine piece of whipcord it is ! ”

“ You may keep your string too, Hal, if it will be of any use to you. But I am afraid it will not, if this is it,” said Mr. Gresham, picking up the knotted pieces of Hal’s cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave each of the boys a new top.

“ How is this ? ” said Hal. “ These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings ? ”

“ I have a string that will do very well for mine,” said Ben ; and he pulled out of his pocket the long, smooth string that he had taken from the parcel.

“ Oh, how I wish I had a string ! ” said Hal. “ What shall I do ? I’ll tell you what ; I shall use the cord that goes round my hat ! ”

But the cord was so soft that it was soon worn through, and Hal was left without a string for his top, or a cord for his hat.

Some time after this, there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the boys who lived in that part of the country. Hal and Ben were asked to take part in it. The prize was a very handsome bow.

“ Come ! come ! ” cried a young gentleman, called

Master Green. "I'm within an inch of the mark! Who can do better than that?"

It was now Hal's turn. He came up with a fine bow in his hands, and began to get ready to shoot.

Master Green, who felt certain of the prize, called out to him: "Do you know the rules, Hal? You are to have three shots with your own bow and your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow and nobody is to lend. Now, shoot away!"

Hal drew his bow and shot. The arrow struck very close to Master Green's mark. A quarter of an inch nearer and he would certainly win the prize. Hal seized his second arrow. "If I have any luck!" he cried. But just as he said the word *luck*, the string broke, and the bow fell from his hands. "There! it's all over with you!" cried Master Green, laughing.

It was now Ben's turn to shoot. His first arrow flew wide of the mark; his second struck just as close as Hal's had done. No one else but Master Green had shot half so well.

"You have but one more!" cried that young gentleman. "Now for it!"

But before he shot his last arrow, Ben tried the string; as he pulled it back, it broke in his hands, Master Green laughed and danced for joy; he felt quite sure of the prize now.

But he soon stopped laughing when he saw Ben draw from his pocket a long, smooth cord, and begin to tie it to his bow. "Well! well!" cried Hal; "there is that whipcord again."

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow; "I put it in my pocket this morning, because I thought that I might need it." As he spoke, he drew his bow

for the third and last time. The arrow flew straight to the mark. There was no doubt about it. Ben had won the prize. All the boys, except Hal and Master Green, shouted for joy because Ben had done so well.

That evening Hal said : " How lucky you have been with that whipcord, Ben ! "

" It has brought him luck because he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

" That is true," said Hal. " I see that it is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

" Yes ; and to remember the motto, *Waste not, want not !* " said Mr. Gresham.

—Adapted from MARIA EDGEWORTH.

HONEST WORK

Men said that the old smith was foolishly careful, as he wrought on the great chain he was making in his dingy shop in the heart of the great city. But he heeded not their words, and wrought with greater painstaking. Link after link he fashioned and welded and finished, and at last the great chain was completed. Years passed. One night there was a terrible storm, and a ship was in sore peril of being dashed upon the rocks. Anchor after anchor was dropped, but none of them held. At last the mighty sheet anchor was cast into the sea, and the old chain quickly uncoiled and ran out till it grew taut. All watched to see if it would bear the awful strain. It sang in the wild storm as the vessel's weight surged upon it. It was a moment of

intense anxiety. The ship with its cargo of a thousand lives depended upon *this one chain*. What now if the old smith had wrought carelessly even *one link* of his chain ! But he had put honesty and truth and invincible strength into *every part of it*, and it stood the test, holding the ship in safety until the storm was over.

—SELECTED.

THE WOUNDED CURLEW

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about ;
And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.
But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply ;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.
And then, oh, then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.
Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in his prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.

The little sandpipers about him play,
 The shining waves they skim,
 Or round his feet they seek their food and stay
 As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
 Brings tears of wistfulness ;
 Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
 None may his wrong redress.

Oh, bright-eyed boy ! was there no better way
 A moment's joy to gain
 Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
 With such despairing pain ?

Oh, children ! drop the gun, the cruel stone !
 Oh, listen to my words,
 And hear with me the wounded curlew moan—
 Have mercy on the birds !

—CELIA THAXTER.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts ; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labour and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met ; and he stopped, not certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it ; but he saw that it led straight towards the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds ; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers ; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue.

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two women coming towards him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

“ O noble youth,” she said, “ this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay ; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass.”

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the boy. “ If you take my road,” said she, “ you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome ; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses, far away. They cannot be reached without labour ; there is nothing

worth having but must be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them ; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you must love them and suffer for them ; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds."

Then the boy saw that this woman, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

"What is your name ? " he asked.

"Some call me Labour," she answered ; "but others know me as Truth."

"And what is your name ? " he asked, turning to the first lady.

"Some call me Pleasure," said she, with a smile ; "but I choose to be known as the Joyous One."

"And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you ? "

"I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning."

"Labour," said Hercules, "I shall follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim."

—JAMES BALDWIN.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly :
 Labour !—all labour is noble and holy.

THE FOOLISH SHAH

Jemshid, one of the early Shahs of Persia, was a wise and learned king. He it was who first taught men the use of armour, and how to fight with the sword, and in his days the men of his country grew both rich and luxurious. They no longer wore garments of wool or the skins of beasts, but beautiful robes of silk and linen were woven among them. Yet the Shah would not permit his people to be idle ; every man had his own task to fulfil ; much labour was spent on the cultivation of what had once been desert land.

The Shah ruled over the Demons as his father had done ; and he caused them to build for him a beautiful palace, with high turrets, roofs, and balconies. This was said to be the first building made of brick in all the world. In its midst was set a magnificent throne, studded with pearls, rubies, and turquoises ; and Jemshid taught the Demons to raise this in the air and to balance it in such a way that he could be transported upon it from place to place and descend in whatever spot he chose.

On the first day of each year this monarch held a great festival, to which high and low, rich and poor, mortals and Demons alike, were free to come and feast with him. And thus many happy years passed away. But alas ! it came to pass that his prosperity caused the heart of Shah Jemshid to become puffed up with pride, and sending for all the wisest and the most illustrious men in his land, he asked them, saying : " Is there in all the world, or has there ever been, a king so powerful and magnificent as I ? "

And the wisest and the most illustrious men answered every one : “ Thou, O King, art the most glorious and the mightiest of all men ; and no man can hope to be thy equal.” Then said the gratified king : “ Behold, I am unequalled in all the earth. All things that are good—knowledge, peace, joy, rest—come from me. I alone rule the world.”

Scarcely had he uttered this proud and impious boast when a curious change began to take place ; the brightness of his throne faded, the brilliant palace grew dark and gray. The people of the land, who had always hastened to fulfil his commands, no longer gazed at him with awe and reverence, but openly grumbled at his government and treated his words with contempt. Gradually all glory and renown faded from the king’s presence, and his name became a by-word in the land. The wise men jeered at him, the nobles made plots against him, and his subjects one and all looked insolently upon him as he passed among them.

Instead of taking warning from these signs, Jemshid only gave way to gusts of passion, which one by one drove from his court even those nobles who might have been willing to aid him with counsel and support ; and at last the unhappy king found himself without a friend.

—E. M. WILMOT-BUXTON.

Make the best of everything ;
Think the best of everybody ;
Hope the best for yourself.

A BUILDER'S LESSON

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Towards the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Levelling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morn is a world made new.

RED STARS AND BLACK

These were the names of the two teams. For in this school the conduct of the children was marked with stars ; red stars for the good children, black stars for the not-so-good,—for none of them were really bad.

If your hands were dirty, even although the dirt came from picking the ball out of the mud, you had a black star. If you brought in mud on your shoes, you had to take a dustpan and brush and sweep it up, and you had a black star, too. But if you did as well as you could, you had a red star, even although you did not recite so well as Frank Jones,—for teachers know that the lessons depend upon the scholars ; to some they are easy, while others have to work hard to learn them. So some reports had so many black stars that they looked like a procession of black sheep, while in other reports there were so many red stars that they looked like a railroad track with all the danger signals lighted. And the red star boys were proud of their marks, for they were loyal to the school, and liked to think that they were helping to make it as fine a school as it could be.

Then the boys with the black stars said to the boys with the red stars : “ We can beat you playing ball. You may get better marks, but we can make more runs.” Thus they formed two teams, the Red Stars and the Black Stars. One of the mottoes of the school was, “ A sound mind in a sound body,” so the teachers took a great interest in the sports of the children. Therefore, one of the teachers coached the boys in their baseball.

Now, in coaching there are two important lessons to be learned. One is the lesson of manners, the other is the lesson of obedience. There is no good in a game, nor any fun in it either, unless all who play are good-natured and patient, and keep their temper, and stop calling names. The teacher who coached attended to that first. Anybody who got angry, or tried to discuss the game with the umpire, or cheated, was put off the field.

Also, it was required that the orders of the captain shall be promptly obeyed. In this way, every practice game was a lesson in the two habits on which a great part of success depends. They who know how to behave and to obey are on the way to success.

One day, while the boys were playing, the ball went through a school-room window. Whose fault was that? It was not the fault of the ball,—that was plain; and not the fault of the bat; and not really the fault of the batter. For he is a wise and skilful batter who can make a ball go just where he wishes it to go. It was nobody's fault, they said. But there was the broken glass. That must be made right. For a school-house is a public building. That means it belongs to all of us. We all have a share in it, and we take pride in it. It is



our building, and we want it to be as neat and clean, and as fair and fine, as we can make it. If there is any grass about it, we want it to be green grass; and we want the windows to be whole windows. They are our windows. So the boys clubbed together and put in a new pane of glass. That was another lesson in true manhood and good citizenship. That is the way we feel about our town. The streets are our streets; the parks are our parks.

When the game was played at last, with teachers and fathers and mothers looking on, what do you suppose the score was? The Red Stars won, six to four! For the Black Stars were not a careful lot of boys; that is why they got black stars. And carelessness wins no victories, even in playing ball.

—SELECTED.

THE LUCKY COIN

Many years ago there lived in a hermitage a holy monk. From all the villages around, the people, mostly poor labourers, were in the habit of coming to him on Sundays and festivals to hear him say mass for them. These good people used to bring little offerings of food for the support of the hermit during the week.

One Sunday, after his congregation had departed, the monk perceived a man laden with traps and nets for catching birds, crossing the field before the hermitage. The good monk went out to him.

“Where do you come from?” he inquired; “and what are you going to do, my son?”

“I live some miles from here, good father,” he replied, “and I have borrowed a few nets and traps to try to catch some doves to sell, so as to get a little butter for our bread; for with that and a draught of water from the spring my wife and I are satisfied; or else I desire to get some work to do, that I may earn enough for our support, for we have neither bread nor a single farthing to buy it.”

The hermit took the man into his hermitage, and gave him the little offerings of food that had been brought that morning by the villagers, leaving Providence to provide for his own simple wants. “Brother,” he said, “take this for yourself and your wife; and if you need money, I will give you some. But you must first tell me which you choose,—to earn a single coin honestly, or a hundred dishonestly.”

The poor man hesitated, for great was the temptation. “I shall consult with my wife,” he said at last, “and return to-morrow to inform you.”

With the food in his hands he returned to his miserable home, where he and his wife made an excellent meal, for which they returned thanks to Heaven. They then consulted together about the money, and, though the temptation was great to take the hundred coins, yet, being God-fearing folk, they decided upon taking the one coin honestly acquired, and to let alone the hundred. The man accordingly went back to the hermit and told him what they had decided.

The good monk gave him two half-reals. “Take this money,” he said, “and may Heaven prosper you.”

Full of joy, the man departed. But on the road home, in a solitary spot, he encountered two lads fighting desperately; they were dealing each other terrible blows, and blood was streaming down their faces. The man rushed up to separate them, but all his efforts only served to make them fiercer.

"Why do you fight like this?" he cried.

"We are fighting for that stone," replied one of the lads; "I saw it first!"

"No, you did not," replied the other, "it was I, and it belongs to me!" and once more they fell to blows more desperate than before.

The poor man, fearing that the quarrel might end fatally, cried out to them: "Here, take one of these coins, each of you, and let the stone alone; it is of no value, for it is no bigger than a walnut. And be off with you!" The lads were glad to take the money, and ran away, thinking themselves lucky to make so good a bargain.

His wife was at the cottage door impatiently awaiting her husband. Great was her disappointment when all he brought her was a stone.

"Well, to be sure!" she cried, after he had told her what had taken place, "I am disappointed." And, taking the little stone, she threw it into a corner of the room. "Dear wife," replied the man, "do not take it so to heart. The money was spent in a good work, in making peace between the children of our neighbours."

His wife at length became more reconciled to the loss, considering that after all he had done right to make peace between their neighbours' sons at any cost. Not many minutes after, the parents of the two lads

came to thank the man for having separated the boys. They also thanked him for the money he had given to the boys, for they knew he sorely needed it himself. Each of the parents gave him a present for his friendly service ; and from that day they always treated him most kindly, and often gave him little jobs to do, so that the poor couple never wanted bread.

Not long afterwards, it happened that the king's ambassador passed that way, with a great retinue of officials, secretaries, and servitors, and it fell out that, night coming on, the ambassador decided to take up his quarters in the village. The village inns were small, and could not provide accommodation for so large a retinue, and the various cottagers were asked to take in one or more of the servants. Among those who gave lodgings to the retinue were our good couple, who took in a lodger, for whom they were paid handsomely. The wife quickly prepared a clean, tidy bed, and did her best to make things comfortable.

The guest, being tired, was soon fast asleep. Towards morning he awoke, and was surprised to see the chamber bathed in a resplendent light. Knowing well that the people of the house could not afford a lamp or candles, he arose to find out whence proceeded this unusual brilliancy. Great was his astonishment to find that it proceeded from a small stone in the corner of the room, which, as the sun struck on it, sent out rays of vivid light. He took up the stone, and, believing it to be of great value, took it to the ambassador. When the nobleman examined the stone, he admired it greatly, and desired to have its owner sent for, in order to learn all the particulars about it.

"Please, your excellency," said the poor man, "it

is of no use to us, and if it pleases you, take it, for it cost me only a small coin ; ” and he proceeded to relate how it had come into his possession.

The ambassador drew forth a heavy bag of money, and, taking out a handful of gold pieces, gave them to the man. “ My good man,” he said, “ since you offer me the stone, I accept it gladly ; but as I am leaving the kingdom, and my expenses are very heavy, I cannot give you all that it is worth. If it please Heaven, I will return this way, and I will pay you then.”

The poor man did not like to accept so much gold for what he judged to be a worthless stone ; but on the nobleman’s entreaty he took the money, and ran back to his wife, full of joy at his good fortune. Both husband and wife then went at once to the hermit to recount to him all that had taken place, and to offer him a tenth of the money. This he refused to take, but bade them return to the village and distribute it in alms to the poor. They returned to the village accordingly, and did as the monk had bidden them. They also gave part of the money to the parents of the lads who had fought so desperately for the possession of the stone. The rest the man spent in purchasing a piece of land.

Years passed before the ambassador returned from the foreign country, where he had gained high honours and wealth. On again passing the village where he had obtained the stone, he inquired for the good man, and was told that he had prospered with the money he had given him, and that he was now a person of importance.

On arriving at the court of his sovereign he recounted to the king all that had taken place. The king was

greatly pleased with the history of the honestly-earned coin, and had the stone valued by the first jewellers of the kingdom, who all pronounced it to be a singularly valuable gem. A large sum was given to the ambassador for it, and he was loaded with distinctions and honours. The nobleman, wishing to show his gratitude for the honours conferred on him, sent handsome presents to the good man and his wife. And so it came to pass that they who had been honest were now prosperous as well.

—From the Portuguese of

GONZALO FERNANDEZ FRANCOSO.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Away from the town, in the safe retreat
Of a rare old garden, sunny and sweet,
Four little happy children played
In and out of the light and shade
Through a long summer's blissful prime,
Once on a time.
Between the garden borders neat
The gravel walks stretched warm and wide.
The diligent brown-coated bees
Were ever astir
Among the roses and lavender
And the great dark pansies, yellow-eyed,
And the faint sweet-peas.
But the children on untiring feet
Flitted about in the pleasant heat

Like the butterflies,
 Nor even cared to stray outside
 Their Paradise.
 Round the old garden was a wall ;
 Snapdragons crowded along the ledge,
 Crimson and tall,
 And in every niche and crevice small
 Tiny mosses uncurled.
 And though the children would often try,
 And even stand on tip-toe to look,
 They could hardly see over the top at all.
 But there was one corner not quite so high
 And above it against the farthest edge
 Of the beautiful sky—
 (The part that was golden and green and red
 In the evenings, when they were going to bed)—
 A row of poplars shook and shook ;
 And the children said
 The poplars must be the end of the world.

On one of those happy summer days—
 When the garden borders were all ablaze,
 And the children for once felt too hot to play,
 Though all their lessons were done,
 But lay
 On the grass and watched a delicate haze
 Quiver across the brooding blue
 Up to the sun—
 Something happened strange and new.
 For a beggar pushed open the garden door
 And stood in the flooding sunshine bright
 Full in the wondering children's sight :
 A pale-faced woman, young and footsore,

With a baby boy on her arm.
Her ragged dress was all powdered gray
With the dust of the road.
She fixed a long bewildered gaze
On the quaint old garden gay,
Then, with a sudden smile and a nod,
She pointed in rapt delight
To the place where, cool and shimmering white,
The lilies shone—
Touched the baby and said, " Ah ! please,
If it wouldn't do the flowers harm,
Children, will you give him one
For the love of God ? "
The children stared, an awe-struck band,
At the stranger pair.
Then the youngest ran, and with one bold twist
Of his firm little wrist
He wrenched a thick lily-stem in two,
And put it, with all its blossoms fair,
Into the beggar baby's hand.
" Ah ! bless you ! " the woman said, " there's few
In this hard world like you.
I've a long, long way to travel yet,
Beyond the high trees over there,
But I'll not forget
To pray for you and yours everywhere,
Never fear.
Good evening and God love you, dear."

" She's gone," said Cissy ; " how queer she spoke."
Whispered Dickie : " O Tom, you broke
The best white lily ; what will you do
When the gardener sees the empty space

There where it grew,
 And Father has to be told ? ”
 “ It was for the love of God, you see,
 I did it,” said Tom ; “ so maybe He
 Won’t let them scold.”
 “ We know now,” said Will,
 “ There’s world the other side of that hill.”

—FRANCES WYNNE.

*From “ Whisper ! ” by kind
 permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.*

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

A wolf once made friends with a fox, and kept him always near him. Whatever the wolf commanded, the fox was obliged to do, because he was the weaker, and could not, therefore, be the master. It happened, one day, that they were both passing through a wood, and the wolf said : “ Red fox, find me something to eat, or I shall eat you.”

“ Well,” replied the fox, “ I know a farmyard near, in which there are two young lambs ; if you like I shall go and fetch one.” The wolf was content, so the fox went to the field, stole the lamb, and brought it to the wolf ; he then returned to find something for himself.

The wolf soon ate up the lamb, but he was not satisfied, and began to long so much for the other lamb that he went to fetch it himself. But he managed so awkwardly that the mother of the lamb saw him, and began to cry and bleat fearfully, and the farmer

came running out to see what was the matter. The wolf was so severely beaten by the angry farmer that he ran limping and howling back to the fox. "You have



led me into a pretty mess!" he said. "I wanted the other lamb, and because I went to fetch it, the farmer has nearly killed me."

"Why are you such a glutton, then?" replied the fox.

Another day, as they were in a field, the greedy wolf exclaimed : " Red fox, if you do not find me something to eat, I shall eat you up."

" Oh ! I can get you some pancakes, if you like," the fox said ; " for I know a farmhouse where the wife is frying them now."

So they went on together, and the fox sneaked into the house, sniffed, and smelt about for some time, until at last he found out where the dish stood. Then he dragged six pancakes from it, and brought them to the wolf.

" Now you have something to eat," said the fox, and went away to find his own dinner.

The wolf, however, swallowed the pancakes in the twinkling of an eye, and said to himself : " They taste so good that I must have some more." So he went into the farm kitchen, and, while pulling down the pancakes, upset the dish, and broke it into pieces. The farmer's wife heard the crash, and hurried in. When she saw the wolf, she called loudly for the farm servants, who came rushing in, and beat him so terribly with sticks and clubs that he could hardly make his escape.

" How could you play me such an unkind trick ? " he said. " The farm servants nearly caught me, and they have given me such a thrashing."

" Well, then," replied the fox, " you should not be such a glutton."

On another day, when the wolf and the fox were out together, and the wolf was limping with fatigue, he said : " Red fox, find me something to eat, or I shall eat you."

The fox replied : " I know a man who has been slaughtering cattle to-day ; and there is a quantity

of salted meat lying in a tub in a cellar. I can fetch some of that."

"No," said the wolf; "let me go with you this time. You can help me if I cannot run away fast enough."

"You may come for aught I care," replied Reynard, and on the way he showed him many of his tricks; and at last they reached the cellar safely.

There was meat in abundance. The wolf made himself quite at home, and said: "There will be time enough to stop when I hear any sound." The fox also enjoyed himself; but he kept looking around now and then; and often ran to the hole through which they had entered to see whether it was still large enough for his body to slip through.

"Dear fox," said the wolf, "why are you running about and jumping here and there so constantly?"

"I must see whether any one is coming," replied the cunning animal, "and I advise you not to eat too much."

The wolf replied: "I am not going away from here until the tub is empty."

At this moment in came the farmer, who had heard the fox jumping about in the cellar. The fox no sooner saw him than, with a spring, he disappeared through the hole. The wolf made an attempt to follow him, but he had eaten so much, and was so fat that he stuck fast. The farmer, on seeing this, fetched a cudgel and killed him on the spot. The fox ran home to his den full of joy that he was at last set free from the old glutton's company.

—JACOB GRIMM.

To *do* good is the mother of to *be* good.

THE VALUE OF TIME

All other good gifts depend on time for their value. What are friends, books, or health, the interest of travel or the delights of home, if we have not time for their enjoyment? Time is often said to be money, but it is more—it is life; and yet many who would cling desperately to life, think nothing of wasting time.

Not that a life of drudgery should be our ideal. Far from it. Time spent in innocent and rational enjoyments, in healthy games, in social and family intercourse, is well and wisely spent. Games not only keep the body in health, but give a command over the muscles and limbs which cannot be over-valued. Moreover, there are temptations which strong exercise best enables us to resist.

It is the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish. In truth, people can generally make time for what they choose to do; it is not really the time but the will that is wanting: and the advantage of leisure is mainly that we may have the power of choosing our own work, not certainly that it confers any privilege of idleness.

—LORD AVEBURY.

LITTLE DEEDS

A traveller on a dusty road,
Strew'd acorns on the lea;
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore ;—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink ;—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issue great :

A watch fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart ;

A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust,—
It saved a soul from death.

O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !

Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

SARA CREWE

It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously ; the streets were chilly and sloppy. There was mud everywhere, sticky London mud ; and over everything was a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course, there were several long and tiresome errands to be done,—there always were on days like this,—and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through. Added to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her.

She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer way of hers by pretending and "supposing,"—but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it before, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately.

"Suppose I had dry clothes on," she thought. "Suppose I had good shoes and a long, thick coat and merino stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose—suppose, just

when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence, which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns, and should eat them all without stopping."



Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing that happened to Sara. She had to cross the street as she was saying this to herself, and just as she reached the pavement she saw something shining in the gutter. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it—a four-penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It is true!"

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns,—large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

"But I'll go and ask the baker's woman if she has lost a piece of money," she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something that made her stop. It was a little figure more forlorn than her own—a little figure that was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out. Above the rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little.

"Haven't you had any dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner, no breakfast—no supper—nothing."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Don't know. I've asked and asked."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence—a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

"Bless us—no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. You could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance towards the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained. "I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two for make-weight," said the woman, with her good-natured look. "I dare say you can eat them some time. Aren't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes. "Yes," she answered, "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold

hands a little. "See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap, "that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started, and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites. Sara took out two more buns and put them down. "She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled as she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said—and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness—which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

Sara gave her a little nod, and the child jerked her shaggy head in response, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

Abridged from FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine,
 May make a heart the lighter;
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

CAN AND COULD

Once upon a time, Could went out to take a walk on a winter morning ; he was very much out of spirits, and he was made more so by the necessity under which he found himself of frequently repeating his own name. " O if I could," and " O that I were rich and great, for then I could do so and so."

About the tenth time that he said this, Can opened the door of her small house, and set out on an errand. She went down a back street and through a poor neighbourhood. She was not at all a grand personage, not nearly so well-dressed, or lodged, or educated, as Could ; and, in fact, was altogether more humble, both in her own esteem and that of others. She opened her door and went down the street, neither sauntering nor looking about her, for she was in a hurry.

All on a sudden, however, this busy little Can stopped and picked up a piece of orange peel. " A dangerous trick," she observed, " to throw orange peel about, particularly in frosty weather, and in such a crowded thoroughfare." She hurried along, and in a few moments overtook a number of children who were laughing and talking and scattering orange peel over the sidewalk. They had bought some oranges at a fruit store, and were eating them as they went along. " Well, it's little enough that I have in my power," thought Can, " but certainly I can speak to these children, and try to persuade them to leave off strewing orange peel."

Can stopped. " That's a pretty baby that you have in your arms," she said to one of them. " How old is he ? "

"He's fourteen months old," answered the small nurse, "and he is beginning to walk. I teach him, he's my brother."

"Poor little fellow," said Can, "I hope you are kind to him; you know if you were to let him fall he might never be able to walk any more."

"I never let him drop," replied the child; "I always take care of my baby."

"And so do I;" "And so do I," repeated other shrill voices, and two more babies were thrust up for Can's inspection.

"But if you were to slip down yourselves on this hard pavement you would be hurt, and the baby would be hurt in your arms. Look! how can you be so careless as to throw all this peel about? Don't you know how slippery it is?"

"We always fling it down," said one.

"And I never slipped down but once on a piece," remarked another.

"But was not that once too often?"

"Yes; I grazed my arm very badly, and broke a cup that I was carrying."

"Well, now, suppose you pick up all the peel you can find; and then go down the streets round about and see how much you can get; and to the one who finds most, I shall give a penny, when I come back."

So after making the children promise that they would never commit this fault again, Can went on; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that just at that very moment, as Could was walking in quite a different part of London, he also came to a piece of orange peel which was lying across his path.

"What a shame!" he said, as he passed on; "what

a disgrace it is to the city authorities not to make laws against it. There is never a winter that one or more accidents do not arise from it ! If I could only put it down, how glad I should be ! ”

“ By your leave,” said a tall, strong man with a heavy coal sack on his shoulders.

Could, stepping aside, permitted the porter to pass him. “ Yes,” he went on, “ it is strange that I should be so anxious to help my fellow-men and not be able to.”

The noise of a thundering fall, and the rushing down as of a great shower of stones, made Could turn hastily round. Several people were running together ; they stooped over something on the ground. It was the porter ; he had fallen on the pavement, and the coals lay in heaps about his head ; some people were clearing them away, others were trying to raise him. Could advanced and saw that the man was stunned, for he looked about him with a bewildered expression. Could also observed that a piece of orange peel was sticking to the sole of his shoe.

“ How sad ! ” said Could ; “ now, here is the bitter result of this abuse. If I had been in authority, I could have prevented this ; how sad it is to see and be powerless ! Poor fellow ! he is evidently stunned, and has a broken leg—he is lamed, perhaps for life. People are certainly very active and kind on occasions like this ; they seem to be preparing to take him to the hospital. Such an accident as this is enough to make a man wish he could be a king or at least a law-giver ! ”

—Abridged from JEAN INGELow.

A QUARREL AMONG QUAILS

Long, long ago, and far, far away, a flock of quails lived in a forest. There was only one thing that made them unhappy. A quail catcher lived near by. He used to go to the forest and whistle like a quail. They would answer his call, and when a number of them had gathered together, he would throw a large net over them. Then he would cram them into a basket and carry them off to be sold. But there was a very wise quail in the flock. One day he said to the others: "I have been thinking about our troubles with the fowler. I think I have a plan by which we can escape from his net."

All the quails were, of course, anxious to hear about it, and so he explained his plan as follows: "Hereafter," he said, "when the fowler throws the net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh. Then let all of us lift together, and fly away with the net. When we reach a safe place, we will let the net fall on a thorn bush and then fly from under it."

All quickly agreed to the plan.

The next day the fowler came to the forest. It was not long before he had trapped the quails under his net. However, he was surprised to see them lift the net and fly away. Soon they dropped it on the thorn bush and escaped. It was not an easy task for the fowler to free his net from the thorn bush, and it grew dark before he reached home.

For many days the fowler tried to trap the quails, but they always escaped by carrying out the wise quail's plan. One day after he had returned home with an

empty basket, his wife asked in an angry tone : “ Why is it that you never bring home any more birds ? ” The fowler answered : “ I cannot catch them. They are too wise for me. All of the birds act together. They all help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them without any trouble.”

Alas ! a few days later, as the birds were alighting on the feeding ground, one of them trod on a brother quail. He was very angry, and shouted : “ Who trod on my head ? ”

“ I did,” said the other quail. “ Please don’t be angry, for I did not mean to.”

But this did not satisfy the angry brother. Again he shouted : “ It was I who lifted the net of the fowler. You did not lift at all ! ”

Now this made the other quail angry, and it was not long before the whole flock was taking part in the quarrel. This gave the fowler his chance. Once more he uttered the call of the quails, and as soon as some of them had gathered where he had scattered food, he threw the large net over them. They were still quarrelling and were not working together to lift the net. The fowler quickly lifted the net himself and crammed the poor quails into his basket. But the wise quail was not among them. He had called his friends together and had flown far into the woods. He knew that quarrels bring misfortune and was wise enough to avoid them.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt ;
Nothing’s so hard but search will find it out.

NEIGHBOUR MINE

There are barrels in the hallways,
Neighbour mine,
Pray be mindful of them always,
Neighbour mine.

If you're not devoid of feeling,
Quickly to those barrels stealing,
Throw in each banana peeling,
Neighbour mine.

Look ! whene'er you drop a paper,
Neighbour mine,
In the wind it cuts a caper,
Neighbour mine.

Down the street it madly courses,
And should fill you with remorse,
When you see it scare the horses,
Neighbour mine.

Paper cans were made for papers,
Neighbour mine,
Let's not have the fact escape us,
Neighbour mine.

And if you will lend a hand,
Soon our city dear shall stand
As the cleanest in the land,
Neighbour mine.

—ANONYMOUS.

There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

THE SNAPPY SNAPPING TURTLE

There was but one Snapping Turtle in the pond, and he was the only person there who had ever been heard to wish for another. He had not always lived there, and could just remember leaving his brothers and sisters when he was young. "I was carried away from my people," he said, "and kept on land for a few days. Then I was brought here and have made it my home ever since."

One could tell by looking at him that he was related to the Mud Turtles. He had upper and lower shells like them, and could draw in his head and legs and tail when he wanted to. His shells were gray, quite the colour of a clay bank, and his head was larger than those of the Mud Turtles. His tail was long and scaly and pointed, and his forelegs were large and warty. There were fine, strong webs between his toes, as there were between the toes of his relatives, the Mud Turtles.

When he first came to live in the pond, people were sorry for him, and tried to make him feel at home. He had a chance to win many friends and have all his neighbours fond of him, but he was too snappy. When the water was just warm enough, and his stomach was full, and he had slept well the night before, and everything was exactly as he wished it to be,—ah, then he was a very agreeable Turtle, and was ready to talk in the most gracious way to his neighbours. That was all very well. Anybody can be good-natured when everything is exactly right and he can have his own way. But the really delightful people, you know, are the ones who are pleasant when things go wrong.

It was a Mud Turtle Father who first spoke to him. "I hope you'll like the pond," said he. "We think it very homelike and comfortable."

"Humph! Shallow little hole!" snapped the one who had just come. "I bump my head on the bottom every time I dive."

"That is too bad," exclaimed the Mud Turtle Father. "I hope you dive where there is a soft bottom."

"Sometimes I do and sometimes I do not," answered the Snapping Turtle. "I can't bother to swim down slowly and try it, and then go back to dive. When I want to dive, I *want* to dive, and that's all there is to it."

"Yes," said the Mud Turtle Father. "I know how it is when one has the diving feeling. I hope your head will not trouble you much, and that you will soon be used to our waters." He spread his toes and swam strongly away, pushing against the water with his webbed feet.

"Humph!" said the Snapping Turtle to himself. "It is all very well to talk about getting used to these waters, but I never shall. I can hardly see now for the pain in the right side of my head, where I bumped it. Or was it the left side I hit? Queer I can't remember!" Then he swam to shallow water, and drew himself into his shell, and lay there and thought how badly he felt, and how horrid the pond was, and what poor company his neighbours were, and what a disagreeable world this is for Snapping Turtles.

The Eels also tried to be friendly, and, when he dived to the bottom, called to him to stay and visit with them. "You must excuse us from making the first call," they said. "We go out so little in the daytime."

"Humph!" said the Snapping Turtle. "Do you good to get away from home more. No wonder your eyes are weak, when you lie about in the mud of the dark pond bottom all day. Indeed, I'll not stay. You can come to see me like other people."

Then he swam away and told the Clams what he had said, and he acted as if he were proud of what was really dreadful rudeness. "It'll do them good to hear the truth," said he. "I always speak right out. They are as bad as the Water-Adder. They have no backbone."

The Clams listened politely and said nothing. They never did talk much. The Snapping Turtle was mistaken though, when he said that the Eels and the Water-Adder had no backbone. They really had much more than he, but they wore theirs inside, while his was spread out in the shape of a shell for everybody to see.

He did not even try to keep his temper. He became angry one day because *Belostoma*, the Giant Water-bug, ate something which he wanted for himself. His eyes glared and his horny jaws snapped, and he waved his long, pointed, scaly tail in a way that was terrible to see. "You are a good-for-nothing bug," he said. "You do no work, and you eat more than any other person of your size here. Nobody likes you, and there isn't a little fish in the pond who would be seen with you if he could help it. They all hide if they see you coming. I'll be heartily glad when you get your wings and fly away. Don't let any of your friends lay their eggs in this pond. I've seen enough of your family."

Of course this made *Belostoma* feel very badly. He was not a popular bug, and it is possible that if

he could have had his own way, he would have chosen to be a Crayfish or a Stickleback, rather than what he was. As for his not working—there was nothing for him to do, so how could he work? He had to eat, or he would not grow, and since the Snapping Turtle was a hearty eater himself, he should have had the sense to keep still about that. Belostoma told the Mud Turtles what the Snapping Turtle had said, and the Mud Turtle Father spoke of it to the Snapping Turtle.

By that time the Snapping Turtle was feeling better natured and was very gracious. "Belostoma shouldn't remember those things," said he, moving one warty foreleg. "When I am angry, I often say things that I do not mean; but then, I get right over it. I had almost forgotten my little talk with him. I don't see any reason for telling him I am sorry. He is very silly to think so much of it." He lifted his big head quite high, and acted as though it was really a noble thing to be rude and then forget about it. He might just as sensibly ask people to admire him for not eating when his stomach was full, or for lying still when he was too tired to swim.

When the Mud Turtle Mother heard of this, she was quite out of patience. "All he cares for," said she, "is just Snapping Turtle, Snapping Turtle, Snapping Turtle. When he is good-natured, he thinks everybody else ought to be; and when he is bad-tempered, he doesn't care how other people feel. He will never be any more agreeable until he does something kind for somebody, and I don't see any chance of that happening."

There came a day, though, when the pond people

were glad that the Snapping Turtle lived there. Two boys were wading in the edge of the pond, splashing the water and scaring all the people who were near them. The Sticklebacks turned pale all over, as they do when they are badly frightened. The Yellow Brown Frog was so scared that he emptied out the water he had saved for wetting his skin in dry weather. He had a great pocket in his body filled with water, for if his skin should get dry, he could not breathe through it, and unless he carried water with him to wet his skin he could not stay ashore at all.

The boys had even turned the Mud Turtle Father on to his back in the sunshine, where he lay, waving his feet in the air, but not strong enough to get right side up again. The Snapping Turtle was taking a nap in deep water, when the frightened fishes came swimming towards him as fast as their tails would take them. "What is the matter?" said he.

"Boys!" cried they. "Boys! The dreadful, splashing, Turtle-turning kind."

"Humph!" said the Snapping Turtle. "I'll have to see about that. How many are there?"

"Two!" cried the Sticklebacks and Minnows together.

"And there is only one of me," said the Snapping Turtle to himself. "I must have somebody to help me. Oh, *Belostoma*," he cried, as the Giant Water-bug swam past. "Help me drive those boys away."

"With pleasure," said *Belostoma*, who liked nothing better than this kind of work. Off they started for the place where the boys were wading. The Snapping Turtle took long, strong strokes with his webbed feet, and *Belostoma* could not keep up with him. The

Snapping Turtle saw this. "Jump on to my back," cried he. "You are a light fellow. Hang tight."

Belostoma jumped on to the Snapping Turtle's clay-coloured shell, and when he found himself slipping off the back end of it, he stuck his claws into the Snapping Turtle's tail and held on in that way. He knew that he was not easily hurt, even if he did make a fuss when he bumped his head. As soon as they got near the boys, the Snapping Turtle spoke over his back-shell to Belostoma. "Slide off now," said he, "and drive away the smaller boy. Don't stop to talk with these Bloodsuckers."

So Belostoma slid off and swam towards the smaller boy, and he ran out his stout little sucking tube and stung him on the leg. Just then the Snapping Turtle brought his horny jaws together on one of the larger boy's feet. There was a great splashing and dashing as the boys ran to the shore, and three Bloodsuckers, who had fastened themselves to the boys' legs, did not have time to drop off, and were carried ashore and never seen again.

"There!" said the Snapping Turtle. "That's done. I don't know what the pond people would do, if you and I were not here to look after them, Belostoma."

"I'm glad I happened along," said the Giant Waterbug, quietly, "but you will have to do it all after this. I'm about ready to leave the pond. I think I'll go to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow!" exclaimed the Snapping Turtle. "I'm sorry. Of course, I know you can never come back, but send your friends here to lay their eggs. We mustn't be left without some of your family."

"Thank you," said Belostoma, and he did not show that he remembered some quite different things which the Snapping Turtle had said before, about leaving the pond. And that showed that he was a very wise bug as well as a brave one.

"Humph!" said the Snapping Turtle. "There is the Mud Turtle Father on his back." And he ran to him and pushed him over on to his feet.

"Oh, thank you," cried the Mud Turtle Mother. "I was not strong enough to do that."

"Always glad to help my neighbours," said the Snapping Turtle. "Pleasant day, is it not? I must tell the fishes that the boys are gone. The poor little fellows were almost too scared to swim." And he went away with a really happy look on his face.

"There!" said the Mud Turtle Mother to her husband. "He has begun to help people, and now he likes them, and is contented. I always told you so!"

—CLARA DILLINGHAM PIERSON.

*From "Among the Pond People,"
by kind permission of E. P. Dutton and Company.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when the famous scientist was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers,

containing all the discoveries which he had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone the little dog awoke, and while playing round the room, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the door, and perceived that the labours of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton, with his usual kindness, merely patted him on the head, although grief was at his heart. "O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ZLOBANE

As swayeth in the summer wind
 The close and stalwart grain,
 So moved the serried Zulu shields
 That day on wild Zlobane—

The white shield of the husband,
 Who hath twice need of life;
 The black shield of the young chief,
 Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live black crescent crept.

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whirl of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears.

Uprose the British ; in the shock
Reeled but an instant ; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife ;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life ;

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh ; the father kissed,
 And tossed the boy astride.
 " Farewell ! " he cried, " and for thy life
 That way, my darling, ride ! "

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
 Leapt lightly to the ground,
 And smote the horse upon its flank,
 That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills
 With one sonorous neigh ;
 The fire flashed where its spurning feet
 Clanged o'er the stony way.

" Father, I'll die with you ! " The sire,
 As this he saw and heard,
 Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
 And pang that knows no word.

Once each, as do long-knitted friends,
 Upon the other smiled,
 And then—he had but time to give
 A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
 The supple Zulus drew
 The cruel assegais, and first
 The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
 Bright with unflickering flame :
 Five Zulus bit the dust in death
 By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

—ANONYMOUS.

A DUTIFUL SON

This is the true story of a boy who obeyed perfectly all his life the law of Confucius concerning honour to parents. Few have been able to do this. Among a people of many millions who have kept records over four thousand years, only twenty-four men have been found worthy of the great honour of being called Hsao-Tsze.

Twelve hundred years ago, in Che-Kiong Province, there lived a poor widow and her son, Wong-Ziang. The father had died when Wong-Ziang was a baby, and the time came when they had only their little home left and not even one piece of silver to buy food with.

So the mother went to many places daily and asked food for herself and child. For seven long years, every day in the cold rain or in the sunshine, this poor widow begged food and kept herself and child from starving. She was a good woman and never complained, even to the heavens, and in her heart she said many times: "No mother should be sorrowful when she has a good son. My boy is true without being taught. Many mothers have sons, but they are not as this one."

When Wong-Ziang was fourteen years old, he said

to his mother : " Ah Ma, I will seek work and we shall have food. You must rest now."

In the morning early he went to the market-place and asked work of many people. At midday, when the labourers left the market-place, they said : " You are too young to work here." As he was hungry, he went to a merchant's house and asked food ; and because he was a gentle boy and pleaded so earnestly, the merchant told his cook to give him food. Wong-Ziang would not eat the food, but took it home to his mother.

Ninety times Wong-Ziang left home at sunrise. He sought work all day, and every night he took food home to his mother and comforted her with, " I shall soon find work, Ah Ma. One man says he will want me soon ;" or, " a man told me of yet another place to seek work," and in many other ways he comforted his mother.

When he gave her the food he brought, she would say : " You eat, too." But he would always answer, " I have had mine ; you eat first." And when she had finished eating, he would eat of what was left.

One time Wong-Ziang's mother fell sick. He said : " I shall go for the doctor." But his mother said : " I have no silver. Wait and you will soon have work. I think I shall be well then." But Wong-Ziang ran to the city of Nim-Chu and asked the doctor to come to his mother. He said to him as they went to his mother's house : " My mother did not get up at sunrise. She is weak and sick and cannot eat food. She does not want a doctor, as we have no silver, but I believe you will wait, and when I get work, I shall pay you." The doctor said : " I always help the poor when I can, and shall not charge you this time."



WONG-ZIANG AND THE TIGER

When they reached the widow's home, the doctor made the examination of the tongue, the eyes, and the pulse. He then said: "She is very weak. I shall leave medicine, but it is better that she eat good food that she likes. Twice in five days she should have a carp fish boiled in rice wine. But it is winter and the river is frozen. I know not how you will get that fish," and then he went away.

Wong-Ziang gave his mother the medicine, and she asked: "What did the doctor say about me?"

"He said you needed a carp fish cooked in rice wine so that you may be strong," answered Wong-Ziang. "It is very easy for me to find one. I am going now to the river."

But the mother said: "Not now, my son. Wait until spring. The river is covered with ice."

"I shall see," said Wong-Ziang; and he put on his fishing clothes.

His mother said: "I fear you will die, if you go into the water."

"I shall see first if there are any fish," said he.

When Wong-Ziang reached the river, he saw it was covered with ice. He made a great hole in the ice and went in, and after swimming and diving for some time, he caught a fish for his mother. But his breath almost left him in the cold water, and when he came out, he could not stand on the ice. He fell down, and his clothes froze to the ice with the net and the fish he had caught.

"He is gone a long time," thought his mother. She called a servant girl who was passing, and said: "Ah Moi, will you go down to the River Ching-Ki, and see if my boy is there?"

Ah Moi went and saw the boy and the fish in the net

lying frozen on the ice together. She called, "Wong-Ziang," but when no answer came back to her, she thought, "He is dead," and ran in fear. But she met a farmer who was riding a cow, and she told him that Wong-Ziang lay dead on the ice. The farmer left his cow and went with her to see.

The farmer took off his own coat and wrapped it around the boy. He carried him in his arms and said to the servant: "I think he is not dead. Take the fish and the net at once to his mother."

In an hour the boy was himself again. He arose and cooked the fish for his mother. And in fifteen days she was well.

Soon after this, Wong-Ziang was given work in the next village as cook for a rich professor who had many pupils.

One day he went to the wilderness to cut wood. His mother knew that her boy worked hard, and so she went with him to help, and they worked until sunset. But suddenly a small tiger came out of the forest towards the mother, and from fear she became as one dead. Wong-Ziang screamed and made a great noise. He threw his clothes at the beast, and it ran away. Then he carried his mother home, and the neighbours who had watched him all his life said: "Wong-Ziang will become a Hsao-Tsze if he is always like this."

Wong-Ziang had seen twenty-one years when his mother died, and he had never left her for one day in all his life. He was liked by his teachers, schoolmates, and neighbours, for they said: "We can learn a great lesson from Wong-Ziang who has loved and honoured his mother perfectly."

While his mother was living, Wong-Ziang worked

for her and spent little time or money in study ; but after she died, he studied hard. When his work in the professor's kitchen was done each day, he always sat outside the school-room door where he heard the teacher giving lessons to his pupils. For seven years he studied in this way before his teacher knew ; but one day he found out what the boy had been doing. In time he came to love him as his own son, and he said to him : " Would you like to be my son by adoption ? "

And Wong-Ziang said : " I would, but I am poor and unlearned, and you are rich and honoured. It cannot be."

But his teacher said : " I want you in my school. I have had many pupils, but none that have worked and learned as you have. I have known many sons, but none of them served and honoured his parents so faithfully. Think about this two or three days and then give me your answer."

After three days Wong-Ziang decided ; and he came to his teacher, and, kneeling down before him, he bowed his head low. And after this time he was as the professor's own son.

In sixteen years, Wong-Ziang graduated from the great University with highest honours. He served his nation and emperor wisely and had a high state position for more than twenty years. The people called him Zien-Zan before the emperor. But when he came home to his native province where people had known his deeds all his life, they bowed their heads low in affection, and called him, " Hsao-Tsze."

—MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG.

*From " Chinese Fables and Folk Stories,"
by kind permission of the American Book Company.*

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

Dionysius was a king who ruled in Sicily many years ago. He was very wealthy, and dwelt in a beautiful palace, with many servants to wait on him, and many soldiers to obey his commands. He was, however, a cruel tyrant, and was both feared and hated by the people. Of this he was well aware, and he lived in constant dread lest his life should be taken.

Dionysius had a friend by the name of Damocles. One day this friend called at the palace and said to him: "You must be very happy here surrounded by so many beautiful things. You have everything that the heart can desire."

The king looked at Damocles and said: "Do you wish to exchange places with me?"

"No," said the other. "But it seems to me that I can conceive of no greater happiness than to enjoy for a day all of your wealth and power."

So the tyrant resolved to grant his friend this pleasure. The following day Damocles took possession of the palace. All of the king's servants were at his command, and did his bidding. In the banquet hall his table was laden with delicious foods, and delightful music greeted his ears. He was surrounded with luxury and beauty. There was everything that might add to his comfort and pleasure. He thought himself supremely happy.

In the midst of his pleasures, however, Damocles happened to look up, and beheld a sharp sword hanging over his head. It was suspended by a slender hair.

It looked as though the hair might break at any moment, and let the sword fall. The king's friend trembled and grew pale. The rich foods no longer tempted him ; the music lost its charm ; he sat like one paralysed with fear.

" You are not happy, Damocles," said the king. " Do you not enjoy the privileges of a king ? What is it that disturbs you ? "

The frightened man looked up and exclaimed : " The sword ! "

" Well," said the tyrant, " why be alarmed at that ? A sword hangs over me by day and by night. At no time am I free from danger. I live in constant dread of losing my life."

" Ah ! " said Damocles. " I thought that the wealthy and powerful are the happy ones. But I was mistaken. I shall return to my humble home and be content. I would rather be Damocles than be a king."

—SELECTED.

LIFE'S CRICKET FIELD

Our life is a game of cricket, lads—

An earnest, noble game ;

So out with the bat and the clubs and the pads—

To shirk is folly and shame.

Come forth to the field where the struggle lies,

And take each man his place ;

Whether batting or bowling or fielding, be wise,

And do it with equal grace.

It may be yours to take command,
 Or yours to just obey ;
 Faithful obedience is as grand
 As skilful, prudent sway.
 Your turn will come at the wicket, lads,
 If you be ready and true ;
 And then if you show good cricket, lads,
 'Twill be all the better for you.

Make runs as freely as you can,
 But if your score be nought,
 Remember many another man
 Has failed who bravely fought ;
 And our Captain keeps a Roll of Fame,
 That heeds nor fame nor luck,
 In which is many a golden name
 That was credited here with a " duck."
 —A. LESLIE.

WHY VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS

Once in the long ago, there was a most beautiful garden where flowers of every kind grew. There were stately hollyhocks and fresh white daisies and roses and violets and pansies and hyacinths and poppies and every other kind of flower that you ever dreamed or thought about.

Early one morning, when the bees and butterflies went to pay their morning calls, they found all the flowers in a perfect flutter of excitement. A strange knight had passed through the garden the evening

before and had left word for every flower that the king of the garden was coming soon on a visit, and to the most beautiful flower he would bring a golden heart.

"To the most beautiful one was the message," nodded the crimson rose, pressing her baby buds close to her side.

"To the most beautiful one," rang out the lily bells, sweet and clear. "We heard, we heard!"

"To the most beautiful one," whispered the violets, bending their heads in prayer.

"Yes, yes," chimed in the snowdrops, one by one; "to the most beautiful one. We heard the message clearly. But who can be more beautiful than we, with our dresses of spotless white? Surely the king will choose us, and for his coming we shall save all our sweetest nectar juice; all our pollen, all that we have we shall save for him who is our king."

Thus talked the flowers together in the garden. Of course, every one wanted the golden heart, and every one began to work, trusting and hoping that its blossom might be the most beautiful one.

Now in those days, snowdrops held their heads up, and not down, as now,—neither did they have green spots on their dresses then. They were snowy white, and now that the king was coming they thought so much more about their beautiful white dresses that they seemed to forget that it was better to be beautiful on the inside than on the outside. They even forgot—these snowdrops—to be kind to their best friends, the bees and butterflies, and refused to give them either pollen or nectar juice. And again they forgot to say good-morning to their other friends, the lovely

violets, growing so close to them, and making the breath of the whole garden fragrant with their perfume.

But the days passed quickly in the old garden, and it soon became a bower of glory indeed, as flower vied with flower to become the most beautiful, when the king should come.

The morning-glories hung out joy bells of white and pink and blue, climbing to the top of the garden wall that they might be first to tell the news that the king had come. The trumpet vine climbed yet higher, even to the top of the tallest tree, that he might be first to see and welcome the king. But the snowdrops only stood still and fretted. "See," they cried, "our dresses are losing their



freshness, and the nectar juice will be spoiled. Listen, do you not hear footsteps?"

Yes, some one was coming down the path, but it was only a wrinkled old woman, feeble and worn with the heat of the summer day. As she passed slowly along, her eyes fell on the pure white snowdrops, and stretching

her hands towards them, she said : " Oh, you beautiful blossoms, can you not spare me one ? "

" No, no ! we have none to spare to-day," replied the snowdrops ; " go away and come some other day. We are saving these for our king. Ask the violets close by. They can spare you some."

" Yes, yes," nodded the violets ; " we should love to give you some. Take all you please. See, our bed is full,—enough for you and enough for our king." And as the old woman stooped to gather the purple violets, her face seemed very fair to look upon. " To-morrow, surely to-morrow the king will come," fretted the snowdrops ; " we have waited so long ! "

But when the next day came, there was only a little bird with a broken wing that passed that way. Faint from hunger, he fell in the sand near the snowdrops and begged for just one tiny seed. " No, no ! " again said the snowdrops, " we have none to spare. Come some other day ; we are saving these for our king."

" Take ours," cried the voice of the violets close by ; " take ours, pretty bird, we have plenty to spare." And the wounded bird ate and hopped away, and again his face seemed beautiful to look upon.

It was night, and the breezes were just lulling the flowers to sleep when another visitor stopped by the side of the snowdrops. But they sighed and turned their heads away, for this time there was only a crippled frog with an ugly bruise on his head. " Water, only one drop of water, pretty snowdrops ! " the frog said. " Your cups are full with sweetest nectar juice. Give to me, for I am dying with thirst." But again the snowdrops shook their heads and turned away. " No, no ! " they cried ; " go away, ugly frog. We need our

water to keep our dresses white, for the king is coming this way."

"Here is ours," called the violets sweet. "It is fresh and pure. Drink, tired frog, and rest among our cooling leaves."

And then something wonderful indeed happened. The frog vanished from sight and in his place stood the king of the garden himself, clothed in gold and royal purple, and in his hands he held a shower of golden hearts, which fell among the violets and lodged lovingly beneath their fragrant petals.

Then turning to the snowdrops, who had hung their heads in shame, the king said: "Spotted like thy heart, oh, snowdrops, thy dresses shall become, and when on them thou dost look, think and remember:

Beautiful flowers are those that do
Deeds that are loving, kind, and true,
The long day through.

"Footsore and weary, I asked of you; hungry, I came to you; thirsty, I begged of you; but you turned me away."

"We did not know, we did not know," sobbed the snowdrops. "Come, we have saved all for thee." But alas! it was too late, for the king of the garden had come and gone,—leaving the snowdrops with spotted clothes and heads bowed low in the moonlight.

—MADGE A. BIGHAM.

*From "Fanciful Flower Tales," by kind
permission of Little, Brown and Company.*

Oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

PROMPTNESS

There was once a young man who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him : " Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it." He was an industrious young man,—a young man of great energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted with the management of work like this. He made his arrangements the night before, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin very early the next day. He instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock in the morning. They set to work, and the thing was done, and about ten o'clock the master came in, and saw the young man sitting in the counting-house, and seemed very much displeased with him, supposing his command had not been executed. " I thought," said he, " you were instructed to get out that cargo this morning ? " " It is all done, sir," said the young man, " and here is the account of it ! "

This one act made that young man's fortune. It fixed his character. It gave his employer a confidence in him that was never shaken.

—SELECTED

The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining ;
And so I turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the silver lining.

THE TIME AND THE DEED

Art going to do a kindly deed ?

'Tis never too soon to begin ;

Make haste, make haste, for the moments speed,

The world, my dear one, has pressing need

Of your tender thought and kindly deed.

'Tis never too soon to begin.

But if the deed be a selfish one,

'Tis ever too soon to begin ;

If some heart will be sorer when all is done,

Put it off ! put it off from sun to sun,

Remembering always, my own dear one,

'Tis ever too soon to begin.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

On the English sovereign piece you may see St. George slaying a dragon. The Saint's steed rears on its hind legs. The Knight's cloak flies in the wind. His hands grasp the deadly spear that will soon deal the last blow. On the ground wriggles the four-footed, winged beast, its snaky head lifted in rage, its eyes glaring in hatred of the bright captain who comes to deliver the people from its terror.

Such a dragon once lived in the island of Rhodes, near the coast of Asia Minor. Country folk came into the town with pale cheeks, telling how they had been

pursued by the monster ; how they had caught the gleam of its great eyes through the trees of the forest ; how its jaws had opened to let out smoke and flames ! Or they reported the death of a young girl, a young man, or child under the claws of the terrible creature.

On the hill above the city stood a castle-like building, with huge gates, thick walls, tall turrets. A chapel was inside. Every now and then you could hear the toll of the chapel bell, and you could hear the solemn



chant of the monks. The place was the monastery of the Knights of St. John. The monks were half warriors, half men of prayer. They had a ruler over them who was known as the Grand Master.

One of the Knights of St. John went out to seek and

kill the dragon. Alas ! he never returned. In the monster's cave lay his bones and his sword and his shield. A second went forth, hoping to gain the gift of a gold cross, which was to be presented to the conqueror of the dragon. He also failed ; he also died. A third ventured to attack the beast. The same fate befell him. A fourth brave fellow followed, and he was devoured with the rest. A fifth tried the awful task, and he did not succeed. Great was the mourning among the citizens.

The Grand Master called his monks together and said :

“Brethren, it is beyond the power of man to conquer this beast. I forbid any of you to attempt it again.”

But one Knight thought much of the suffering of the people and of the tears that had been shed for the loss of so many victims. He longed to see the pleasant way through the forest made safe again for the feet of children. Notwithstanding the command of the Grand Master, he resolved that he himself would do what five comrades had been unable to perform.

For three months he prepared himself. He exercised himself in the use of lance and sword. Day after day he trained his limbs to move quickly, so that he could dart forwards and backwards like a flash of light. Then he sallied out of the monastery early one gray morning and plunged into the dusky glade where the dragon's den lay.

A low growl, a hiss, a muffled roar! The dragon had taken the alarm and was on the watch for the bold foe. With spear poised, the young Knight of St. John sprang upon the monster. There was a burst of fire! Smoke rolled in black volumes about the cave. Two immense wings flapped and beat in fury. At last a yell denoted the end of the fight. Heavily dropped the body of the dragon to the earth; and the Knight, all splashed with blood and soot, looked down upon his fallen foe.

The news soon spread. Crowds of people collected at the spot to view the dead monster. Loud were the shouts of joy; tremendous were the cheers that saluted the conqueror. “To you is due the cross!” the people cried. “You have borne yourself as a hero!”

In glad procession they marched to the gate of the old monastery, the dragon slayer in their midst. A

group of Knights appeared at the entrance. They smiled their greetings to their valiant comrade.

Then stepped forward the Grand Master. His eyes were stern. "He has slain the dragon!" rang out a thousand voices. "Master, award him the cross!"

The Grand Master maintained his grave look. "Young brother," he said, "in this monastery the first lesson you have to learn is to obey. Obedience is your first duty. You did not obey my order. You went to meet the dragon, because you thought to gain glory. You were moved by pride and vanity. Go to your chamber. You may not win the cross."

For a moment all were silent.

"Sir," cried the other Knights, "you are too severe on our comrade. He did indeed disobey, but he acted as a hero."

The Grand Master made no reply. He regarded the young Knight with a fixed gaze. The hero cast his glance upon the ground. His cheeks turned red. For a few minutes anger glowed in his heart. Then he calmed himself. He unfastened his helmet, shield, and breastplate, gave his armour to a companion, and turned humbly and quietly away. The hot words that were about to spring from his lips were mastered. He obeyed in silence.

The Grand Master's face changed to a smile of admiration. "My son!" he called, "come back!" Having embraced him, he drew out a gold cross and placed it in his hand, saying: "You have done a greater deed than killing the dragon. You have conquered your own feelings. You have gained a victory over yourself. Take the cross!"

—F. J. GOULD.

A LOVING SACRIFICE

Admetus was the name of a Grecian king who ruled many, many years ago. He was married to a beautiful woman whose name was Alcestis. Together they sat on the throne of their little kingdom, and they and their people were very happy.

When they were married, the king had received a very valuable wedding present. It was presented by Apollo, the great god of the Sun. And what do you suppose it was? It was not a costly gift made of gold and silver. Neither was it a string of pearls or diamonds, which he might give to his bride. What was it then? It was a promise that if the king should fall dangerously sick, he should not die, if some one offered to die in his stead.

After living with his beautiful queen for a number of years the king fell sick. Of course both he and his people remembered Apollo's promise. But who could be found willing to die for the king? It might be that his father and mother who were very old would be willing to give their lives for their noble son. But although they loved him very much, they loved life more, and refused to die. Then some one asked his brothers and sisters to save their brother. They, too, loved him dearly, but they thought that it was asking too much of them to lay down their lives for him.

Now there were some people in the kingdom whom Admetus had greatly helped. Indeed! he had saved the lives of some of them. It was thought that, perhaps, they might be willing to die for a king who had

been so good to them. But no ! These people would be glad to do almost anything else for the king, but to die for him was impossible. Alas ! poor king ! It looked as though he would have to die. And the people mourned, for they loved their king.

But there was one person in the kingdom who loved the king better than she loved herself. It was beautiful Alcestis ; and she was not afraid to die. She remembered the promise of Apollo, and went alone to her room. There she called to the god and offered to die for her husband. Apollo granted her request. So she lay down upon her couch, closed her eyes, and soon she was dead. At the same time something different had happened in the king's room. The sick man had been restored to health. He was now well again. Of course he hastened to the queen's room to tell her the good news.

Alas ! alas ! he reached his wife's room only to find her dead. There she lay lifeless on the couch before him ! The poor king's heart was broken. He was overcome with grief. He could not speak because of his sorrow, and he wished that he had died instead of his beloved queen.

When the people heard of the death of Alcestis, the whole land was filled with mourning. All the people wept because Death had robbed them of their gracious queen. But their sorrow was not so great as the sorrow of the king. All day long, and all through the weary hours of the night, he sat by the couch of his dead wife. He longed to have her returned to life again for he could not live without her. As he sat there in silence the day dawned, but it was not day in the poor king's heart. There all was darkness, although the

beautiful sun was shedding his golden light on the eastern hills.

Suddenly everything was changed. While the king sat holding the cold hand of the lifeless queen, he felt it gradually growing warm. Then a rosy tint touched her pale cheeks. Soon the beautiful eyes opened, and in a moment the queen arose from her couch and stood before the king. She was alive! The king was overcome with joy. The beautiful Alcestis was his queen once more. The news spread throughout the kingdom, and there was great rejoicing among the people.

But how was all this brought about? Well, the myth tells us that after her death Alcestis was led by a Spirit to the Underworld. In this world Proserpine rules. When she saw Alcestis approaching, she asked who the beautiful woman was. When she was told that she was a queen who had given up her life for her husband, Proserpine was moved with pity. She commanded the Spirit to lead Alcestis back again to live with her husband in the world of sunshine and joy. She felt that such love ought to be rewarded. So the Spirit led the beautiful queen out of the darkness and gloom, where Proserpine ruled, to the Upper-world, where Admetus reigned, and in which she would again be queen.

Admetus and Alcestis lived many years afterwards. Their kingdom flourished and their people were happy. By and by, when they were very old, they died together and passed away to the world of Spirits.

—SELECTED.

If you would be loved, love, and be lovable.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

The King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score,
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was poor as a rat ;
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked into a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble ;
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his coach reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said : " You're as sound as a nut."
" Hang him up ! " roared the King in a gale,
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran :
*The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran :
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said : " Heaven save you, friend,
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice laughed free and glad,
" An idle man has so much to do,
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said ;
" Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;
" I would do it, indeed," and he roared with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way ;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

—JOHN HAY.

PETER THE GREAT

In the history of Russia there is no name more famous than that of Peter the Great. Before his time the Russians were far behind the other nations of Europe in knowledge of the arts and the comforts of life. He devoted a large part of his reign to improving the condition of his country and his people. He made Russia prosperous, powerful, and respected. Peter was born in 1672, and was the son of the Emperor Alexis. When only ten years old he came to the throne, together with his brother Ivan, who was almost an idiot. The boys were proclaimed joint emperors of Russia ; but their sister, Sophia, who was many years older than they, acted as regent. Sophia determined to make herself

empress, and leagued herself with Galitzin, the prime minister, with that end in view. "Madam," said Galitzin, "we need fear nothing from Ivan, but Peter alarms me. He has a thirst for knowledge that cannot be quenched. He wishes to know everything."

It was as the minister said. Peter had a remarkable desire for knowledge; and he learned many useful things. When he was about seventeen years of age he was informed that his sister Sophia and Prince Galitzin intended to murder him. He at once banished Galitzin to the icy region of Archangel and confined his sister in a convent. He thus became, at about eighteen years of age, the active ruler of Russia; for Ivan could take no share in the government.

Peter listened to others before taking important action. He valued particularly the advice of a brilliant Swiss, named Lefort, to whom he gave a high position in his court. Lefort urged that the army should be made larger, and be better drilled and equipped. The young emperor accepted this advice. He appointed Lefort to be commander of one division of his army, and directed him to equip and drill it in the very best manner. He himself served for a few months under the command of Lefort as a common soldier. He performed all his duties with the greatest faithfulness. He became a subordinate officer, and then rose gradually through every grade until he reached the rank of general. Under Lefort's direction the army was made a splendid body of fighting men.

One day, in the early part of his reign, Peter noticed on the river which flows through Moscow a small boat with a keel. He inquired what the keel was for, and was greatly interested to learn that it was to enable

the boat to sail against the wind. The boat had been built for Peter's father by a Dutchman named Brandt ; and this man was at once instructed to put it into first-rate order. This being done, the Dutchman gave Peter some lessons in sailing, so that the young Czar became quite an expert sailor.

Russia at that time had only one seaport. It was Archangel on the White Sea. So to Archangel the Czar went, and made it his home for several months. While there, he made the acquaintance of a Dutch captain named Musch ; and from him he learned all about ships and their management. He began as a cabin boy, and worked up through every department of a seafaring life until he was fitted to be a naval commander.

Peter felt that he must have a navy and must be at its head ; so he thought he ought to know about the building of ships as well as their management. He therefore determined to go to Holland and learn the art of ship-building.

Putting the affairs of his empire in charge of three nobles, he left Russia, with Lefort and some other companions, and went to Amsterdam, the most important city of the Netherlands. After visiting Amsterdam and examining its shipping and its docks, he went to a little town called Zaandam near by, and there became a workman in a yard where ships were built for the famous Dutch East India Company. He lived in a little cottage near the yard and cooked his own food. After working some time in Zaandam he spent four or five months as a shipwright near London, because some things connected with ship-building could be better learned in England than in the Netherlands.

When, by taking lessons in both countries, he had thoroughly mastered the art, he returned to his own country.

He now began the building of the Russian navy at a place in southern Russia, on the Verona River. The vessels built were small gunboats. While they were being built, some one said to Peter: "Of what use will your vessels be to you? You have no good seaport." Peter replied: "My vessels shall make ports for themselves," and before long they did so.

The first port captured was Azof at the mouth of the Don. It was taken from the Turks. The Russian fleet sailed down the river, and made the attack by sea, while twelve thousand troops attacked by land. Peter himself was sometimes with the army on land, sometimes on board one of his vessels. The capture of Azof gave Russia a port on the Black Sea. But this was only the beginning. A greater work was done in the north, at the mouth of the Neva.

When Peter came to the throne, Sweden was the great military and naval power of northern Europe. The Swedes were masters of the Baltic Sea, and of the Gulf of Finland. Peter declared that the Swedes were the oppressors of Russia; and that he would free the land from their presence. When in the Netherlands he had lived near Amsterdam: The land upon which it stood was swampy; and its dwellings, its warehouses, and its magnificent churches and public buildings rested on piles.

The River Neva flows into the Gulf of Finland, and Peter determined to build a Russian Amsterdam on its swampy banks. The king of Sweden, the famous Charles XII, claimed the province at the mouth of the

River Neva. In spite of this Peter laid the foundations of his new city and called it St. Petersburg. When the king of Sweden heard what was going on he said: "I shall soon put those houses into a blaze." The Swedish fortresses guarded the province and the mouth of the river. Whoever held them would control the commerce of St. Petersburg.

The Swedish king was astonished, soon after hearing that the foundations of St. Petersburg had been laid, to learn that Peter's new army and navy had captured his two fortresses, and that the province at the mouth of the Neva was in Peter's hands. Soon afterwards, with a well-drilled army, Charles laid siege to Poltava, a small fortified town of the Russians. Peter marched against him. Both sovereigns commanded their armies in person.

Charles had been wounded in his heel, and had to be carried into battle on a litter. During the battle a cannon-ball killed one of the bearers and shattered the litter; whereupon the king is said to have ordered some of the men to carry him upon their pikes. Peter, like Charles, was in the hottest of the fire. His clothes were shot through in several places, one ball going through his hat. After desperate fighting on both sides the Swedes gave way. They left more than half their number dead or wounded upon the field. Only a few hundred men escaped with the king, who, it is said, was taken off the field in a carriage drawn by twelve horses.

The victory at Poltava was followed by naval successes in the Gulf of Finland. Abo, then the capital of Finland, and Helsingfors, which is the present capital, were both captured, and the Russians became masters of the Gulf.

Peter was determined that his people should become a commercial nation. He urged them to engage in foreign trade and encouraged foreigners to bring their merchandise to Russia's new ports. He also encouraged his people in the different parts of Russia to carry on commerce with one another, and he made it easy for them to do so. He improved the roads, aided in providing boats for navigating the rivers, and undertook the gigantic work of uniting the three great seas, the Baltic, the Black, and the Caspian, by canals.

Towards the close of his reign Peter visited the town of Zaandam, where he had learned the trade of ship-building. There he found some of his old companions, and was delighted to hear them salute him as Peter Bass, the name by which they had known him nearly twenty years before. He went to the little cottage in which he had lived. It is still carefully preserved. In one room are to be seen the little oak table and three chairs which were there when Peter occupied it. Over the chimney-piece is an inscription which every boy who is making his way up in the world might well take for his motto: "To a great man nothing is little." He went to see an old friend, Kist the blacksmith, who was at work in his smithy. The Czar took the job from him. He blew the bellows, heated the piece of iron and beat it out with the great hammer into the required shape. Though he was the ruler of millions of people he was proud of being a workman and of being able to do things for himself.

No sovereign ever more truly deserved the title "Great" than did Peter. He found his empire feeble, and left it with a well-drilled army and a large navy.

He found it without commerce. He secured for it ports to which foreign ships might bring merchandise ; and he dug canals so that the different parts of the country might easily carry on trade with one another.

Thus he was, in the best sense, great, because he made his country great, and provided for his people new and better ways of living.

—JOHN H. HAAREN and A. B. POLAND.

From "Famous Men of Modern Times,"

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ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY

The school-boys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers ; while the older, amongst whom was Tom Brown, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur, a new boy at the school, was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had never clearly crossed his mind before and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off ; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing. " Please, Brown," he whispered, " may I wash my face and hands ? " " Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring ; " that's your washhand-stand under the window, second from your

bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washhand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his



washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done

every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and of the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver.

Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"What do you mean by that, Brown?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never you mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gentlemen."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memo-

ries which chased one another through his brain kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, and his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father before he had laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise ; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. The first few nights after Tom came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom that for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom ! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God ! How could he bear it ? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy

through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night.

Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

Several times he faltered, for the tempter showed him, first, all his friends calling him "Saint," and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motive would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation: "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?"

However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept,—tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed, and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening to every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to

rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and Tom went down to the great school with the glimmering of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world. He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

—Adapted from THOMAS HUGHES.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH

(Sir John Franklin's last voyage to the Arctic Regions, 1845-47.)

"Away, away!" cried the stout Sir John,

"While the blossoms are on the trees;

For the summer is short, and the time speeds on

As we sail for the Northern Seas.

Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz-James!

We will startle the world, I trow,

When we find a way through the Northern Seas

That never was found till now!

A stout good ship is the *Erebus*,
 As ever unfurled a sail,
 And the *Terror* will match with as brave a one
 As ever out-rode a gale."

So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
 To the hills and valleys green,
 With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
 And three for the English Queen.
 They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
 Where the day and night are one,—
 Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,
 And flamed like a midnight sun.
 There was nought below save the field of snow,
 That stretched to the icy pole ;
 And the Eskimo in his strange canoe,
 Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,
 The glittering icebergs frowned,
 Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
 And crashed with a fearful sound !
 The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
 Looked down from the frozen heights ;
 And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
 Peered out from the Northern Lights.
 The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
 And even the stout Sir John,
 Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts
 thrill,
 As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear-drops freeze ;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas :
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain !
For no way was found through the ice around
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,
Till they closed like a prison-wall ;
And the icebergs stood, in silent flood,
Like jailers grim and tall !

O God ! O God !—it was hard to die
In that prison-house of ice !
For what was fame, or a mighty name
When life was the fearful price ?
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice-King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew ;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through.

A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes ;
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and
streams,
And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes, of the good old times,
 Were heard in each dying ear,
 And the darling feet, and the voices sweet
 Of their wives and children dear !
 But it faded away—away—away !
 Like a sound on a distant shore ;
 And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
 Till they slept to wake no more !

Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child—
 They weep, and watch, and pray ;
 And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
 As the long years pass away !
 The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
 And the good Sir John have found
 An open way to a quiet bay,
 And a port where all are bound !
 Let the waters roar on the ice bound shore
 That circle the frozen pole ;
 There is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
 That can hold the human soul.

—ANONYMOUS.

BEAUTIFUL JOE

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry. I am very unwilling to say much about my early life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a

harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of ill-treating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk-cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. He used to beat and starve my mother. I have seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to ; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master. Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk-cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time ; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant. My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at.

But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much, that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him. I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her.' I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see if the master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters—six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable, and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously, fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly. It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay,

a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me, or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer! Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken, and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

"Oho!" he said. "So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I'll fix you for that." He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. "Tom," he called to one of his children, "bring me the hatchet!"

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail. Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams, and hurrying up the path stood among us before the master caught sight of him. In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say, fiercely: "What have you been doing to that dog?"

"I've been cutting his ears, for fighting, my young gentleman," said my master; "there is no law to prevent that, is there?"

"And there is no law to prevent me from taking a dog away from such a cruel owner, either," cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house. There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones : " Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog ? "

" Hush," he said. " Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

Presently one of the boys cried out : " Here is Laura." A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I never had seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and slender, and had lovely brown eyes, and brown hair, and a sweet smile, and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

" Why, what a funny dog ! " she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

"Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?" she said.
"What is the matter with your head, good dog?"

"Dear Laura," said the young man, coming up,
"he got hurt, and I have been bandaging him."

"Who hurt him?"

"I would rather not tell you."

"But I wish to know." Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly: "You will have the man punished?"

"What is the use? That won't stop him from being cruel."

"It will put a check on his cruelty."

"I don't think it would do any good," said the young man.

"Cousin Harry!" and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me. "That animal has been wronged; it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child has a voice to tell its wrong,—a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter, bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to ill-treat his dog, he will ill-treat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want you to report that man immediately. I shall go with you if you like."

"Very well," he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor in the corner. I wasn't much used to boys, and I didn't know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me "good dog." No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said: "What did Cousin Harry say the dog's name was?"

"Joe," answered another boy.

"We might call him 'Ugly Joe,' then," said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

"I don't think Laura would like that," said Jack, coming up behind him. "You see," he went on, "if you call him 'Ugly Joe,' she will say that you are wounding the dog's feelings. 'Beautiful Joe' would be more to her liking."

A shout went up from the boys. I don't wonder they laughed. Plain-looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

"'Beautiful,' then, let it be," they cried. "Let us go and tell mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat," and they all trooped out of the stable.

—MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

Onward, onward may we press
 Through the path of duty;
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty.
 Minds are of celestial birth;
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colours before us fly ;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State :
Weary marches and sinking ships :
Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;
March of a strong land's swift increase ;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe ;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong :
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ;
And loyal hearts are beating high :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

—HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

COMPANIONS OF DIFFERING HUMOURS

Two men once went on a journey together. They were as unlike as day and night. One was unhappy, and always looked on the dark side of things. The other was happy, and always looked on the bright side of things. As they journeyed along, one was sad and anxious. Every now and then he would turn to his companion and say : “ I do not see how I am going to earn enough to keep alive.”

The other man was hopeful. He made up his mind to do the best he could, and then to trust that all would be well.

“ How can you be so cheerful ? ” asked the sad man of his fellow traveller. “ I am greatly discouraged. I am afraid that I shall be so poor that I shall be in need of bread.”

He was anxious about other things, too. He was always borrowing trouble. So, after he had journeyed a little while in silence, he said to his friend : “ How dreadful it would be if I were to become blind ! ” And he walked a short distance ahead, with his eyes

shut, just to find out what it would be like to be blind.

As he moved along, he passed by a purse of gold lying in the road. Of course he did not see it, because his eyes were shut. But his companion, who never worried about becoming blind, followed with his eyes open and found the purse.

—ÆSOP.

TWO PAIRS OF GLOVES

On November 27th, 1870, the frost in Paris was frightful. The whole city was in mourning. Hunger and cold had taken possession of every home, and the thunders of the cannon resounded through the air. The snow-flakes fell heavily; the passers-by, gloomy and silent, sought in haste the shelter of their homes.

Still, one man walked slowly, wrapped in deep thought. He wore a military cloak, such as is generally worn by an officer of the line; but nothing indicated his rank. As he passed along the street, he saw an old woman, neatly dressed, spread an old carpet on the ground. Then she took from her basket a number of thick-lined gloves, some woollen, and some of leather lined with common fur. Having arranged her wares the woman sat down on one corner of the carpet, and began to warm her half-frozen fingers at a small chafing-dish.

Just then two young French soldiers stopped to stare at the gloves. We say to stare, and not to look, for the poor lads were completely fascinated, their

bodies were bent forward, their hands on their knees, their eyes fixed on the gloves. Neither of them was yet twenty, and they had just left their Breton homes to come to the defence of Paris. Their appearance on this bitter day was by no means military. Their eyes watering from the cold, their trembling lips and red ears were more like those of children just let out of school than of warriors. Their tunics also were thin, worn, tight, and most miserably unfitted for the season.

"Come, buy my gloves, good gentlemen; they are very warm, I assure you," said the old woman.

One of the soldiers murmured between his chattering teeth: "Ah, we have no money."

Every limb was shaking with cold, and their hands could not, just then, have raised a straw in defence of the capital; and in their homes beside the sea, they had parents, and friends, and fires. "It will freeze hard at the outposts to-night," said one, "and the worst of it is, that we may not light a fire."

The officer had just stopped behind the two soldiers, who had not seen his approach. Laying his hands on their shoulders, he said: "Come, comrades, choose your gloves; I shall be paymaster. Two pairs, my good woman!"

The lads seemed to hesitate in surprise. The officer soothed their military dignity by adding: "I am one of you, a soldier like you; comrades do not refuse each other."

The choice was not difficult; wool is soft, and rabbit skin not to be despised. At last each of the young soldiers carried off his gloves, and never did a fine lady look more lovingly on her diamonds than these two soldiers on their fur-lined gloves. The younger

one, not knowing how to express his gratitude, whispered to the officer: "God reward you!"

The next day, the battle of Champigny began. General Ducrot, the Commander-in-chief, is animating his soldiers by his words and example, and a series of brilliant charges are being made upon the ranks of the enemy. A regiment of Breton soldiers is presently moved up to support a regiment which is being beaten back. Before the remains of this regiment, an officer on horseback is giving his orders for a new attack; he turns to meet the Breton regiment and salutes it with his sword. From the Breton regiment, at the same moment, come two half-suppressed exclamations. Our two little soldiers have recognized the officer as their friend of the previous day. This time his rank is visible, and the decoration of a Commander shines on his breast.

"Why, he is a colonel!" said Louis.

"More than that; he is a general!" replied Jean.

"More than that, he is good," said both together.

"The good God bless him."

None that were there will ever forget that terrible day. Multitudes of wounded were frozen to death during the cruel night that followed. When the regiment re-formed in position the two Breton youths looked in vain for the officer who commanded it; they had lost sight of him during the confusion of the conflict. The little soldiers anxiously inquired of a passing sergeant what had become of the officer.

"Struck down by the explosion of a shell," was the answer.

Night came black and dark over the ground covered with snow and strewn with corpses everywhere. The

soldiers worn out, dispirited, and silent, gathered round the camp fires. Presently two soldiers with a lantern rose to leave.

"You boys will be shot if you don't mind," growled the captain.

"We must find our good officer," answered the two Breton lads, and soon they had disappeared in the dark.

They went from corpse to corpse, turning the light from their lantern on the ghastly faces of the dead, while the Prussians' balls came whistling about their ears. After about two hours of this dreary search, Louis gave a shrill yelp of pain, and fell. A bullet had passed through his leg; but, as he and the terrified Jean presently discovered that he not only was not dead, but that the bone was not broken, they tied a handkerchief tightly round the wounded limb, and bravely resumed their search. Very soon Louis gave another cry, this time, half grief, half joy. Their officer lay before them, stiff, frozen, almost hidden. The blood had clotted on his wound; and he lay there with his arms extended in the form of a cross, a dead soldier pillowed on his breast in the blood-stained snow.

"He is dead, Jean, but let us carry him away, that he may be buried near a church."

Then between them they lifted the body of this man, whose name even was unknown to them; they risked their lives for him because he had been kind. The tears rolled down their cheeks and froze as they fell. At last they reached the bivouac with their precious burden. The officer was quickly recognized, and the news spread. Many surgeons came in haste, officers gathered round. Every effort was made to recall the life into that poor, wounded, frozen body. Four hours they strove with

varying hope ; and about four o'clock the body gave some sign of life. The efforts were redoubled, and that evening the officer opened his eyes. He looked round with a puzzled wondering glance. All at once a light comes into his eyes, his lips try to smile, for he has seen and recognized the gloves with which, by their rough friction about the officer's heart, the surgeons had restored circulation to the frozen blood.

Both the Breton boys were decorated for having saved their General's life, and after the war was over they returned, the one to his farm, the other to his workshop. Both have kept their fur-lined gloves. But Louis is envious of Jean, whose gloves were worn out by the rubbing. "But," as he says, gleefully, "I had the bullet !"

It is over twenty years since this event happened, but the officer often thinks of the two little soldiers, and how the grateful words were heard in heaven : "God reward you !"

—H. E. NORTON.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ? "
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.



" Speak, father ! " once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone ! "
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father ! must I stay ? "
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew the sea ;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

—FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

COURTESY

Courtesy is a very old word. It is of three syllables, and the first of the three tells where the word came from. In the time of its origin the word did not mean all it now does, for court manners were often crude and rough, and kings and their retainers had not all learned, for instance, the duty of courtesy to inferiors. Courtesy means consideration and respect for others. It may mean more, but boys and girls will do well to reflect on

this meaning till they discover a better for themselves. Courtesy is, however, a thing of the heart. It prompts to politeness and good manners, but it only prompts. Politeness and good manners may be exhibited without the prompting of courtesy, but in that case they are not true, only exhibited for occasion. A courteous boy or girl is one who is polite and mannerly because prompted to be so by innate good feeling, in other words, by consideration and respect for others. A courteous man will be polite and good-mannered, and therefore a gentleman; a man may be polite and good-mannered without being courteous, and therefore not a gentleman. In no direction is true courtesy shown more than in our treatment of inferiors, whether in age, in mental capacity, in physical strength, or in place, or wealth, or social position.

—FROM PLAIN WORDS ON DUTY AND CONDUCT.

THE THROSTLE

“ Summer is coming, summer is coming,
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,”
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 “ New, new, new, new ! ” Is it then so new
 That you should carol so madly ?

“ Love again, song again, nest again, young again,”
Never a prophet so crazy !
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“ Here again, here, here, here, happy year !”
O warble unchidden, unbidden !
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—LORD TENNYSON.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Orpheus, who lived in ancient Greece, was a skilful musician. He was a sweet singer and could play very beautifully on the lyre. He and his wife Eurydice were greatly beloved by everybody ; even the wild beasts were fond of them. But one day, while Eurydice was wandering in the woods with the nymphs, she accidentally trod upon and was bitten by a serpent. The beautiful woman soon died of the poisonous sting, and passed to the Underworld.

Poor Orpheus was broken-hearted over the loss of his lovely wife. For a long time he wandered, going from place to place, singing the story of his grief. It is said that even the stones of the wilderness, and the wild beasts of the forests, seemed to pity him in his sorrow. And the gods, who reigned on Mount Olympus, were not deaf to his song of grief. But, alas ! they had no power over the Underworld. They could not restore the young wife to her husband.

One day Orpheus in his wanderings came to the cave that leads to the Underworld, where Pluto governs the spirits of the dead. The cave was unguarded. Orpheus entered, and descended to the gloomy region. He soon came to a black river called the Styx. Here there was an old ferryman by the name of Charon, who conducted spirits across the river on their way to the Underworld. Charon was so charmed with the song of Orpheus that he forgot to ask him to pay the coin demanded of every one who crossed the river.

In this strange Underworld there is a pool called the pool of Lethe. All who come here drink of its waters, and soon forget everything of the world from which they came. But, as Orpheus passed into this lower World, his music overcame the power of the Lethean waters. The memories of the spirits were awakened, and they recalled the things of the Upperworld where once they lived. They recalled the brightness of the day, and the splendour of the starry night. They remembered the flowery fields and leafy woods. They pictured their homes, and the friends they had left. And then they wept.

There were wild spirits called Furies in this Lower World. Also spirits who were tormented for their evil deeds. All these were moved to pity as they heard Orpheus singing his song of grief. A wicked king named Sisyphus, whose punishment was to roll a huge boulder uphill for ever, stopped to listen. So did the daughters of Danäus, whose doom was to draw water in a sieve. Even Tantalus, doomed to hunger and thirst, although magical fruits and sparkling waters were before his eyes, forgot his torment as he listened to the music of Orpheus.



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Then Orpheus passed into the presence of the king and queen of the Underworld. His song was so pathetic that Proserpine, the queen, wept. She grew homesick as the song recalled to her the wheat fields of her former home, and as she remembered Demeter, her beautiful mother. Even Pluto, the king, could not resist the power of this wonderful singer, and he wept, also.

Then Eurydice was called. It was decided that she might return with her husband provided that, on their journey, he would not look at her before reaching the Upperworld. If he should gaze at her even once, she would be lost to him, and he would have to return to the Upperworld alone.

Thus they began their journey. Orpheus led the way, filled with delight, knowing that the beautiful Eurydice was following him. They passed the pool of Lethe; then they crossed the black river. All was gloom and silence. So silent were their surroundings that Orpheus was tempted to look back to see whether Eurydice was there. On they moved towards the Upperworld. As soon as Orpheus caught the first gleam of sunlight, forgetful of everything except his beautiful Eurydice, he turned quickly to see whether she were still following. Alas! he had broken his promise, and must now pay the penalty. Eurydice smiled, forgiving him in her smile. He reached out to clasp her in his arms, but she vanished from his sight, and he heard only a faint farewell. She was gone!

Unhappy Orpheus! He tried to follow his wife, but the old ferryman would not allow him to cross the Styx. For seven days he wandered between the Upper and the Lowerworld. But it was useless. He had broken his word, and they would not admit him again to the

world of spirits. He returned to the earth, but was discontented. It had no charm for him any longer. Eurydice was not there, and he could be happy only with her.

He did not live long, but died when still young, singing his song until the end. His lyre was placed among the stars, and he himself descended to the Underworld. There he lived with Eurydice for ever.

—SELECTED.

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledgelings are
cheeping,

That lures the bird home to her nest ?

Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is weeping,
To cuddle and croon it to rest ?

What the magic that charms the glad babe in her arms,
Till it coos with the voice of the dove ?

'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it low—

And the name of the secret is Love !

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love !

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is burning,
Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease ?

That stirs the vexed soul with an aching—a yearning
For the brotherly hand grip of peace ?

Whence the music that fills all our being—that thrills
Around us, beneath, and above ?

'Tis a secret ; none knows how it comes, or it goes—
 But the name of the secret is Love !
 For I think it is Love,
 For I feel it is Love,
 For I'm sure it is nothing but Love !

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley and hill,
 Like a picture so fair to the sight ?
 That flecks the green meadow with sunshine and
 shadow,
 Till the little lambs leap with delight ?
 'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and cold,
 Though 'tis sung by the angels above,
 In notes that ring clear for the ears that can hear—
 And the name of the secret is Love !
 For I think it is Love !
 For I feel it is Love,
 For I'm sure it is nothing but Love !

—LEWIS CARROLL.

JOAN OF ARC

Henry V had married Katherine, the daughter of the French king, and with her he returned to England in 1420. But before long he was recalled to France, and was again fighting with his usual bravery. The hand of death, however, was on him, and just when his fortunes were at their highest, he fell sick and died in 1422. His body was brought home, and buried with great honours in Westminster Abbey ; and there, above his tomb, may yet be seen his saddle and his helmet.

Henry left an infant son hardly one year old, who succeeded him as Henry VI. But, of course, while he was a child a council governed England in his stead. All through his long and unhappy reign the country was governed by the great nobles, who quarrelled among themselves. The chief of these nobles was the Duke of Bedford, who became Protector of the Realm and Regent of France.

For some time things went on very well, and Henry ruled over both France and England. There was much fighting in France, but the English, with the help of the Burgundians, always got the better of the French. In 1428 a large French army was besieged by the English and Burgundians at Orleans; but just when everything seemed to be at its worst for the French, a strange deliverer came to their aid. This was none other than Joan of Arc, who is known as the Maid of Orleans.

Joan was the child of a French farmer, whose little cottage was on the border of some great woods. Little Joan loved the forest, and the birds and beasts came readily to her at her childish call. At home she was a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways, spinning and sewing by her mother's side. To the poor and sick, Joan was gentle and kind; while at church she was always happy.

The peaceful life of little Joan was soon to be broken by the storm of war, for the English were fighting in her country. There was trouble and distress everywhere, and Joan saw thousands of outcasts and wounded pass the door of her cottage. To them the girl gave up her bed and nursed them in their sickness. At this time, she tells us, she had great pity on the fair

realm of France, and longed to deliver her country from the invaders.

She saw visions ; and, in one of her dreams, she saw an angel who bade her go to the help of the King of France, and restore to him his realm. " But," said Joan, " I am only a poor maiden ; I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead soldiers." The angel returned to her again to give her courage, and to tell her of the pity there was in heaven for the fair land of France.

The maid wept, and hoped that the angel would carry her away, for she was quite ready to do as she was told. When she spoke to her friends of these visions, they all refused to help her. Indeed, her father said he would drown her rather than let her go with the soldiers. But Joan had made up her mind : " For," said she, " I must go to the king, even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. I would far rather rest and spin by my mother's side ; but I must go to the aid of my country."

Words such as these touched the hearts of her friends ; and at last, the captain of her village, rough man though he was, took her by the hand and swore to lead her to the king. When she reached the court, she was received by the Dauphin, in the midst of a throng of soldiers. Being asked her name, she answered : " Gentle Dauphin, my name is Joan the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be crowned in the town of Rheims." The Dauphin gave orders that Joan should be allowed to do as she wished.

The girl was now eighteen years old ; she was tall, well-formed, and able to stay on horseback the whole day without food or drink. Clad in white armour

from head to foot, and with a large white banner waving over her head, she mounted a white charger. Then, followed by an army of ten thousand soldiers, she made her way to Orleans. Her soldiers believed she had been sent from heaven ; and so, fighting like madmen, they burst their way through the English and Burgundian army, and thus raised the siege of Orleans.

The English were thoroughly dismayed, and so were defeated again and again. At last Joan led her army to Rheims, and there the Dauphin was crowned king, exactly as she had foretold. She now wished to go home to her little cottage by the wood. Falling at the king's feet, she begged leave to return to her brothers and sisters, and to tend the sheep once more. But the king would not hear of this, and so Joan went on fighting. Soon, however, she was captured and handed over to the English, and the French king did nothing to save her. The English believed her to be a witch, and they condemned her to death.

A great scaffold was raised in the market-place of Rouen. Thither, clasping a cross to her bosom, she was led to the stake to be burned. When the last moment came, as the flames reached her, the maid's head sank on her breast. " We are lost ; we have burned a saint," cried one of the English soldiers, as the crowd dispersed.

And so, indeed, it proved ; for, after this cruel act, the English had no more successes in France. They lost ground everywhere, and in the course of a few years, the Hundred Years' War came to an end. Then it was found that Calais was the only place in France left in the hands of the English.

FIDELITY

A barking sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks :
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern ;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed ;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry :
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height ;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below !
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land ;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The Shepherd stood ; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear :
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side :
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate !

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SCOTTISH CHAMPION

During the brief career of the celebrated Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence might do to induce the French monarch to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the sailors regarded first with doubt and alarm, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their fright. The captain of the ship informed him, with tears in his eyes, that the tall vessel which was bearing down upon them was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. This rover was



SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, and, by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea and enemies to all who sailed upon that element.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the captain described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

"I shall clear the narrow seas of this Rover," said the Scot. Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, he commanded them to arm themselves and to lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the sailors below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the captain instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. He himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could indicate any purpose of resistance.

In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel came up with that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were opposed only as one to two or three.

Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and

a dreadful struggle took place. It was carried on with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do ; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms ; but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from the eyes, and nose, and mouth of the pirate, and he was able to ask for quarter only by signs.

The Red Rover's men threw down their weapons, and begged for mercy, when they saw him thus severely handled. The victor granted all of them their lives, but took possession of their vessel and held them as prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbour, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colours, as if De Longueville were coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backwards, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion, on the shield of gold, was raised above the piratical flag, thus announcing that the champion of Scotland was approaching like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

Wallace landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at his request, the

robberies that the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none save of his heroic conqueror.

—Adapted from SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

In the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his school-fellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. He was a bright boy at his books, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. When he was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. He was then employed in cutting candlewicks into equal lengths and filling the moulds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former school-fellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent

many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill-pond, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tomcod, which came up thither with the tide. At that period the place where they fished was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead and salt meadow-grass grew under foot. On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing midleg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water-side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little chap—this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy—talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention.

"What is your scheme, Ben?—what is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a piece of

ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, boys," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder,—over shoes and stockings, if we wear any, in mud and water. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!"

"That it would! that it would!" said his comrades sorrowfully.

"Now, I propose," continued Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will enable us not only to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with uproarious applause. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful labourers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be required in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones ?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air !"

"More likely they have been stolen !" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap

of stones ? ” cried a third. “ Could a man carry them away in his pocket ? ”

The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water-side. “ Ah, I see what the mischief is,” said he, nodding his head. “ Those little rascals, the boys,—they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with ! ”

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And, to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

“ The chaps that built this wharf understood their business pretty well,” said one of the masons. “ I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself.” But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. “ Sam,” said he, more gruffly than usual, “ go call a constable.”

So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the thieves, and in the course of the day warrants were issued for the arrest of the boys.

If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-labourers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

But, when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution, too, from their own fathers. As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapproval, for he had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world. Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence in a very uneasy state of mind.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

"Benjamin!" said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones built a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage

of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

"How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

"Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth,—that evil can produce only evil,—that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

"I shall never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head, and to the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father.

—Abridged from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Among the hills of India

Dwelt warriors fierce and bold,

The sons of robber chieftains

Who, in the days of old,

Fought for their mountain freedom,

And, if by Fate laid low,

Fell ever crowned with honour—

Their faces to the foe.

Now 'twas an ancient custom
Among those hillsmen brave,
When thus they found their kinsmen,
To dig for him no grave;
But the torn, blood-stained garments
They stripped from off the dead,
And then his wrist they circled
With green or crimson thread.
Many the green-decked warriors,
But only for a few
Was kept that highest honour,
The thread of sanguine hue;
For 'twas alone the bravest
Of those who nobly shed
Their life blood in the battle
Whose wrists were bound with red.
And when they thus had graced them
Who fell before the foe,
They hurled their lifeless bodies
Into the plain below.
The earth did ne'er imprison
Those hillsmen brave and free,
The sky alone should cover
The warriors of Trukkee.
There came a time of conflict,
And a great armèd throng
Of England's bravest soldiers,—
Avengers of the wrong,—
Marched through the gloomy gorges,
Forded the mountain rills,
Vowing that they would vanquish
Those robbers of the hills.

The road was strange and dubious,
Easy it was to stray;
And of those English soldiers
Eleven lost their way.
Led by a trusty leader,
They reached a fearful glen,
And saw a mountain stronghold
Guarded by forty men.

Guarded by forty veterans
Of that fierce robber band,
In every face defiance,
Weapons in every hand.
“Back!” cried the trusty leader;
The soldiers would not hear,
But up the foe-crowned mountain
Charged with their English cheer.

With loud huzzas they stormed it,
Nor thought to turn from death,
But for old England’s honour
Yielded their latest breath.
Short was the fight but deadly,
For, when our last man fell,
But sixteen of the forty
Were left the tale to tell.

But those sixteen were noble—
They loved a brave deed done;
They knew a worthy foeman,
And treated him as one.

And when the English soldiers
Sought for their comrades slain,
They found their stiff, stark corpses
Prostrate upon the plain ;
They lay with blood-stained faces,
Fixed eyes and firm-clenched fists,
But the Red Thread of Honour
Was twined around their wrists.

—J. A. NOBLE.

THE BROWNIES

“Bairns are a burden,” said the Tailor to himself as he sat at work. He lived in a village on one of the glorious moors of the north of England ; and by bairns he meant children, as every Northman knows.

“Bairns are a burden,” and he sighed.

“Bairns are a blessing,” said the old lady in the window. It was the Tailor’s mother who spoke. She was a very old woman, and helpless. She was past housework, but all day she sat knitting hearth-rugs out of the bits and scraps of cloth that were shred in the tailoring.

“Bairns are a blessing !” said she. “It is the family motto.”

“Are they ?” said the Tailor.

He had a high respect for his mother, and did not like to contradict her, but he held to his own opinion.

“Look at Tommy,” he broke out suddenly. “That boy does nothing but whittle sticks from morning till night. I have almost to lug him out of bed o’ morn-

ings. If I send him on an errand, he loiters ; I'd better have gone myself. If I set him to do anything, I have to tell him everything ; I could sooner do it myself. And if he does work, it's done so unwillingly, with such a poor grace ; better, far better, to do it myself."

"There's Johnnie," murmured the old lady, dreamily.

"He has a face like an apple."

"And is about as useful," said the Tailor. As the father spoke, the two boys entered. They were locked together by two grubby paws, and had each an armful of moss, which they dropped on the floor as they came in.

"I've swept this floor once to-day," said the father, "and I'm not going to do it again. Put that rubbish outside."

"Move it, Johnnie!" said his brother, seating himself on a stool, and taking out his knife and a piece of wood, at which he cut and sliced ; while the apple-cheeked Johnnie stumbled and stamped over the



moss and scraped it out on the doorstep, leaving long trails of earth behind him, and then sat down also.

"Is there any supper, Father?" asked Tommy.

"No, there is not, sir; unless you know how to get it," said the Tailor; and taking his pipe, he went out of the house.

"Is there really nothing to eat, Granny?" asked the boy.

"No, my bairn, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"What makes Father so cross, Granny?"

"He's wearied, and you don't help him, my dear."

"What could I do, Grandmother?"

"Many little things, if you tried," said the old lady.

"He spent half an hour to-day while you were on the moor, getting turf for the fire, and you could have got it just as well."

"He never told me," said Tommy.

"You might help me a bit, just now, if you would, my laddie," said the old lady, coaxingly; "these bits of cloth want tearing into lengths, and if you get them ready, I can go on knitting. There'll be some food when this mat is done and sold."

"I'll try," said Tommy. "Hold my knife, Johnnie. Will that do, Granny?"

The old lady put down her knitting and looked. "My dear, that's too short. Mercy! I gave the lad a piece to measure by."

"I thought it was the same length. Oh, dear! I am so tired and so hungry." The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor bairns?" said the grandmother.

"Tell us a tale, Granny. If you told us a new one, I shouldn't keep thinking of that bread in the cupboard. Tell us about the Brownie, please. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say, my dear."

"What did he do?"

"He came in before the family was up, and swept up the hearth, and lighted the fire, and set out breakfast, and tidied the room, and did all sorts of housework. But he never would be seen, and was off before they could catch him. But they could hear him laughing and playing about the house sometimes."

"How nice! Did they give him any wages, Granny?"

"No! my dear. He did it for love. They set a pan of clear water for him over night, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk, or cream."

"O Granny! why did he go?"

"The Old Owl knows, my dear; I don't."

"Who's the Old Owl, Granny?"

"I don't exactly know, my dear. Many people used to go and consult the Old Owl at moonrise, in my young days."

"But tell us more about Brownie, please," said Johnnie. "Did he ever live with anybody else?"

"There are plenty of Brownies, or used to be. Some houses had several."

"Oh! I wish ours would come back!" cried both the boys in chorus. "He'd—"

"tidy the room," said Johnnie;

"fetch the turf," said Tommy;

"pick up the chips," said Johnnie,

"sort your scraps," said Tommy;

“and do everything. Oh! I wish he hadn't gone away.”

“What's that?” said the Tailor, coming in at this moment.

“It's the Brownie, Father,” said Tommy. “We are so sorry he went, and do so wish we had one. Would you mind our setting a pan of water? There's no bread and milk.”

“You may set what you like, my lad,” said the Tailor; “and I wish there were bread and milk for your sakes, bairns. You should have it, had I got it. But go to bed now.”

They lugged out a pan, and filled it more quickly than usual, and then went off to bed. Johnnie was soon in the land of dreams, but not so lazy Tommy. He kept thinking about the Brownie, and wondering how he could get one to live in the house. “There's an owl living in the old shed by the pond,” he thought. “It may be the Old Owl herself, and she knows, Granny says. When Father's gone to bed, and the moon rises, I'll go.” Meanwhile he lay down.

The moon rose like gold, and went up into the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes, and ran to the window. “The moon has risen,” said he, and crept softly down through the kitchen, where was the pan of water, but no Brownie, and so out on to the moor.

“Hoot! hoot!” said a voice from the fir plantation behind him. Somebody else was awake, then. “It's the Old Owl,” said Tommy; and there she came, and sailed into the shed by the pond. She sat on a beam that ran across the shed. Tommy had often climbed up for fun; and he climbed up now, and sat face to

face with her, and thought her eyes looked as though they were made of flame.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo," said the Owl, "that's it, is it? I know of two Brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

Tommy was aghast.

"In our house!" he exclaimed. "Whereabouts? Let me rummage them out. Why do they do nothing?"

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl, and she gave herself such a shake as she said it, that the fluff went flying through the shed, and Tommy nearly tumbled off the beam in his fright.

"Then we don't want them," said he. "What is the use of having Brownies if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know how, as no one has told them," said the Owl.

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy; "I could tell them."

"Could you?" said the Owl. "Oohoo! oohoo!" and Tommy couldn't tell whether she was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could," he said. "They might be up and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table, and that sort of thing, before Father came down. Besides, they could see what was wanted. The Brownies did all that in Granny's mother's young days. And then they could tidy the room, and fetch the turf,

and pick up my chips, and sort Granny's scraps. Oh ! there's lots to do."

"So there is," said the Owl. "Oohoo ! Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies ; and if you find him, he will tell you where his brother is. But all this depends upon whether you feel equal to doing it, and whether you will obey me."

"I am quite ready to go," said Tommy, "and I will do as you tell me. I feel sure I could persuade them. If they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful !"

"Oohoo ! oohoo !" said the Owl. "You must go to the north side of the pond when the moon is shining and turn yourself round three times, saying this charm :

Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf—

I looked in the water, and saw——

When you have got so far, look into the water, and at the same moment you will see the Brownie, and think of a word that will fill up the line, and rhyme with 'elf.' "

The moon shone very brightly on the centre of the pond. Tommy knew the place well. He went to the north side, and turning himself three times, as the Old Owl had told him, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in, and saw himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself !" said Tommy. "And what can the word be ? I must have done it wrong. I'll go back and ask the Owl."

And back he went. There sat the Old Owl as before.

"Oohoo !" said she, as Tommy climbed up. "What did you see in the pond ?"

"I saw nothing but myself," said Tommy, indignantly.

"And what did you expect to see?" asked the Owl.

"I expected to see a Brownie," said Tommy; "you told me so."

"And what are Brownies like, pray?" inquired the Owl.

"The one Granny knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man," said Tommy.

"Ah!" said the Owl, "but you know at present this one is an idle little fellow, something like a little man. Oohoo! oohoo! Are you quite sure you didn't see him?"

"Quite," answered Tommy, sharply. "I saw no one but myself."

"Hoot! toot! How touchy we are! And who are you, pray?"

"I am not a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Don't be too sure," said the Owl. "Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy. "I could find no word with any meaning that would rhyme but 'myself.'"

"Well, that runs and rhymes," said the Owl. "What do you want? Where's your brother now?"

"In bed in the malt loft," said Tommy.

"Then, now, all your questions are answered," said the Owl, "and you know what wants doing, so go and do it;" and the old lady began to shake her feathers for a start.

"Don't go yet, please," said Tommy, humbly. "I don't understand it. You know I'm not a Brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are," said the Owl, "and a very idle one, too. All children are Brownies."

"But I couldn't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Couldn't you sweep the floor, light the fire, spread the table, tidy the room, fetch the turf, pick up your own chips, and sort your grandmother's scraps? You know 'there's lots to do.'"

"But I don't think I should like it," said Tommy. "I'd much rather have a Brownie to do it for me."

"And what would you do meanwhile?" asked the Owl. "Be idle, I suppose. And what do you suppose is the use of a man's having children if they do nothing to help him? Ah! if they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"But is it really and truly so?" asked Tommy, in a dismal voice. "Are there no Brownies but children?"

"No, there are not," said the Owl. "Listen to me, Tommy. The Brownies are little people, and can only do little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called Boggarts, and are a curse to the house they live in. When they are useful and helpful, they are Brownies, and are a blessing."

"How nice!" said Tommy.

"Very nice," said the Old Owl. "But what must I say of the Boggarts? Those idle urchins who eat the bread and milk, and don't do the work, who untidy instead of tidying, cause work instead of doing it, and leave little cares to heap on big cares, till the old people who support them are worn out altogether."

"Don't!" said Tommy. "I won't be a Boggart. I'll be a Brownie."

"That's right," nodded the Old Owl.

The next thing he knew the Owl had taken him home, and he found himself in bed, with Johnnie sleeping by his side.

"How quickly we came!" said he; "that is certainly a very clever Old Owl. But how odd that it is morning! Get up, Johnnie," said he. "I've got a story to tell you."

And while Johnnie sat up, and rubbed his eyes open, he related his adventures on the moor.

"Is all that true?" said Johnnie.

"I was there," said Tommy, "and it's all just as I tell you; and I tell you what, if we mean to do anything, we must get up; though, oh dear! I should like to stay in bed."

"I won't be a Boggart," said Johnnie, "it's horrid. But I don't see how we can be Brownies, for I am afraid we can't do the things. I wish I were bigger!"

"I can do it well enough," said Tommy, following his brother's example and getting up. "Do you suppose I can light a fire? Think of all the bonfires we have made! And I don't think I should mind having a regular good tidy-up either. It's that stupid putting-away-things-when-you've-done-with-them that I hate so!"

The Brownies crept softly down the ladder and into the kitchen.

"I'm going to light the fire," said Tommy. "And I say, Johnnie, when you've tidied, just go and grub up a potato or two in the garden, and I'll put them to roast for breakfast. I'm lighting such a bonfire!"

The fire was very successful. Johnnie went after the potatoes, and Tommy cleaned the doorstep, swept

the room, dusted the chairs and the old chest, and set out the table. There was no doubt that he could be handy when he chose. Just as they were finishing, they heard footsteps.

"There's Father!" exclaimed Tommy. "Remember, we mustn't be caught. Run back to bed."

Meanwhile the poor Tailor came wearily downstairs. Day after day, since his wife's death, he had come down every morning to the same sad sight—an untidy room and an empty table. When he came in, he looked around, started, and rubbed his eyes; looked around again, and rubbed them harder; then went up to the fire and held out his hand,—warm, certainly; handled the loaf, stared at the open door and window, the swept floor, and the sunshine pouring in, and finally sat down in wonder. Then he jumped up and ran to the foot of the stairs, shouting: "Mother! Mother! the Brownie has come!"

There was great excitement in the small household that day. The boys kept their own counsel. The old Grandmother was triumphant, and tried not to seem surprised. The Tailor was so astonished that he talked all day of the Brownies. "I've often heard of the Good People," he said, "but this is wonderful! To come and do the work for a pan of cold water! Who could have believed it? I didn't see him, but I thought as I came in I heard a sort of laughing and rustling."

"I say," said Tommy, when both the boys were in bed, "the Old Owl was right, and we must stick to it. But I'll tell you what I don't like, and that is, Father thinking we're idle still. I wish he knew we were the Brownies."

"So do I," said Johnnie; and he sighed.

"I tell you what," said Tommy, "we'll keep quiet for a bit for fear we should leave off; but when we've gone on a good while, I shall tell him."

Day after day went by, and still the Brownies "stuck to it," and did their work. One day a message came to the father offering him two or three days' tailoring in a farmhouse some miles up the valley. When his work was finished, the farmer paid him at once; and the good dame added half a cheese and a bottle-green coat. The Tailor thanked them, said farewell, and went home.

As he came in at the gate he was struck by some idea of change, and looking again, he saw that the garden had been weeded, and was tidy.

"It's that Blessed Brownie!" said the Tailor. "I'll make him a suit of clothes."

"If you make clothes for this Brownie, he'll go for good," said the Grandmother, in a voice of awful warning.

"Not if they're a good fit, Mother. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I shall measure them by Tommy—they say the Brownies are about his size."

The next night the suit was finished, and laid by the bread and milk.

The next morning the Brownies came down as usual.

"Don't they look splendid?" said Tommy, feeling the cloth. "When we've tidied the place, I shall put them on."

But long before the place was tidy, he could wait no longer, and dressed up.

When the Tailor awoke, he heard voices.

"It's the Brownie," he thought; "I must look."

At the door he paused and listened; then he pushed

in, and saw Johnnie sweeping the kitchen and Tommy dancing about in his new suit.

"What's this?" shouted the astonished Tailor, when he could find breath to speak.

"It's the Brownies," sang the boys.

"Where *is* Brownie?" shouted the father.

"He's here," said Tommy; "we are the Brownies."

"Can't you stop that fooling?" cried the Tailor, angrily. "This is past a joke. Where is the real Brownie, I say?"

"We are the only Brownies, Father," said Tommy. "Ask the Old Owl. It's true, really."

"I suppose I'm getting old," he said; "I can't understand. If you are the Brownie, who has been tidying the kitchen lately?"

"We have," said they.

"And who sorts your grandmother's scraps?"

"We do," said they.

"And who sets breakfast, and puts my things in order?"

"We do," said they.

"But when do you do it?" asked the Tailor.

"Before you come down," said they.

"But I always have to call you," said the Tailor.

"We get back to bed again," said the boys.

"But how was it you never did it before?" asked the Tailor.

"We were idle, we were idle," said Tommy.

The Tailor's voice rose: "But if you do the work," he shouted, "*where is the Brownie?*"

"Here!" cried the boys, "and we are very sorry that we were Boggarts so long."

—Adapted from JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THE OVERLAND MAIL

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
 O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
 The woods are astir at the close of the day—
 We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
 Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
 In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
 He turns to the footpath that leads up the hill—
 The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
 And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post-office bill;—
 “Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
 Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by
 the cliff.

Does the tempest cry “Halt”? What are tempests
 to him?

The Service admits not a “but” or an “if”;
 While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear without
 fail,

In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose oak, from rose oak to fir,
 From level to upland, from upland to crest,
 From rice field to rock ridge, from rock ridge to spur,
 Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown
 chest.

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
 Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—
A jingle of bells on the footpath below—
There's a scuffle above in the monkeys' abode—
The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail :—
“ In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.”

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

PUBLIC SPIRIT

The disfiguring of any part of a dwelling or its surroundings, as, for instance, street railings, or a plot of ground where flowers grow, is a despicable and unmanly thing, altogether unworthy of boys with the power of reflection. It is not the owner of the house only that is annoyed when his newly-painted railings are besmirched or his growing flowers plucked up in the early morning. It is for the public at large as well as for himself that a householder tries to beautify his dwelling. Growing flowers do not confine their fragrance to those who own them, nor do their colours and appearance give only a selfish pleasure, for all who look may share the joy of beholding them. They contribute to the beauty of streets, and the beauty of its streets forms the beauty of a town. Can boys not learn to love whatever is beautiful in the city they dwell in, rather than try to deface or destroy it? The safeguarding of trees and shrubbery, and grass and flowers, in streets and public parks, should be the pleasure of all citizens, young and old.

—FROM PLAIN WORDS ON DUTY AND CONDUCT.

THE TWO DEALERS

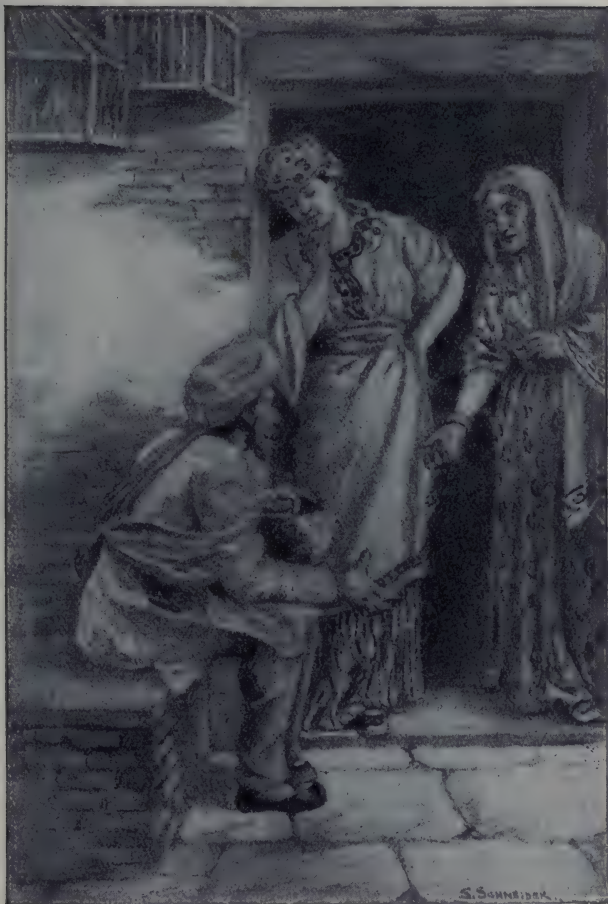
Thousands of years ago there were two men who were dealers in pots and pans. One was generous and honest ; the other was greedy and dishonest. They lived in the same city, and agreed that each should have a particular portion of the city, in which to sell his wares. However, each was allowed to enter the streets where the other had already offered his goods for sale.

In the city lived an old woman with her granddaughter. They belonged to a family that once was very rich, but through misfortune they were now very poor. They had in their possession a golden bowl out of which the former head of the family used to eat. But, as it had been thrown away among the pots and pans, and had not been used for many years, it was covered with grime, so that they did not know that it was gold.

One day the greedy merchant came to the door to sell his wares. The girl asked her grandmother to buy her a trinket. Her grandmother loved her very much, but she knew that they were poor. She asked her granddaughter what they could exchange for it.

" Why," said the girl, " here is this bowl. It is of no use to us."

So the old woman offered the bowl to the dealer in exchange for a trinket for the girl. He took it, and examined it carefully. Suspecting that it was gold, he scratched it in order to determine whether it really was made of that metal. Hoping that later he might secure the bowl for nothing, he shouted : " It isn't



SELLING THE BOWL

worth a half-farthing," and throwing it down, he left the house.

Soon after, the kind and honest dealer came along, crying, "Water-pots to sell!" Again the young girl asked her grandmother to buy her a trinket. "But," said the old woman, "the first dealer said that the bowl isn't worth half a farthing. What have we to offer to this merchant?"

"Oh," said the girl, "the first man was harsh and unkind. But this man seems different. Perhaps he will accept the bowl in exchange."

The old woman called the dealer in and showed him the bowl. He soon saw that it was gold, and said: "Mother, this is a very valuable bowl. It is worth a hundred thousand pieces. I haven't that much money with me."

"But," said the old woman, "another dealer said it was not worth a half-farthing, and threw it on the ground. You may have it; only give us something in exchange for it."

The honest dealer had five hundred coins with him, and his wares were worth as much more. He gave all this in exchange for the bowl, keeping only eight pieces, his scales, and his bag for himself. Then he hastened to the river side, and giving the eight coins to the boatman got into the boat.

Later the dishonest dealer returned to the house, and offered something for the bowl. But the old woman was indignant, and told him that he had tried to deceive them, by saying that it was not worth a half-farthing. She said an honest dealer had given them a thousand pieces of money for it and had taken the bowl with him.

The greedy merchant was very angry. He accused the other man of robbing him of the golden bowl. In his anger he threw away his money and wares at the door of the house, and hastened to the river side in pursuit of the honest dealer. But he was too late to overtake him. When he reached the river, the other man was already crossing. The angry merchant shouted to the boatman to turn back, but he, at the request of the man in the boat, refused to do so.

As he watched the boat moving farther and farther away the greedy merchant was filled with disappointment and hate. He had a weak heart, and his anger so affected it, that he died then and there, a victim of dishonesty and hatred.

—Retold from THE JATAKA.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade,
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;
 So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;

Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?
Sweets for hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
 And golden orange of the line,
 The fruit of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this little apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
 Born in the rude but good old times;
 'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
 On planting the apple tree."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SYLVAIN AND JOCOSA

Once upon a time there lived in the same village two children, one called Sylvain and the other Jocosa, who were both remarkable for beauty and intelligence. It happened that their parents were not on terms of friendship with each other, on account of some old quarrel, which had taken place so long ago that they had quite forgotten what it was all about, and only kept up the feud from force of habit. Sylvain and Jocosa for their parts were far from sharing this enmity, and indeed were never happy when apart. Day after day they fed their flocks of sheep together, and spent the long sunshiny hours in playing or resting upon some shady bank.

It happened one day that the fairy of the meadows passed by and saw them, and was so much attracted by their pretty faces and gentle manners that she took them under her protection, and the older they grew the dearer they became to her. At first she showed her interest by leaving in their favourite haunts many little gifts such as they delighted to offer one to the other, for they loved each other so much that their first thought was always, "What will Jocosa like?" or, "What will please Sylvain?" and the fairy took a great delight in their innocent enjoyment of the cakes and sweetmeats she gave them nearly every day.

When they were grown up, she resolved to make herself known to them, and chose a time when they were sheltering from the noonday sun in the deep shade of a flowery hedgerow. They were startled at first by the sudden appearance of a tall and slender lady dressed

all in green and crowned with a garland of flowers. But when she spoke to them sweetly and told them how she had always loved them, and that it was she who had given them all the pretty things which it had so surprised them to find, they thanked her gratefully and took pleasure in answering the questions she put to them. When she presently bade them farewell, she told them never to tell any one else that they had seen her. "You will often see me again," added she, "and I shall be with you frequently, even when you do not see me." So saying she vanished, leaving them in a state of great wonder and excitement.

After this she came often, and taught them numbers of things and showed them many of the marvels of her beautiful kingdom, and at last one day she said to them: "You know that I have always been kind to you. Now I think it is time you did something for me in your turn. You both remember the fountain I call my favourite? Promise me that every morning before the sun rises you will go to it and clear away every stone that impedes its course and every dead leaf or broken twig that sullies its clear waters. I shall take it as a proof of your gratitude to me if you neither forget nor delay this duty, and I promise that so long as the sun's earliest rays find my favourite spring the clearest and sweetest in all my meadows you two shall not be parted from each other."

Sylvain and Jocosa willingly undertook this service, and indeed felt that it was but a very small thing in return for all that the fairy had given and promised them. So for a long time the fountain was very carefully tended, and was the clearest and prettiest in all the country round.

But one morning in the spring, long before the sun rose, they were hastening towards it from opposite directions, when, tempted by the beauty of the myriads of gay flowers which grew thickly on all sides, they paused each to gather some for the other. "I shall make Sylvain a garland," said Jocosa, and "How pretty Jocosa will look in this crown!" thought Sylvain.

Hither and thither they strayed, led ever farther and farther, for the brightest flowers seemed always just beyond them, until at last they were startled by the first bright rays of the rising sun. With one accord they turned and ran towards the fountain, reaching it at the same moment, though from opposite sides.

But what was their horror to see its usually tranquil waters seething and bubbling, and even as they looked, down rushed a mighty stream, which entirely engulfed it, and Sylvain and Jocosa found themselves parted by a wide and swiftly rushing river. All this had happened with such rapidity that they had time only to utter a cry and to hold up to each other the flowers they had gathered; but this was explanation enough. Twenty times did Sylvain throw himself into the turbulent waters, hoping to be able to swim to the other side but each time an irresistible force drove him back upon the bank he had just quitted, while as for Jocosa, she even tried to cross the flood upon a tree which came floating down, torn up by the roots, but her efforts were equally useless.

Then with heavy hearts they set out to follow the course of the stream, which had now grown so wide that it was only with difficulty they could distinguish each other. Night and day, over mountains and through

valleys, in cold or in heat, they struggled on, enduring fatigue and hunger and every hardship, and consoled only by the hope of meeting once more, until three years had passed, and at last they stood upon the cliffs where the river flowed into the mighty sea.

And now they seemed farther apart than ever, and in despair they tried once more to throw themselves into the foaming waves. But the fairy of the meadows, who had really never ceased to watch over them, did not intend that they should be drowned at last, so she hastily waved her wand, and immediately they found themselves standing side by side upon the golden sand.

You may imagine their joy and delight when they realized that their weary struggle was ended, and their utter contentment as they clasped each other by the hand. They had so much to say that they hardly knew where to begin, but they agreed in blaming themselves bitterly for the negligence which had caused all their trouble ; and when she heard this, the fairy immediately appeared to them. They threw themselves at her feet and implored her forgiveness, which she granted freely, and promised at the same time that now their punishment was ended she would always befriend them. Then she sent for her chariot of green rushes, ornamented with May dewdrops, which she particularly valued and always collected with great care ; and ordered her six short-tailed moles to carry them all back to the well-known pastures, which they did in a remarkably short time ; and Sylvain and Jocosa were overjoyed to see their dearly loved home once more after all their toilsome wanderings.

The fairy, who had set her mind upon securing their

happiness, had in their absence quite made up the quarrel between their parents and gained their consent to the marriage of the faithful lovers ; and now she conducted them to the most charming little cottage that can be imagined, close to the fountain, which had once more resumed its peaceful aspect and flowed gently down into the little brook which inclosed the garden and orchard and pasture which belonged to the cottage. Indeed, nothing more could have been thought of, either for Sylvain and Jocosa or for their flocks ; and their delight satisfied even the fairy who had planned it all to please them.

When they had explored and admired until they were tired, they sat down to rest under the rose-covered porch, and the fairy said : “ This little cottage and all that belongs to it is a gift more likely to bring you happiness and contentment than many things that would at first seem grander and more desirable. If you will faithfully promise me to till your fields and feed your flocks, and will keep your word better than you did before, I will see that you never lack anything that is really for your good.”

Sylvain and Jocosa gave their faithful promise, and as they kept it they always enjoyed peace and prosperity. The fairy had asked all their friends and neighbours to their wedding, which took place at once with great festivities and rejoicings, and they lived to a good old age, always loving each other with all their hearts.

—ANDREW LANG.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

The celebrated English composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, was once asked to say what he considered, from his own experience, the best way for boys to get on in life. This is what he said, and boys would do well to learn a lesson from his words :

“ Perhaps the thing that I—and, in fact, all men who have got on in the world—feel to be one of the greatest things to bear in mind is : ‘ Whatever you do, do it as well as you possibly can.’ It is the old proverb over again : ‘ What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.’ Always aim to do your present occupation to the very best of your ability. It is a first-rate thing for a boy, when he has done anything, to feel—‘ Well, that is the best thing I have ever done.’ It may not be, very often is not, and very soon he will get dissatisfied with it and try to better it.

“ I remember once in my earlier days, I was doing some little stage music for an opera, and I was worried because it took me so long and gave me so much trouble. I could not do it superficially. It was only a little thing, and yet I felt that I had put my whole being into it. I took as much pains as if it had been some great work, and the consciousness of this bothered me, and I one day said as much to Beverley—you know, the great scene painter. His reply has stuck to me ever since. ‘ That is how it should be. If I had to paint a brick wall I should take as much trouble over it as if it were a miniature of the Queen.’ That is the spirit in which to set about life.”

—SELECTED.

SPRING

The rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming
 Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the
 Spring.

You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her
 cheek is blooming :

It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the green
 wood ringing,

Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds
 were blowing keen :

And if, mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
 It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are
 green.

Thus each performs his part, mamma: the birds have
 found their voices,

The blowing rose a flush, mamma, her bonny cheek
 to dye ;

And there's sunshine in my heart, mamma, which
 wakens and rejoices,

And so I sing and blush, mamma, and that's the
 reason why.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Example sheds a genial ray

Of light that men are apt to borrow ;

So first improve *yourself* to-day,

And then improve *your friends* to-morrow.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause for complaint suddenly stopped early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy Wire," exclaimed the Dial-plate.

"As to that," replied the Pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the Dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"But what of that?" resumed the Pendulum. "Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for one instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

"This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?"

The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, replied: "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the Pendulum.

"Well, I appeal to you all whether the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder that I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, I thought to myself: 'I'll stop!'"

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do more; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is: Will it fatigue us to *do*? Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed until noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging the Pendulum to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

—JANE TAYLOR.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.

ABU MIDJAN

Underneath a tree at noontide
Abu Midjan sits distressed,
Fetters on his wrists and ankles,
And his chin upon his breast ;

For the Emir's guard had taken,
As they passed from line to line,
Reeling in the camp at midnight,
Abu Midjan drunk with wine.

Now he sits and rolls uneasy,
Very fretful, for he hears,
Near at hand, the shout of battle,
And the din of driving spears.

Both his heels in wrath are digging
Trenches in the grassy soil,
And his fingers clutch and loosen,
Dreaming of the Persian spoil.

To the garden, over-weary
Of the sound of hoof and sword,
Came the Emir's gentle lady
Anxious for her fighting lord.

Very sadly, Abu Midjan,
Hanging down his head for shame,
Spake in words of soft appealing
To the tender-hearted dame :

“ Lady, while the doubtful battle
Ebbs and flows upon the plains,
Here in sorrow, meek and idle,
Abu Midjan sits in chains.

“ Surely Saad would be safer
For the strength of even me ;
Give me then his armour, Lady,
And his horse, and set me free.

“ When the day of fight is over,
With the spoil that he may earn,
To his chains, if he is living,
Abu Midjan will return.”

She, in wonder and compassion,
Had not heart to say him nay ;
So, with Saad's horse and armour,
Abu Midjan rode away.

Happy from the fight at even
Saad told his wife at meat,
How the army had been succoured
In the fiercest battle-heat,

By a stranger horseman, coming
When their hands were most in need,
And he bore the arms of Saad,
And was mounted on his steed ;

How the faithful battled forward,
Mighty where the stranger trod,
Till they deemed him more than mortal,
And an angel sent from God.

Then the lady told her master
 How she gave the horse and mail
 To the drunkard, and had taken
 Abu Midjan's word for bail.

To the garden went the Emir,
 Running to the tree, and found,
 Torn with many wounds and bleeding,
 Abu Midjan meek and bound.

And the Emir loosed him, saying,
 As he gave his hand for sign,
 "Never more shall Saad's fetters,
 Chafe thee for a draught of wine."

Three times to the ground in silence
 Abu Midjan bent his head ;
 Then with glowing eyes uplifted,
 To the Emir spake and said :

"While an earthly lord controlled me,
 All things for the wine I bore ;
 Now since God alone doth judge me,
 Abu Midjan drinks no more."

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Priceless gem, the pearl of Truth !
 Brightest ornament of youth !
 Seek to wear it in thy crown ;
 Then, if all the world should frown,
 Thou hast won a glorious prize,
 That will guide thee to the skies.

THE FOUR HEBREW BOYS

It happened that there was a great war between the kings of Persia and Egypt, and the boy Daniel and many of his young companions were carried off from their own beloved land to be slaves in Babylon. Nebuchadnezzar, with his conquering army of chariots and archers, horses and footmen, had passed through Canaan, carrying everything before him on his way to the wars in Egypt, so that he easily defeated the King of Judah and his tribesmen. Nebuchadnezzar took the Jewish king a prisoner, and after keeping him in chains for a time, set him free to rule over Jerusalem as his servant ; but he did not let everybody off so easily. The city temples were always the richest places to plunder, just as the banks would be now ; and he plundered Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, and packing all the brass dishes and cups of silver and gold upon camels and asses, he took them away to enrich Babylon. He also took many people to be slaves, and among them Daniel and his three Hebrew companions, Mishaël, Hananiah, and Azariah, because they were handsome boys, belonging to good families of the tribe of Judah.

Guarded by soldiers with spears and shields, the bands of sorrowing prisoners went away by the old caravan road past Damascus of the palm trees, and round the edge of the great Syrian desert, until they came to the vast city of Babylon. The gates were of brass, and a river ran through the city to give the people water, and everywhere green palm trees grew among the houses, while the greatest wonders of all

were the hanging gardens, made on the top of very high brick arches, and filled with flowers and trees, to please the queen.

All the captive boys were given in charge of the chief of the king's slaves, and the king took a fancy to have some of the sons of Jewish nobles taught the language and learning of Chaldea, and brought up as princes of Babylon, that they might tell their countrymen of all his greatness. The chief of the slaves looked at the Jewish boys, and picked out a goodly number to be thus educated, among whom were Daniel and his three companions, with their ruddy brown cheeks and dark eyes.

The generous king also said that they were to be fed with dainties and wine from his own table, and besides placing them under schoolmasters he gave them Chaldean names. Daniel was to be Belteshazzar, Hananiah was Shadrech, Mishaël was Meshach, and Azariah was Abednego. Now Daniel had been taught at home that it was wrong to eat meat that was not prepared in the true Jewish fashion, and wrong to drink wine at all, and he told this to the chief of the slaves, and begged him to let them have other food than the king's food. Their keeper replied that they would not thrive if he gave them plain food, and the king would be very angry if he heard that they were not eating the king's food, and would cut off his head.

Daniel begged for a trial of only ten days, during which the four boys would live on barley and water; and if at the end of that time they did not look so well as the other boys who had been fed on the king's dainties and wine, then they would eat anything he liked to give them. At the end of the ten days they were all

examined, and the faces of Daniel and his friends were seen to be fairer and their bodies fatter than those of the other boys. So the chief over the king's slaves did not ask them any more to eat of the king's dainties, but gave them the plain food they asked for.

They worked at their studies of visions and dreams and Chaldean wisdom ; and when the time came for them to appear before the king, they looked so well that the great king was pleased, and talked with all the Jewish boys, but he found that there were none equal to Daniel and his three companions. So he appointed these four to stand among the wise men in his palace, with its floor of red and green marble and its roof of painted cedar ; and in wisdom he found them ten times better than the magicians and enchanters of his own people.

These Jewish boys resisted the temptation to eat the king's dainties and drink the king's wine, and asked for the plain food to which they were accustomed at home, and so they were able to study hard and lay up wisdom ; and Paul, the great apostle, many years afterwards taught the people temperance of the same kind when he said : " Be temperate in all things ; for the kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit."

—Told by ROBERT BIRD.

From " One Hundred Bible Stories,"

by kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

He who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.

CONSCIENCE

Boys are often in doubt as to which of two courses may be the proper one to take, and are tempted to take one course because it is more pleasant or easy than the one which their conscience tells them is the right one. If ever you are in such a doubt there is an easy way of deciding. It is to ask your conscience—"Which is it my duty to take?" and it will nearly always guide you right. In this way you will soon find that it comes as a habit to do your duty to your leader, whether that be your teacher, or the head of your department, or your employer, or your officer, or your King. Remember always that in thus doing conscientiously your duty to your leader, you are also doing your duty to God. And remember also that as you boys may often, without knowing it perhaps, be imitating the examples of men before you, so also, unknown to you, there may be, and no doubt are, other boys watching you and imitating your example. So let your example to them be always a good one. In this way the boys and men of Canada will in a short time be what the best of them now are, a body of citizens living honourably up to what their conscience tells them is their duty.

—SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

I am glad a task to me is given,
To labour at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel;
But hand, you shall work alway."

NOBILITY

True worth is in *being*, not *seeming*,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honour,
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth ;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—ALICE CARY.

THE EARLY DAYS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The story of this brave and gentle hero, and of his noble toil for the sake of other men, is truly a tale of more than ordinary wonder.

Few men's lives can better show how even the poorest and weakest can gain for themselves the power to do great things, and to make the harder paths of life more easy for those who follow. For David Livingstone began life in a workman's cottage, without knowledge or skill, and without money to obtain them. Yet, when he died, the world was so full of praise and wonder at his work that his body was brought from Africa to rest in Westminster Abbey among the graves of his country's greatest men. He had grown to be a great

pioneer, an explorer, a scientist, a doctor, a missionary, and a freer of slaves.

In thirty years he travelled 29,000 miles, through the wild and unknown parts of Africa, exploring rivers, lakes, plains, forests, and mountains. He found out places where white settlers might make farms and plantations in health and safety. He sought for paths and waterways by which they might bring their cotton, grain, coffee, sugar, ivory, and skins to the seaports for sale. Among the black tribes he made many friends, doctored their sick, and lost no chance of showing them how to do their duty to God and make better use of their lives.

But his last and greatest work was to follow up the slave-hunters, and make known in England all the brutal and wicked horrors of the slave-trade. This was the work that wore him to death, but his noble self-sacrifice roused his countrymen to take possession of Central Africa and put an end to slavery. And if we look into his life, we shall find that the power to do all this came little by little, and day by day, from one simple source, namely, his earnest and unselfish desire to show his love for God by doing good to men. He was always trying to help and befriend others, and this made other men befriend him and give him the means of carrying on his work.

Livingstone's forefathers were Highlanders, who lived in the wild and lonely island of Ulva, till hard times drove the family to settle in the village of Blantyre, among the Lanarkshire cotton-mills, where work was more plentiful. Here David was born in the year 1813. His father, Neil Livingstone, an honest, steady, and hard-working man, took a great interest in all

that was going on in the world. He was a great reader in many subjects, but was especially fond of books on missionary work. From him David inherited his Highland pluck and hardihood, and also his thirst for every kind of knowledge.

His mother, Agnes Hunter, came of an old family which, in the days of the Covenanter persecution, had been driven from home to the hills, and had risked torture and death rather than do what they believed to be wrong. She gave him her gentle and kindly nature, and taught him to be neat, orderly, and exact. From her tender but firm upbringing also, he gained the brave grip of truth, honour, and justice that makes men do and dare all things for duty's sake. This was his heritage from his parents, and it proved of more value to him than all the money on earth.

At the village school of Blantyre David soon learned to read and write. So poor, however, were his parents, that they had to take him away from his lessons at the early age of ten, and set him to work in a cotton-mill. Summer and winter, wet or fine, he had to appear at the factory at six in the morning; and stay there till eight at night, with short spaces allowed him for meals. Fourteen hours a day at the mill might well have broken his pluck and ruined his health as, indeed, happened to many poor children, but David was made of harder stuff. He was bent on getting knowledge by some means or other. Very quickly he learned to work the machine called the "spinning jenny," and was then raised to be a spinner with a small wage.

The first half-crown of his earnings he took home, and slipped it into his mother's lap. To him it was a small fortune, and would have brought him many

coveted things, but he thought of his mother's wants before his own. Later on, as he earned more wages, he bought himself books, and these he used to fix on the "jenny," snatching a few lines from them whenever he could spare an eye from his work. His hard and tiring day at the mill was long enough for any one, but in spite of this he joined night classes and sat up reading till sometimes his mother took away his books and drove him to bed.

His holidays were spent in ranging over the countryside with his brothers and sisters, and here, too, nothing escaped his keen eye and love of knowledge. Every animal, bird, insect, and plant was an interest to him, and he studied them closely, trying to find out all he could about their forms and habits. And while he thus began to learn the wonderful science of nature, he never dreamed that one day in the wilds of Africa he would use his knowledge in digging roots for his supper, or in avoiding vicious beasts and poisonous snakes.

As the years went on he grew restless, and was sometimes not very happy, without quite knowing why. In reality his mind was growing very fast, and wanted bigger and better work than watching the mill-wheels. Spinning cotton was useful enough in its way, but he wanted to do for mankind something greater and more lasting than that. His father had many books and papers on mission work in China and India, and as David read of the wonderful beauty of these countries, and the ignorance and cruelty of their peoples, he sometimes thought he would like to be a missionary. The idea returned to him again and again, but he kept doubting whether he was the right person for the work.

One day, however, when he was twenty years old, he happened to read a booklet that told such sad tales about the poor of China that his mind was troubled and stirred. So heavily did the story of human suffering and wrong weigh upon him that he began to take his country walks alone, in order to think the matter over undisturbed. Every morning he asked himself if he could do something to help, and every night he went to bed with the question still unanswered.

But at last there came an evening when he found an answer that made his way quite clear. He watched the sunset lights creep off the hills and clouds and die away in the growing starlight. He heard the thrush, all grateful for the joy of life, sing out its evensong till the calm hush of night stole over the tired world. The peace and beauty of it all seemed to make him sadder than ever. In such a lovely world, where there was room for all, food for all, and joy enough for all, it seemed to him so utterly strange that men could ever even want to cheat, rob, bully, and kill each other, and grab for themselves more than they could possibly use. The depth of his own sadness made him remember how once, in the stillness of the sunset hour, Jesus of Nazareth had wandered into an olive grove, and there had wept in bitter grief over the troubles of men. In a moment his mind was made up. He walked home with a brisk step and light heart, and told his parents that he was going to college at Glasgow to learn to be a doctor ; and then he would go out to the far East to help the sick, and to tell men how they could make the world better and happier.

David lost no time in carrying out his plan, and at once began to put by all he could from his earnings

at the cotton-mill. Want of money was his chief difficulty. Indeed, when at last he went up to Glasgow, he and his father walked all the way, and then had to trudge the streets till they found a lodging for David that cost no more than two shillings a week.

It was a hard struggle for young Livingstone, but still, by spending his savings very carefully, he managed to keep at his studies for a whole winter. Then he was forced to go back to the cotton-mills in order to save more money to pay for another winter's training. He was a quick and thorough learner, and at once it became quite clear to those who taught him that he would soon be fit for the life he had chosen.

His own idea was to go among the natives as a plain and simple man ; and in this way he hoped to win their love and respect, and to lead them towards a nobler life. But his family and friends so strongly advised him to take the usual course of training that he yielded to their wishes, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society. His offer was accepted, and after a short examination in London before the governors of the Society, he was sent to Ongar, in Essex, for three months' training among the other missionary students.

Here, with his usual care and thoroughness, he quickly learned all that was set before him, but there was one thing he never could master ; do what he would, he never could learn to preach. Once he was sent to a neighbouring parish with a most carefully prepared sermon ; but he could get no further than the text, and so with a hasty apology he fled from the pulpit. Probably that was the only time in his life that he ran away from anything ; but the event nearly ended his career.

His failure in preaching vexed the soul of his pastor so much that Livingstone was sent back to the governors at the end of the three months with a bad report of his powers as a missionary. On the strength of this report he was nearly sent away as useless. One of the governors, however, who was wiser than his fellows, saw that Livingstone could both think well and do well, although he could not talk well. He accordingly took the young student's part, and insisted that he should have a further trial at Ongar. The result of this timely aid was that, after three more months of study, no one doubted Livingstone's fitness, and so in the year 1840 he was formally ordained a missionary.

Meanwhile, war had broken out in China, and no one could go there in safety. This was a disappointment to Livingstone, but while waiting for peace he would not be idle, so he went on with his medical studies at London, and also took his degree as a physician and surgeon at Glasgow. But the war still dragged on, and rather than waste any time, he decided to go to Africa; and accordingly, on December 8th, 1840, he set sail for that vast and unknown continent, into which he was one day to bring new light, new hope, and new freedom.

—VAUTIER GOLDING.

From "The Story of David Livingstone,"

by kind permission of T. C. and E. C. Jack.

Do not look for wrong and evil—
 You will find them if you do;
 As you measure for your neighbour,
 He will measure back to you.

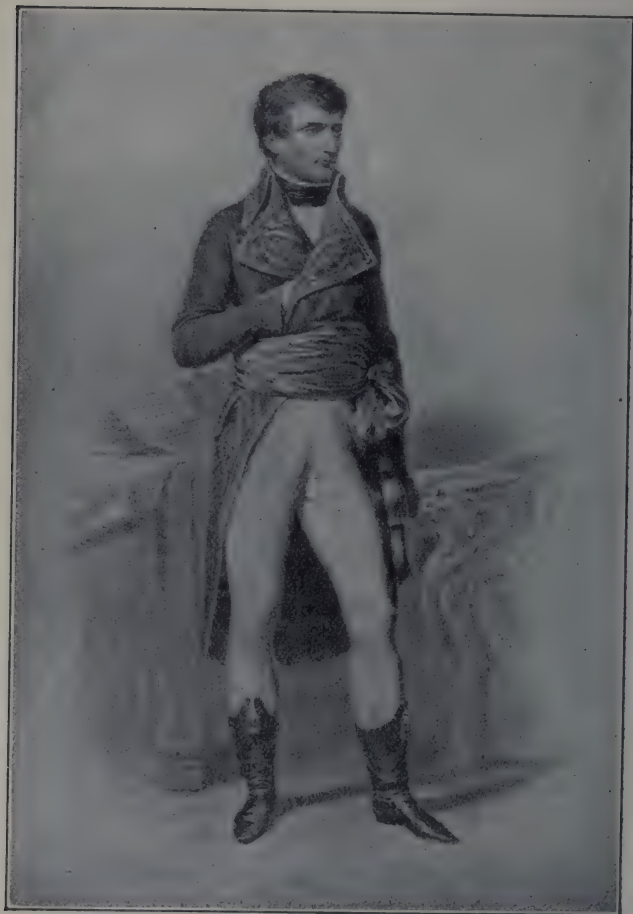
NAPOLEON AND THE ALPS

Napoleon Bonaparte was one of the greatest generals in history. So skilful and powerful was he that, at one time, nearly all of Europe stood in awe and dread of him. He was very ambitious, and was desirous of extending his power far beyond the boundaries of France, of which country he was emperor.

Napoleon resolved to invade Italy. But, in order to do this, it was necessary for him to cross the Alps with a large army. This, however, seemed an almost impossible task. Men were sent to examine the narrow and dangerous passes. To them it seemed a perilous and almost useless undertaking. The obstacles were so many, and so great, that it seemed very doubtful whether a large army, with its baggage and artillery, could overcome them.

But Napoleon was a man of great determination. He had an iron will that would not yield to difficulties that discouraged other men. He would not listen to the unfavourable reports of his men concerning the chances of success in trying to cross the Alps. He resolved to make the attempt. After making careful preparation, he gave the command to march. An army of sixty thousand men moved forward. With horses and cannon they formed a line nearly twenty miles long.

Of course, the march was remarkable. There were many steep and rugged places to surmount. At such times the inspiring command to charge was sounded through the trumpets. The soldiers responded by making desperate efforts, and they usually succeeded.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Finally, all difficulties were overcome, and Napoleon's army had crossed the Alps. It was not long before they were on the plains of Italy.

It was Napoleon's belief that the man who had once resolved to conquer would never say "Impossible."

—SELECTED.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND THE SHANNON

The 1st of June has long been a glorious day in the annals of the British navy. It was then, in the year 1665, that the Duke of York and Sir William Penn defeated the Dutch Fleet at Solebay ; and on the same day, in 1794, Lord Howe gained his famous victory over the French. But the 1st of June upon which our story opens was that of 1813, the second year of the American war. Great Britain had, for many years, been engaged in an unequal contest with the giant power of the first Napoleon. Victorious upon her native element, she was also driving his armies from the soil of Spain, and was tasking all her powers in men and money to the utmost, in order to bring a long and exhaustive struggle to a happy conclusion. When, however, she claimed and exercised the right to search American ships for naval deserters, the Republic objected and, taking advantage of Britain's difficulties, declared war against her on the 18th of June, 1812, exactly three years before the battle of Waterloo.

Then commenced a sad and unjust war ; sad, because it was between people of the same blood and language ; and unjust, because the Americans had no

real ground of provocation. The United States carried on the war both by land and by sea, invading Canada with their armies, and attacking British frigates and merchant vessels upon the ocean. No large men-of-war could be spared from their duty upon the European coast to oppose the ships of the enemy, which, on account of their superior size and armament, had already succeeded in capturing several of the smaller British craft. "England had so long regarded her naval supremacy as indisputable, and had been rendered so confident by a long series of ocean victories, that, at first, she treated the American war with undisguised contempt. On the other hand, the Americans, aware of the importance of damaging the world's belief in England's invincibility, quickly put to sea several powerful men-of-war, heavily armed and fully manned, which they, nevertheless, designated 'frigates' and 'sloops.' It was then with a burst of indignation, wrath, and wonder, that England heard of disgrace after disgrace, disaster upon disaster, of English frigates captured by American frigates, and English sloops by American sloops,—until it seemed as if the boasted prowess of our sailors had suddenly disappeared, and the knell of England's power was to be rung by her youthful and aggressive offspring.

"The war spirit, which had hitherto slumbered in the Saxon heart, shot up into a sudden flame, and from north to south, and east to west, went forth the cry that the honour of England must be avenged. It was while public feeling was thus unnaturally excited, that a single ship restored the old and just belief in our maritime renown. That ship was the frigate *Shannon*, whose gallant encounter with the *Chesapeake* is one

of the most stirring episodes in all our naval history."

During the long month of May the *Shannon* blockaded Boston harbour, waiting for the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight a fair battle upon the open sea. The two ships were well matched, but the advantage was on the side of the American ; for, although it had no more guns than the British ship, they were of heavier calibre, and threw not only the legitimate shot and ball, but star and chain shot, with other equally dangerous and barbarous missiles. Its crew, also, was stronger than that of the *Shannon* by seventy men, and the vessel was about seventy tons larger, so that one would have thought Captain Lawrence had little to fear in the event of an encounter. In spite, however, of the many challenges which Captain Broke sent to him during the month of May, he obstinately refused to emerge from his secure position in Boston harbour.

About noon, however, on the 1st day of June, just as Captain Broke had sent off a discharged prisoner with a formal challenge to the commander of the *Chesapeake*, that vessel set sail from the harbour, accompanied by a large fleet of pleasure boats, in which the good people of Boston expected to witness a great naval victory ; and so they did, but, unfortunately for them, the victory was on the wrong side. Five long anxious hours were spent by both vessels in getting out into the open sea, so that they might there fight a fair battle upon neutral waters. When about six leagues' distance from the harbour, the *Shannon* lay to and waited for the *Chesapeake* to come within range. On she came with a fair wind, the stars and stripes

flying gaily from the mizzen royal topmasthead, the peak, and the main rigging; contrasting strangely with the *Shannon's* plain union jack at the fore, and her "old rusty blue ensign at the mizzen peak." But old and rusty as the British colours were, they were worth all the brand new bunting in the world, for the flag was there "that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." In addition to the ensigns above mentioned, the *Chesapeake* hung out at the fore a large white flag, inscribed with the motto, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade," which the Americans foolishly thought would make the British tars turn traitors to their country.

About a quarter to six o'clock the *Chesapeake* came up within fifty yards of the *Shannon*. Then a cheer arose from the American ship, followed by a shot from the British frigate. Thirteen such single shots passed from vessel to vessel, followed by crashing timbers, and the groans of wounded and dying men. Then the *Chesapeake* poured in a broadside; the *Shannon* replied, and, for a few minutes, the decks of the opposing frigates were swept by the iron hail, driving the men from their quarters in which no human being could live. Now a well-aimed shot, for the *Shannon's* crew are splendid gunners, brings down the steersman of the *Chesapeake*; she falls sharp to the wind, and exposes herself to the full sweep of the British fire. Already Captain Lawrence has fallen mortally wounded, exclaiming with his last breath, "Don't give up the ship;" for he was a brave man and a good officer.

A terrible volley is poured into the sternports of the *Chesapeake*, and the second officer in command wishes

to get the vessel away from her gallant British enemy ; but Broke will not let him, and so the two ships fall aboard one another. " Lash them together," cries the captain of the *Shannon*, and brave men strive to bind the frigates fast, while the enemy is raining musketry upon them, and Stevens, the veteran boatswain, has his left arm literally hacked off with repeated swordcuts. The rest of the *Shannon's* crew are boarders ; the Americans are expecting them and a large barrel of unslacked lime is at hand to throw in the faces of the British seamen ; but, by a just retribution, a shot strikes the barrel, and its contents are dashed into the eyes of those who contrived the cowardly stratagem. In less time than it requires to tell the story, the boarders are ready, seamen with pikes, pistol, and cutlass, and marines with musket and bayonet. Over the enemy's taffrail they go, led into action by Captain Broke and Lieutenant Watt, and form upon the deck of the *Chesapeake*.

Then follows a scene of confusion and horror, in which shots and cuts and thrusts are succeeded by ghastly wounds and dying groans. The enemy is beaten forward ; some escape down the fore hatchway, others over the bow, and others throw themselves into the sea ; several surrender as prisoners of war. But the fight is not over. A large number of men are in the hold ; they fire through the hatchways and kill a marine. The men who have surrendered take up arms again and attack Captain Broke, one wounding him in the face with a pike, another laying bare his skull with the butt-end of a musket, and a third aiming a blow at him with a cutlass ; but two seamen cut down these treacherous Americans. Lieutenant Watt

now hauls down the stars and stripes, and on the halliards bends a British ensign above them. The halliards are twisted ; the stars and stripes rise uppermost, and the *Shannon's* gunners, supposing the act to be performed by the enemy, aim at the lieutenant, who falls, with five seamen, the victims of a melancholy blunder. The marines fire a volley into the hold, where the Americans still keep up a dropping fire upon the victorious enemy.

Then follows a summons to surrender from Captain Broke, who, with bandaged head, is sitting upon a gun-carriage. Sullenly they comply, the British flag floats above the American colours, and the *Chesapeake* becomes the prize of her gallant enemy. In this fight the loss of the United States was one hundred and seventy men, that of the British eighty-three.

It was some little time before the shattered frigates were in a fit state to set sail ; soon, however, they were repaired and made their way to Halifax. Into that fine harbour the *Shannon* entered with flying colours and her well-won prize on the 6th of June, amid the booming of artillery and the cheers of loyal British subjects.

—SELECTED.

BETH GELERT

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerily smiled the morn ;
 And many a brach, and many a hound,
 Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
“ Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn’s horn to hear ?

“ Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race ?
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase.”

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste, Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert, too),
And still where’er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood gouts shocked his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The bloodstained cover rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child !

“ Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devoured ! ”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell,
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Concealed beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kissed !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread ;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death !

Oh ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe ;
"Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raised,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearmen pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

—WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

Nothing is fair or good alone,
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

TARLTON

Young Hardy was educated by Mr. Trueman, a very good master, at an excellent school in Blankshire. He was honest, obedient, active, and good-natured, loyal to his school and to his schoolmates ; so that he was esteemed and beloved by his master and by his companions. Beloved by all his companions who were good, he did not desire to be loved by the bad ; nor was he at all vexed or ashamed when idle, mischievous, or dishonest boys attempted to plague or ridicule him. His friend Loveit, on the contrary, wished to be universally liked ; and his highest ambition was to be thought the best-natured boy in the school—and so he was. He usually went by the name of Poor Loveit, and everybody pitied him when he got into disgrace, which he frequently did ; for though he had a good disposition, he was often led to do things which he knew to be wrong merely because he could never have the courage to say “ No.”

One day when the boys were playing ball near the school, the ball went over the hedge and dropped into a lane where the boys were not permitted to go. Tarlton, the boy who had thrown the ball, tried to persuade Loveit to get it, but Loveit at first hesitated. He yielded, however, in the end because the boys made fun of him, and when he came back after getting the ball, he told the others of a fine apple tree which he had seen.

Tarlton at once cried out : “ We’ll have some of those fine apples to-night. But before I say any more, I hope we have no spies amongst us. If there is any

one of you afraid to be flogged, let him march off this instant ! ”

Loveit coloured, bit his lips, wished to go, but had not the courage to move first. He waited to see what everybody else would do—nobody stirred ; so Loveit stood still.

“ Well, then,” cried Tarlton, giving his hand to the boy next him, then to the next, “ your word and honour that you won’t betray me ; but stand by me, and I’ll stand by you.”

Loveit hung back till the last, when Tarlton came up, holding out his hand : “ Come, Loveit, lad, you’re in for it ; stand by me, and I’ll stand by you.”

“ Indeed, Tarlton,” said he, without looking him in the face, “ I do wish you’d give up this scheme ; I dare say all the apples **are** gone by this time—I wish you would—do, pray, give up this scheme.”

“ What scheme, man ? you haven’t heard it yet ; you may as well know your text before you begin preaching. Come, pluck up a little spirit, and be one of us, or you’ll make us all hate you.”

“ Hate me ! ” repeated Loveit, with terror ; “ no, surely you won’t all hate me ! ” and he mechanically stretched out his hand, which Tarlton shook violently, saying : “ Ay, now, that’s right.” “ Poor Loveit ! I knew he would not refuse us,” cried his companions ; and even Tarlton, the moment he shook hands with him, despised him.

There was a small window at the end of the back staircase, through which, between nine and ten o’clock at night, Tarlton, accompanied by Loveit and another boy, crept out. It was a moonlight night, and after crossing the field, and climbing the gate, directed by

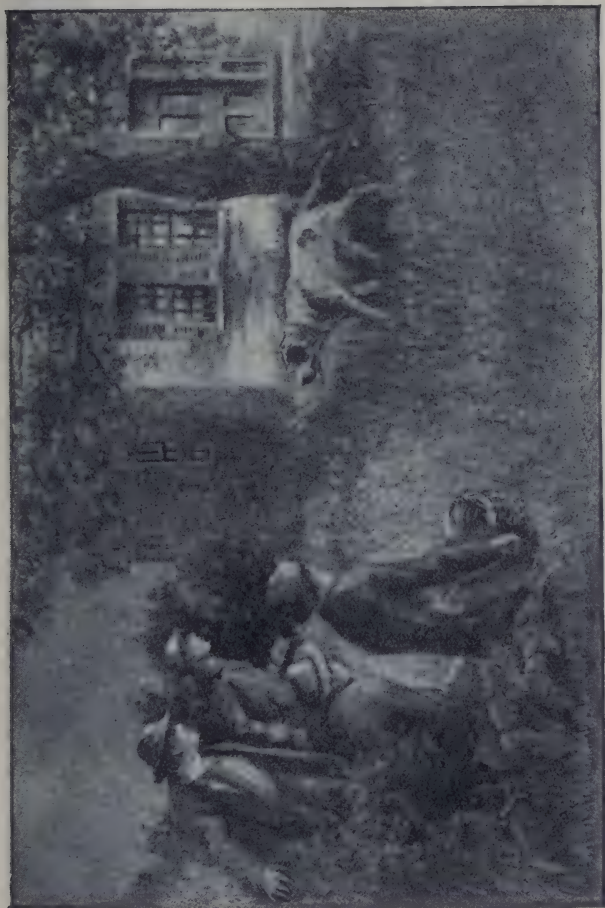
Loveit, who now resolved to go through the affair with spirit, they proceeded down the lane.

At a distance Loveit saw a whitewashed cottage, and the apple tree beside it. They quickened their pace, and with some difficulty scrambled through the hedge which fenced the garden, though not without being scratched and torn by the briers. Everything was silent. Yet now and then, at every rustling of the leaves, they started, and their hearts beat violently. Once, as Loveit was climbing the apple tree, he thought he heard a door in the cottage open, and earnestly begged his companions to desist and return home. This, however, he could by no means persuade them to do, until they had filled their pockets with apples ; then, to his great joy, they returned, crept in at the staircase window, and each retired, as softly as possible, to his own apartment.

Although Loveit was unwilling to go for apples again, he was soon persuaded by the others, and by degrees every one in the school except Hardy knew of the nightly excursions.

In the meantime, the visits to the apple tree had been too frequently repeated to remain concealed from the old man who lived in the cottage. He used to examine his only tree very frequently, and missing numbers of rosy apples, which he had watched ripening, he began to think that there was something going wrong. The good old man was not at all inclined to give pain to any living creature, much less to children, of whom he was particularly fond. He looked up at the tree in sorrow rather than in anger, and leaning upon his staff, he began to consider what he had best do.

" If I complain to their master," said he to himself,



BARKER GUARDING THE TREE

"they will certainly be flogged, and that I should be sorry for ; yet they must not be let to go on stealing : that would be worse still. Let me see—I shall borrow Farmer Kent's dog Barker ; he'll keep them off I'll answer for it."

Farmer Kent lent his dog Barker, cautioning his neighbour, at the same time, to be sure to chain him well, for he was the fiercest mastiff in England. The old man, with Farmer Kent's assistance, chained him fast to the trunk of the apple tree.

Night came ; and Tarlton, Loveit, and his companions returned at the usual hour. But the moment they had set their foot in the garden the dog started up, and, shaking his chain as he sprang forward, barked furiously. They stood still as if fixed to the spot. There was just moonlight enough to see the dog. "Let us try the other side of the tree," said Tarlton. But to whichever side they turned, the dog flew round in an instant, barking with increased fury.

"He'll break his chain and tear us to pieces," cried Tarlton ; and, struck with terror, he immediately threw down the basket he had brought with him, and betook himself to flight.

"Help me ! oh, pray ! I can't get through the hedge," cried Loveit, in a lamentable tone, whilst the dog growled hideously, and sprang forward to the extremity of his chain. "I can't get out ! Oh, pray ! dear Tarlton, stay for me one minute." He called in vain ; of all his dear friends not one turned back to help him, At last, torn and terrified, he got through the hedge and ran home, despising his companions for their selfishness. Nor could he help observing that Tarlton,

with all his vaunted prowess, was the first to run away from the appearance of danger.

After school the next evening, Tarlton came up, and seizing him by the arm, said : " Come along with me, Loveit. I have something to say to you."

" I can't come now," said Loveit, drawing away his arm.

" Ah, do come now," said Tarlton.

" Well, I'll come presently."

" Nay, but do, pray, there's a good fellow ; come now, because I've something to say to you. You know the dog that frightened us so last night ? "

" Yes."

" It will never frighten us again."

" Won't it ?—how so ? "

" Look here," said Tarlton, drawing from his pocket something wrapped in a blue handkerchief.

" What's that ?"—Tarlton opened it. " Raw meat ! " exclaimed Loveit. " How came you by it ? "

" Tom, the servant boy, got it for me, and I'm to give him sixpence."

" And is it for the dog ? "

" Yes ; I vowed I'd be revenged on him, and after all this he'll never bark again."

" Never bark again !—What do you mean ?—is it poison ? " exclaimed Loveit, starting back with horror

" Tarlton, I did not know you ; I will have no more to do with you."

" Nay, but stay," said Tarlton, catching hold of his arm ; " stay ; I was only joking."

" Let go my arm—you were in earnest."

" But then that was before I knew there was any harm. If you think there's any harm ? "

“ If ! ” said Loveit.

“ Why, you know, I might not know ; for Tom told me it’s a thing that’s often done. Ask Tom.”

“ I’ll ask nobody ! Surely we know better what’s right and wrong than Tom does.”

That evening as Loveit and Hardy were undressing, Hardy suddenly recollected that he had left his new kite out upon the grass. “ Oh,” said he, “ it will be quite spoiled before the morning ! ”

“ Call Tom,” said Loveit, “ and bid him bring it in for you.” They both went to the top of the stairs to call Tom ; no one answered. They called again louder, “ Is Tom below ? ”

“ I’m here,” answered he at last, coming out of Tarlton’s room with a look of embarrassment. And as he was receiving Hardy’s commission, Loveit saw the corner of the blue handkerchief hanging out of his pocket. This excited fresh suspicions in Loveit’s mind ; he immediately stationed himself at the window in his room, which looked out towards the lane ; and, as the moon was risen, he could see if any one passed that way.

“ What are you doing there ? ” said Hardy, after he had been watching some time ; “ why don’t you come to bed ? ”

Loveit returned no answer, but continued standing at the window. Presently he saw Tom glide slowly along a by-path, and get over the gate into the lane.

“ He’s gone to do it ! ” exclaimed Loveit, aloud, with an emotion which he could not command.

“ Who’s gone ? to do what ? ” cried Hardy, starting up.

Loveit instantly, though in an incoherent manner,

explained the affair to him. Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when Hardy sprang up, and began dressing himself without saying one syllable. "What are you going to do?" said Loveit, in great anxiety. "They'll never forgive me! don't betray me! they'll never forgive! pray, speak to me! only say you won't betray us."

"I shall not betray you, trust to me," said Hardy, as he left the room, and Loveit stood in amazement, while Hardy ran with all possible speed across the meadow, and then down the lane. He came up with Tom just as he was climbing the bank into the old man's garden. Hardy, too much out of breath to speak, seized hold of him, dragged him down, detaining him with a firm grasp.

"What, Master Hardy, is it you? What's the matter? What do you want?"

"I want the poisoned meat that you have in your pocket."

"Who told you that I had any such thing?" said Tom, clapping his hand upon his guilty pocket.

"Give it me quietly, and I'll let you off."

"Sir, upon my word I haven't!—I didn't!—I don't know what you mean," said Tom, trembling, though he was by far the stronger of the two.

"You do," said Hardy, with great indignation; and a violent struggle immediately commenced.

The dog, now alarmed by the voices, began to bark outrageously. Tom was terrified lest the old man should come out to see what was the matter; and, flinging the handkerchief and meat over the hedge, he ran away with all his speed. The handkerchief fell within reach of the dog, who instantly snapped at it;

luckily it did not come untied. Hardy saw a pitchfork close beside him, and, seizing upon it, stuck it into the handkerchief. The dog pulled, tore, growled, grappled, yelled ; it was impossible to get the hankerchief from between his teeth ; but the knot was loosed, the meat, unperceived by the dog, dropped out, and while he dragged off the handkerchief in triumph, Hardy plunged the pitchfork into the poisoned meat, and bore it away.

Full of the pleasure of successful benevolence, Hardy ran joyfully home, and vaulted over the window sill, when the first object he beheld was Mr. Power, the usher, standing at the head of the stairs, with a candle in his hand.

"Come up, whoever you are," said Mr. William Power, in a stern voice ; "I thought I should find you out at last. Come up, whoever you are !" — Hardy obeyed without reply. — "Hardy !" exclaimed Mr. Power, starting back with astonishment ; "is it you, Mr. Hardy ?" repeated he, holding the light to his face. "Why, sir," said he, "I'm sure if Mr. Trueman were here, he wouldn't believe his own eyes. Will you please to do me the favour, sir, to empty your pockets ?" Hardy obeyed in silence. "Hey-day ! meat ! raw meat ! what next ?"

"That's all," said Hardy, emptying his pockets inside out. "Pray, sir, let that meat be burned ; it is poisoned."

"Poisoned !" cried Mr. William Power, letting it drop out of his fingers ; "you wretch ! what is all this ? Speak." — Hardy was silent. — "Why don't you speak ?" cried he, shaking him by the shoulder impatiently, Still Hardy was silent. "Tell me where you've been.

and what you've been doing, and who are your accomplices, for I know there is a gang of you ; " added he ; " confess the whole ; that's the only way now to get off yourself."

" Sir," said Hardy, in a firm but respectful voice, " I have no pardon to ask ; I am innocent ; but if I were not, I would never try to get off myself by betraying my companions."

" Very well, sir ! very well ! And how will you look to-morrow, when my uncle, the doctor, comes home ? "

" As I do now, sir," said Hardy, unmoved. " Ever since I have been at school I never told a lie, and therefore, sir, I hope you will believe me now. Upon my word and honour, sir, I have done nothing wrong."

" Nothing wrong ? What, when I caught you going out at night ? "

" That, to be sure, was wrong," said Hardy, recollecting himself ; " but except that—"

" Except that, sir ! I will except nothing. Come along with me, young gentleman, your time for pardon is past."

All assembled in the morning with faces of anxiety ; Tarlton's and Loveit's were the most agitated, Tarlton for himself—Loveit for his friend, for himself, for everybody. Every one of the party, and Tarlton at their head, surrounded him with reproaches ; and considered him as the author of the evils which hung over them. " How could you do so ? and why did you say anything to Hardy about it ? when you had promised, too ! Oh ! what shall we all do ? what a scrape you have brought us into ! Loveit, it's all your fault ! "

" All my fault ! " repeated poor Loveit, with a sigh. " Well, that is hard."

"Goodness ! there's the bell," exclaimed a number of voices at once. "Now for it !" They all stood in a half circle for morning prayers. They listened—"Here he is coming ! No—Yes—Here he is !" And Mr. William Power appeared and walked up to his place at the head of the room.

They knelt down to prayers, and the moment they rose, Mr. William Power, laying his hand upon the table, cried : "Stand still, gentlemen, if you please." Everybody stood stock still. He walked out of the circle ; they guessed that he was gone for Hardy, and the whole room was in commotion. Each with eagerness asked each other what none could answer : "Has he told ?"—"What has he told ?"—"Whom has he told of ?"—"I hope he has not told of me," cried they.

"I'll answer for it he has told of all of us," said Tarlton.

"And I'll answer for it he has told on none of us," answered Loveit, with a sigh.

"You don't think he's such a fool, when he can get himself off," said Tarlton.

At this instant the prisoner was led in. His eye turned upon no one, not even upon Loveit, who pulled him by the coat as he passed—every one felt almost afraid to breathe.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Power, sitting down in Mr. Trueman's elbow-chair ; "well, sir, what have you to say to me this morning ?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Hardy, in a decided, yet modest manner ; "nothing but what I said last night."

At this the school-room door opened, and Mr. Trueman appeared, followed by an old man whom Loveit immediately knew. He leaned upon his stick as he

walked, and in his other hand he carried a basket of apples.

When they came within the circle, Mr. Trueman stopped short—"Hardy!" exclaimed he in surprise. "So, I find I have been deceived in you. The moment my back is turned, you are the first to set an example of disobedience. You are a thief!"

"I, sir?" exclaimed Hardy.

"Have you not robbed this old man? Don't you know the taste of these apples?" said Mr. Trueman, taking one out of the basket.

"No, sir; I do not. I never touched one of that old man's apples."

"Don't you know this handkerchief, sir?" asked Mr. Trueman, producing the blue handkerchief in which the meat had been wrapped.

"I do, sir."

"Is it not yours?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you know whose it is?" cried Mr. Power. Hardy was silent.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Trueman, "I am not fond of punishing you; but when I do it, you know, it is always in earnest. I will begin with the eldest of you; I will begin with Hardy, and flog you with my own hands till this handkerchief is owned."

"I'm sure it's not mine," and "I'm sure it's none of mine," burst from every mouth, whilst they looked at each other in dismay; for none but Hardy, Loveit, and Tarlton knew the secret.

"My cane," said Mr. Trueman, and Mr. Power handed him the cane. Loveit groaned from the bottom of his heart. Tarlton leaned back against the wall

with a black countenance. Hardy looked with a steady eye at the cane.

"But first," said Mr. Trueman, laying down the cane, "let us see. Perhaps we may find out the owner of this handkerchief another way," examining the corners. It was torn almost to pieces; but luckily the corner that was marked remained.

"J. T.!" cried Mr. Trueman. Every eye turned upon the guilty Tarlton, who sank down upon his knees, and in a whining voice begged for mercy.

"Upon my word and honour, sir, I'll tell you all; I should never have thought of stealing the apples if Loveit had not first told me of them; and it was Tom who first put the poisoning the dog into my head. It was he that carried the meat; wasn't it?" said he, appealing to Hardy, whose word he knew must be believed. "Oh, dear, sir!" continued he, as Mr. Trueman began to move towards him, "do let me off; do, pray, let me off this time! I'm not the only one, indeed, sir! I hope you won't make me an example for the rest. It's very hard I'm to be flogged more than they."

"I'm not going to flog you."

"Thank you, sir," said Tarlton, getting up and wiping his eyes.

"You need not thank me," said Mr. Trueman. "Take your handkerchief—go out of this room—out of this house; let me never see you more."

"If I had any hopes of him," said Mr. Trueman, as he shut the door after him, "I would have punished him; but I have none—punishment is meant only to make people better; and those who have any hopes of themselves will know how to submit to it."

At these words Loveit first, and immediately all the rest of the guilty party, stepped out of the ranks, confessed their fault, and declared themselves ready to bear any punishment their master thought proper.

"Oh, they have been punished enough," said the old man; "forgive them, sir."

Hardy looked as if he wished to speak. "Not because you ask it," said Mr. Trueman; "though I should be glad to oblige you—it wouldn't be just; but there," pointing to Hardy, "there is one who has merited a reward; the highest I can give him is the pardon of his companions."

Hardy bowed and his face glowed with pleasure, whilst everybody present sympathized in his feelings.

"I am sure," thought Loveit, "this is a lesson I shall never forget."

"Gentlemen," said the old man, with a faltering voice, "it wasn't for the sake of my apples that I spoke; and you, sir," said he to Hardy, "I thank you for saving my dog. If you please, I'll plant on that mount, opposite the window, a young apple tree, from my old one. I will water it, and take care of it with my own hands for your sake, as long as I am able. And may God bless you!" laying his trembling hand on Hardy's head; "may God bless you—I'm sure God will bless all such boys as you are."

—Abridged from MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's running low ;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed
 them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found
 him long ago.

—HENRY NEWBOLT.

